

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD W. BUTT

Both Sides of the Shield

EIGHT SHORT STORIES

THE WINGLESS VICTORY

THE CHURCHING OF GRANDMA PLEASANT

THE DAM AT MILL No. 3

U. S. A.

AN ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

A HOME PROVIDED

THE SECOND NOCTURN OF ST. PATRICK

STAG-ROUND BILL

CAROLINE RYER

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

JULIA B. FOSTER

E. AYKTON (Mrs. Israel Zangwill)

CHARLES GLEIG

LOUISE HARDENBERGH ADAMS

VINCENT HARPER

CAROLINE LOCKHART

PAPERS OF INTEREST

SIDNEY LANIER, RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS

WHERE FAMOUS ACTORS LEARNED THEIR ART

MILTON H. NORTHRUP

A. FRANK STULL

MARCH

MDCCCCV

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1905



BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD

BY CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD W. BUTT

Author of "Behind the Lines"

I.

"**M**R. PALMER: You will start for the South to-morrow and write a series of letters on the educational and social conditions existing in that section. Avoid the cities and beaten tracks and let your pictures be drawn from life. This will be an order on the business office for what money you may need."

Such were the orders I found one morning on my desk in the City Editor's room of a well-known Boston newspaper. Of the labor involved in such an assignment I was ignorant, and I saw only a pleasant trip in that part of my country in which I had never travelled. I had been employed on the paper for a comparatively short time,—in fact, I had been in journalism for a period of less than two years,—so that such an assignment as the one now given me was highly flattering to me, and I knew it would be equally gratifying to my father, who had watched my career with that interest which attaches solely to an only son. I had not been out of Harvard very long when I had taken the advice of an eminent literary man, a friend of my father, and entered journalism as a first stepping-stone to literary distinction. The few short stories I had written, however, had been returned to me by the magazines to which I had sent them with a promptness that was calculated to dampen my ardor and otherwise to discourage me. I had been led to believe that my style was exceptionally good and that I was not without a keen sense of humor, at the same time possessing a proper appreciation of the pathetic.

I had taken a prize at the High School for an essay, and later, when my talents began to develop at the University, I was elected to

fill a place on the editorial staff of one of the monthly periodicals published there. I was chagrined, therefore, when my manuscripts, written legibly on fine linen paper, tied with the best silk ribbon to be had, came back to me. I began to form a very poor opinion of our magazines. Possessing an independent fortune, I determined to publish my writings in book form and at my own expense. I took my manuscripts to a publisher, who, honest man that he was, was kind enough to tell me that people did not think much of books published at the author's own expense. Determined at length to get a proper estimate of my work, I sought out an old friend of the family who had achieved fame by his pen. He reviewed my stories, and in a ruthless sort of way, as it seemed to me then, told me that some of my ideas were good, but expressed clumsily. He advised me to cease all attempts at literary composition and to seek a place on a newspaper. "Writing must become a habit with you," he said, "before you can hope to express your thoughts gracefully. What you need most is ease, and if you can avoid the pitfalls of journalism, you may in time succeed in your ambition." It took me just another six months to make up my mind to follow his advice, and when I did so it was with some degree of humiliation that I discovered that there was not a reporter on the paper who did not write better than I. Constant application in my new undertaking, however, and the hard work I had done at the University soon brought me my reward. I was being singled out constantly for important local assignments and once I had been sent to Washington on a delicate mission. I picked up again the order which lay on my desk and read it over the second time. I thought I saw the ear-marks of politics in it, and while the racial question was not mentioned I believed that it was this problem I was to discuss. I had made a suggestion on this line some months before, but the Managing Editor had not taken kindly to the idea at the time. The order as I read it over seemed indefinite, I thought, and I started with it to the Managing Editor's room. As I presented myself before that austere little cripple—physical but not mental, for mentally he was a giant—I was outwardly calm, but my heart was beating a tattoo inside, for there were few of us who did not fear to stand before him unless very sure of the ground on which we stood. I said, however, in a business-like way, as if such assignments were daily occurrences to me,—

"I have come to see you about this assignment, sir."

"What assignment?" he asked.

"For me to go South to-morrow," I answered.

"Oh, you are Palmer, are you?" he said, calmly looking me over through his spectacles. "I thought you were older. I have noticed your work and gave you the present assignment on account of it. Have you come to say you are not equal to it?"

I was somewhat surprised when I learned that he did not even remember me, but the fact that he had judged me by my work was at least gratifying, so I hastened to say,—

“No, sir, I feel perfectly able to do the work, but the order appears a little indefinite to me as to time.”

Without looking up again, for he had resumed his proof-reading, he said:

“Take your own time, but I should say two months ought to suffice. What I want are facts, not discolored, distorted pictures.”

He did not even say good-morning—indeed, he seemed to have dismissed me from his mind. With an indifferent bow I retired, wondering why Managing Editors think it a part of their official duties to be ill-mannered. I was sorry that I had not asked him exactly what he wanted, but on this point I felt reasonably certain, however, for there was to be a Presidential election the following year, and the more I thought of it the more certain I became that my letters were to be used to arouse sentiment in New England against the opposing party, and thereby make certain the electoral vote of that section. My work would not only make certain the New England vote, but possibly save the vote of some of the Middle Western States. My father had been an abolitionist and his father before him. They had been called doctrinaires by their neighbors, but they had lived to see those principles become the nation's shibboleth. My father lived to modify many of his ideas, but I refused persistently to modify my views as they had been inculcated into me by my rugged old grandfather.

As I read the order of my assignment over again it seemed to me to be a command to charge the enemy. The old abolition blood was in my veins and was running at high tide. With feverish haste I made ready for my departure. Packing up a few things and putting my writing materials in my grip where I could the more easily get at them, I started for what I still looked upon as the enemy's country.

As I sped south the possibilities of a brilliant future arose before me. When I reached Baltimore I looked from the window of the car and recalled the scenes enacted there, when my father was one of those stoned while on their way to the defence of their country. The day grew rapidly on, and as the train pulled into Washington the lofty dome of the Capitol, bathed in the fresh light of an April morning, dispelled my resentful thoughts and led them back to the beautiful scenes which were always uppermost in my father's memory whenever he talked of the South and of the friends he had made there after the bitter days of the campaign were over. After leaving Washington every station became of interest, and there was no detail from which I did not draw some moral. I had determined to pierce the border States and seek for the information I desired from the land where the palmetto, the

pine, and the live-oak live side by side. The windows of the car had been raised, and through them came the bracing winds from the Blue Ridge, and I could catch occasionally the strange minor notes of the negroes at work in the fields. I was alive to every impression, and I took out my note-book to chain in my memory some of the passing scenes.

That evening I finished my first letter and mailed it from the train.

When I reached Atlanta I made inquiry as to the best means of reaching some of the outlying counties, where I could study the social and educational conditions of this people out of the beaten tracks and away from the thriving centres through which I had passed, and which, according to my preconceived opinions, were the result of Northern capital or New England energy. I remained in the vicinity of this city for several days, making journeys into the country and taking notes of the field-hands and making inquiry as to the wages paid and the amount of labor performed by the average hand. My zeal was unabated, and I was on the point of putting all my figures into a letter when my enthusiasm received a check that came near causing me to throw up my assignment, which I would have done without hesitation had I not feared it would mean a summary dismissal from the paper as well. On coming in from the factory district one afternoon I found a letter from the Managing Editor. It said:

"We want facts. Your letter mailed on the train found useless, and has been thrown in the waste-basket. If true, it was a very good editorial, but we do not want editorials from you. If you still have my order, read it over and you will find in it nothing about the racial question or political problems. Study the white people, especially the families of the old régime, and bear in mind always that whatever you write will be copied there. Your letters, therefore, should be just and truthful, whatever else they may be. If you were an artist with the brush, I should say paint a picture of some old colonial homesteads and ante-bellum plantations. Since you can't paint, write of them as they are. Bring the scenes in Georgia vividly before the people of Boston. They can draw their own conclusions. Let your pictures be of people and places only as you see them."

That was all; but it was sufficient to shatter my hopes and discourage all further attempts to make sure of the electoral vote of New England. Disconsolate, and with a vague sense of my own ignorance, I boarded a train that night bound somewhere in a southerly direction, I did not know and I did not care where.

II.

WHEN I awoke the next morning the odor which filled every crevice of the car told me that I had entered the pine-belt of Georgia during my sleep. I threw up my window and inhaled great draughts of fresh air. I felt invigorated and ready to carry out my assignment, no matter where it led me, the farther into the pine-forests and out of reach of managing editors, I thought, the better. Later in the day I left the main road and took a narrow-gauge line which I was told followed the bed of the Savannah River and passed through several of the most historic counties of the State, rich in memories of the past and peopled mostly by remnants of the old colonial and ante-bellum families, who had, in the past, made them the most influential centres of the State.

The railroad wended its way through a beautiful rolling country studded with pines and cedars. The wild-flowers grew up to the very tracks and the earth seemed carpeted with soft, velvety moss. Through the pines I caught glimpses occasionally of stately old residences, with their gardens unkept and the weeds growing in wild profusion. Where the fences had fallen they had been left to decay, but the fields were ploughed and showed signs of cultivation at a cost of great labor.

We stopped at several stations, and around each there was an air of happy indolence that lent a charm to the dilapidated wooden sheds which stood for depots, and in front of these there was always to be seen some antiquated wagon or "carryall." These latter were invariably filled with half-grown girls and boys laughing and chattering like a lot of magpies as the train pulled up. They were there presumably to get the mail, but as I thought more likely to exchange bits of gossip and to find out what was "going on" down the road. I gave myself up to listening to their chatter, and I found myself wondering as the train would start again on its slow journey how many of these bright and innocent faces there would be at the next station to greet us. It would, indeed, take some time, I thought, to get a proper estimate of these people, whose clothes would indicate that they belonged to the farming and laboring classes, but whose conversation, accent, and grammatical phrasing would lead one to believe they represented a class better educated and with more culture than one is likely to discover in such out-of-the-way counties as those through which we were now passing.

By degrees the few passengers who had taken this train got off, and towards the end of the journey there was no one in the coach but a venerable looking old gentleman and myself. He wore a long frock coat and an old-fashioned silk hat. He represented a type I had begun to know and recognize. He seemed well known along the road. It was "Howdy, Colonel Turpin?" at every station now, and someone always

asked, "How's Ellen?" His clean-shaven face would wreath itself in a smile as invariably he would make answer,—

"Ellen's well, but between the cooking and the music she has little time left to frolic with you young people nowadays."

"It's her own fault," said someone at one of the stations, "for all she has got to do is to choose which farm she prefers, that of Squire Hawkins or Jim Wadley's Hollyhurst." At this there was a burst of merriment from the young people in the wagons.

"Don't be putting such notions in my Ellen's head just now," he would laugh back. "Ellen and Bud have their old father and mother to look after for a while yet, to say nothing of the Pines."

"Bud can do that by himself," called out one youth. Then he suddenly turned red and hung his head as he saw the girls casting their eyes from one to the other and laughing.

"I dare say there are others of us who have used that argument to Ellen before this and many a time," added another boy scarce out of his teens, "so you need not bother to repeat it, Colonel."

By the time our train started again I had determined to introduce myself to the Colonel, for I saw material in him for a letter. By way of opening operations I asked him the distance to Oglethorpe Station, where I had expected to leave the train.

"About five miles, sir," he said, and with a courteous, old-fashioned bow across the aisle he added, "May I ask if you are bound there?"

I told him that was my destination. He then continued:

"If it be not too impertinent, may I ask you what takes you to such an out-of-the-way place? You are not a lawyer from Atlanta, are you, sir?"

There seemed to me to be a note of alarm in the question, and he appeared greatly relieved and his face brightened visibly when I told him that I was not a lawyer and was visiting Georgia for the first time. I soon learned the cause of his anxiety as to the matter of my profession, for in a confidential whisper, which could have been heard throughout the car had there been others in it, he said,—

"When smart-looking young men like you come up this road they bring trouble with them usually, and as often leave more behind, sir."

"How is that?" determined to burrow as deep as possible in this ante-bellum soil, which I believed to be rich from the wild and uncultivated growth of experience. "Don't smart-looking men often come up this road?"

"Hardly ever but to foreclose some poor devil's mortgage." Here he began to laugh immoderately, and when his risibles had subsided sufficiently to explain, for I was somewhat surprised at his sudden burst of merriment, he said:

"I'll bet you a pine-knot all sawed up against a bushel of potatoes

that at a half-dozen stations bets are being made right now that you have come up to foreclose the mortgage on the Pines. That's my place, you know. I'll have a good laugh at their expense when I go down the road again."

"Are all the plantations about here mortgaged?" I asked.

"Mostly," he said. "I know my plantation is, and heavily too, but most of the planters don't like to acknowledge it. Old Bill Hollins vowed his wasn't for ten years, and then one day a fellow looking about like you came up and closed him out. He was so ashamed at being caught in a lie that he moved out of the county and has never been back since."

"I sincerely hope, sir, that your frankness in the matter may be rewarded by an indefinite delay in the foreclosure proceedings," I said, deeply touched at the honest avowal of the old gentleman, who, I saw, felt much deeper on the subject than he would have liked me to think.

"I don't know," he said; "I can't tell. Up to this time Bud has been able to meet the interest regularly, and as long as he does that I suppose we have little to fear."

Presently I asked what accommodations were to be had at Oglethorpe.

"Mighty poor, mighty poor, sir; that is, if you stay in the town. But if you are going to be long in the vicinity, you might get board in one of the farm-houses outside of the town."

I thanked him and then explained that I was a writer and that I was collecting material for a story.

"A book?" he said, showing great interest at once and carefully scanning my face through his spectacles.

"Yes," I answered, which was the truth, at least, for I had suddenly conceived the idea of collecting data for a novel; for where else, I thought, could there be better characters and scenery than right here? My aged companion looked thoughtful for a moment and then said,—

"May I ask if you have any references, or if you know anybody in these parts?"

I mentioned several persons within the State whom my father had known, and these seemed to satisfy him, for he continued:

"If you are of a mind to accept my hospitality, we will be glad to put you up and to share what we have with you. I guess Bud would enjoy your company, and Ellen and Mary—Mary's my wife—would make you welcome."

"It will be a great convenience to me," I said, and thanked him, "for I know nothing of this country and you seem to be very well acquainted."

"I ought to be," he said, "for my family has been in these parts since General Oglethorpe, that great philanthropist and friend of the

poor, first came to Georgia. The last time he came to this country he made my great-grandfather's house his headquarters when on his way from Fort Augusta to Savannah. Just before the Revolution he sent my grandfather a portrait of himself in token of the esteem in which he held his father. He lived to see the Colony he had planted become an independent State, you know, sir, and he seemed mighty proud of the record old Georgia made during the War of the Revolution. The Pines, as we call our home, was built just after his death, and his picture has the place of honor in it now. It is a sorry place since the Yankees came through here and used it as a stable, but we keep it with the hope that some day the fortunes of the family may go out of their eclipse and that some worthy son will arise to restore it to its former position of importance in the Commonwealth. But what there is left you will be welcomed to, my lad."

Before I could properly thank him the whistle blew and our train pulled into Oglethorpe. The Colonel advanced and, calling out to an old negro, whom he addressed as Jefferson, ordered him to bring the wagon nearer, as there was a trunk to get.

"If I know'd yer had gists, Mars Ge'oge, I'd sure have brought the coach," said the old darky, looking apologetically at the wagon he was on. The Colonel told him that I was going to stay some time, and that he "reckoned" I would know all they had soon and so he would not begin by offering excuses.

"By the way, sir," he said as we stepped off the platform, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, though you have heard mine often enough this morning." I had, indeed, overlooked that detail or else felt indifferent to it, but I handed him my card, which he read carefully and then asked:

"I reckon you ain't any relation to the Palmers of Kentucky; I roomed with two men from that State of your name years ago when I was at Princeton."

I told the Colonel that I was not from Kentucky, but thought there was some kinship. I had intended telling him that the families had never met, and that in all probability the Kentucky Palmers would not know of me, but I did not finish my explanation, for as soon as I mentioned kinship he grasped my hand warmly and said:

"Then, sir, you can make yourself at home in my house as long as you care to, for there were never two finer fellows than those Palmer boys, even if they did join the Yankee army during the war. I tell you, sir, I am proud and happy to entertain one of their blood at the Pines. And now, Jefferson, drive fast, for we must let Miss Ellen know we have a guest."

The Pines was a distance of some five miles from the town limits. It was appropriately named, for after we entered the grounds we

passed into a primeval forest of tall and stately pine-trees. The long needles waved in the wind and there was a mournful cadence in the branches, different from the song we hear in the Northern forests. The ground was covered with pine-straw, and it might have been falling there and ungathered for generations, so thickly did it seem to lie. We crossed a branch over which there had been built an old stone bridge, now covered with vines.

"That, sir, was built as a memorial to General Oglethorpe," said my old host, seeing my curiosity, for the bridge was out of all proportion to the size of the stream. "When the General paid his memorable visit to this place it was right there, sir, that he drew from his pocket a small flask, and after offering my grandfather a dram took one himself. You must know, sir, that the great philanthropist was supposed to be 'a teetotaler,' and certainly never took a drink in the presence of any of his colonists for fear of setting them a bad example. That little act shows as nothing else could the great confidence and esteem in which he held my worthy progenitor."

I was anxious to hear more of this episode, but feared to get the Colonel started on what was evidently to him an important bit of family history, and which I suspected strongly had become a hobby. "Some day Ellen shall walk here with you," he added, "and show you the inscriptions on it. You will find them interesting."

Ellen again. I was beginning to feel the keenest anxiety to meet this Ellen and to wonder what she could be—half cook and half lady, I had begun to think from the little bits I had picked up concerning her during the day. We passed from the pine-trees into a long avenue of cedars, and when we emerged from this the Pines in all its solitary and lonely grandeur stood before us, rich in coloring from the setting sun, that bathed it in a crimson glow. As I looked at it in wonderment, it might have been a dream out of the past that had taken shape and floated now across my vision. Its front and sides were flanked with Colonial columns of the Doric type, and the low wings running at right angles to the body of the house were covered with vines which almost hid the low porch. This porch was supported by diminutive columns of the same graceful curves. I was so moved by the beauty of the whole at first that I failed to note that some of the columns were on the point of falling and that others were crumbling to decay. The plaster had fallen from many of them, showing a dull-red brick behind. But these evidences of decay gave an additional charm to the scene, augmenting its perfection as a whole and keeping it in perfect harmony with its owner and the neighborhood of that section. It seemed to typify the generation then living there and fighting against its own decay. I was awakened from my dreamy thoughts by hearing the Colonel calling loudly for someone to get the horse. Presently there came from around

one of the wings a little, half-naked urchin, who said that Mrs. Turpin had gone to the Trig funeral, and that Miss Ellen was cooking the dinner, and that "Young Marsa" had not come from the fields.

"Then tell Miss Ellen, Sammie, to put another finger in the pie, for I have brought a guest home with me. Now, sir," turning to me, "if you will come with me, I will show you your room and bid you make yourself at home."

We passed under a huge doorway and entered a large hall which was as wide again as any room I could remember in my grandfather's house in New England. It was almost bare of furniture. There were two or more large mahogany sofas which had once been lined with black horsehair, but this latter was so much worn that the matting showed beneath it in places, and in others it was patched with bright-colored calico and sometimes with pieces of faded silk. The Colonel led me up a flight of stairs, bare of carpet but clean and polished. "You will be right over the billiard-room," he said, opening a door which led into a beautifully lighted room on the east side, standing in the centre of which was a large, canopied bed. "If you care for billiards," he continued, "I will wager that Ellen can give you ten points and beat you out. And now, sir, we have dinner at six o'clock, for Bud likes to have his dinner when he comes from the field instead of in the middle of the day, as he says he feels more like a gentleman. Until then, sir, I hope you rest well."

I had not asked the question before, but now summoned the courage to say:

"Colonel, there is one little thing I should like to have settled. Business is business, you know," I said, laughing, for I did not like the look of dignity he suddenly assumed at the mention of business. "In justice to both of us, I ought to ask you how much will be my board by the week."

Had General Oglethorpe himself arisen to confront the Colonel I do not think he could have shown more surprise than he did at my simple question. He drew himself up with a dignity which was truly commanding and, speaking in a suppressed voice, he asked me:

"When have the Turpins adopted the custom of taking money from their guests, I beg you to tell me, sir. If you were not a kinsman of my dear friends, the Palmers, I would at once show you the door."

I stood covered with confusion. "I humbly beg your pardon if I have offended you, Colonel, and I am greatly mortified to have so deeply wounded you, but until this moment I thought you had been kind enough to receive me as a boarder. I felt grateful enough for that, and you should not put me under obligations which I can never repay and which I have no right to accept. But you yourself are somewhat to blame," I added quickly, for I saw that he was still deeply offended.

"You told me that I might get board in one of the farm-houses and immediately offered me the hospitality of your roof."

"The Turpins are not farmers, sir, they are planters, and if we have to cook our own meals, we serve them with no less degree of hospitality than when a nigger stood at each door at the beck and call of everybody in the room."

"Colonel Turpin, I hope you will forgive me my stupid blunder or else let me leave your house at once."

His face relented into a smile, and extending his hand he grasped mine.

"As you say, lad, I am not blameless in the matter. But we are getting a little sensitive down here. And now forget all about it, and, what is more, don't ever mention it to Ellen or to Bud, for they would think their old father had been lacking in dignity, else a mistake of this kind were impossible."

When he left me I fell a prey to regrets over my stupid blunder and, what seemed worse, my apparent deception concerning the relationship with the Kentucky Palmers. As long as I thought I was going to an inn of some kind or to pay my board I had not thought it worth the while to explain the mistake into which the Colonel had fallen. I felt it to be too late now to confess that in all likelihood there was no kinship at all, or if any, so remote as to form no ties of blood, and certainly not to earn for me any consideration on that score. Feeling like a culprit, I threw myself on the bed, determined to leave the Pines at the first moment I could do so without offending my kind old host.

III.

WHEN the pickaninny, Sam, knocked at my door to tell me that dinner was served he found me prepared to do justice to anything in the way of food which might be placed before me. I had been traveling all day, to all intents and purposes without anything to eat. While anxious to satisfy my hunger, yet it was with some feeling of embarrassment that I started downstairs to meet the Colonel. He met me at the foot of the steps and, motioning me to follow him, led me to a room in one of the side wings. There I saw two silver goblets, frosted on the outside, with their rims completely hidden by long and graceful bunches of mint. Without sitting down he handed me one and took the other himself.

"Of late years, Mr. Palmer," he said, "we have abandoned the time-honored custom of drinking mint juleps before our dinner; but in order that you may feel perfectly at home and rest certain of the fact that I feel no resentment on account of your natural mistake, I have taken the liberty of asking you to join me in one of these, sir," holding the goblet as if pledging my health.

"This delicious fluid should be sipped only while sitting, but as the family is assembled for dinner, I will ask you to forego the pleasure of a chat over our juleps and drink standing. I pledge your health, sir, and that of your kinsfolk, the friends of my young manhood."

It was the first julep I had ever tasted, and I shall never forget with what delicious force the straw threw the liquor against the roof of my mouth. The goblets were soon emptied, and I was ushered into the parlor, where we were evidently expected, for the occupants were standing.

"Mr. Palmer, let me present you to my wife, Mrs. Turpin; to my daughter, Ellen, and to my son, Howell Cobb, whom I hope you will soon address as Bud. Ellen, my dear, bid our guest, Mr. Palmer, welcome, for he is a kinsman of my old friends, the Palmers of Kentucky, of whom you have so often heard me speak."

"Any friend whom my father brings to us is welcome, Mr. Palmer, but we make you doubly welcome on account of the ties which bind our house to yours."

She extended her hand, which I took, and for the first time looked into that frank, open face. I did not think her beautiful then, but I was unprepared for the subtle ease and grace of manner and the exquisite poise of her head and the patrician face that was turned to me without any sign of embarrassment whatever. Her eyes were large and brown and her hands small and white. These were the only things about her that sunk then into my memory.

"Mr. Palmer, father has taken us somewhat by surprise and you must excuse many things, but we make you right welcome; and when you get tired of playing billiards with Ellen and talking politics with father I have a good dog and gun at your disposal."

The young man who was addressing me was tall and big, and when I had first entered I had mistaken him for a lubberly farm-hand, but here he was, making me welcome with the ease of a courtier. Mrs. Turpin was a small, delicate-looking woman, but was gowned in a faded royal purple velvet, evidently the remnant of an anterior date.

"You young people can make plans at the table. In the meantime Ellen's roast is getting cold," said the Colonel. Then I remembered about the cooking, and thought for a moment what a sacrilege it would be to devour anything prepared by those lovely hands, but a sudden convulsive pang of hunger banished my sentimental thought and I offered my arm gladly to Mrs. Turpin, while she led the way to the dining-room. It was, in fact, an immense hall wainscoted with oak, but the walls above the panelling were stained and, as far as I could see, even mouldy. It was a gloomy-looking place, but the table was made bright and cheerful by two big candlesticks. On the table was a profusion of dishes, some silver, others of rare old china, and, as I saw

later, there was hardly one of the latter which was not broken or chipped, but each steamed with some savory vegetable or meat, and I soon fell in the way of handing plates around the table and helping others from the dishes in front or near me, just as we were wont to do in the railroad eating-houses in New England when I was a boy. The conversation was easy and homelike, and I saw at once that I was not looked upon as a stranger. No questions were asked me about myself, for which I was thankful, and I soon saw too that the Colonel did not intend to relate the details of our meeting that morning or to account to the other members of the family for his sudden impulse to invite me to become a guest at the Pines. So, as if by mutual consent, we refrained from making any reference to the matter, and I determined to leave it to the Colonel to make any explanations which he might think to be best.

The Colonel told Miss Ellen what the girls had said about Jim, at which she laughed heartily, but grew very red and showed some annoyance when he related what they had said about choosing a farm in the county, and especially when reference was made to Squire Hawkins. I shall never forget how my plate looked after it had gone around the table. It had left my place empty and came back piled to the brim with every sort of vegetable on the table. Miss Ellen laughed when I confessed that I did not know how to eat rice, nor would she rest content until she had taken my plate and arranged it according to the manner of eating rice in that section. She covered it with butter and sprinkled a little salt over it and, handing it back to me, bade me eat it, telling me that it was a part of my education. She laughed again when I wanted to put pepper on it, but she would let her father put a little dish gravy over it if it were not palatable. I ate it, not because I liked it then, for I would have eaten so much sawdust had she told me it was good and bade me do so.

Every now and then, after I had swallowed some rice, I would look up to find her eyes fixed roguishly on me, and then we would both laugh. She seemed to relish the idea that I did not like the rice and that I was eating it because she had fixed it and told me to do so. I made this fact very plain to her by the faces I would make in swallowing it. She confessed afterwards to a little malice in forcing me to eat it, and later, when I really began to like it, she would often say, "Will you have your rice with cream and sugar on it, or a little pepper, Mr. Palmer?"

After dinner we went on the porch, where Bud brought us pipes. "I hope you like the pipe," he said as he handed me an old brier-root; "we have given up cigars lately—on account of the tariff," he added with a big, good-natured laugh. I said I did; that it was my chiefest luxury in my university days, and I still preferred it to cigars. Colonel

Turpin said that if I did not object to music Ellen would play us something; that she always did when he took his after-dinner smoke. I said that I could not imagine greater luxury, and I leaned back prepared to undergo any amount of torture and outrage to my artistic nature, for I knew something of music, as my father had been a splendid performer on the piano and had given me the benefit of his knowledge. Instead of hymns and waltzes, however, there floated through the window to us the sweetest notes I seemed ever to have heard. I sat dreamily thinking of this lovely girl and her odd surroundings when she appeared at the window and asked if there were anything I liked especially.

"I do not know if you care for Chopin," she said. "Father does not know it is Chopin, but it is the music he likes, and so I always play some of the nocturnes for him."

"The truth is, Miss Turpin," I said, "I did not think of what you were playing, but was merely feeling the effect of the music. Your playing seemed to me to be a part of the scene out here, as if it were an accompaniment to the moon in its wanderings or to the stars in their silent watches."

My speech sounded like flattery, and I blushed as the thought came to me. "I hope you will forgive my praise if it seemed extravagant," I said, "but I only said what was in my heart without reflecting that you might take it for flattery." I had been accustomed to pay compliments at will, and sometimes, I fear, was given to flattery, but I would not have had this young girl to think me guilty of such ill-breeding for anything in the world.

"If that is the way you feel," she answered sweetly, "I will play something for you and trust to pleasing father," and going back to the piano she played something—I do not know what. Bud said he had never heard her play it before, and though I asked her often after that to play it for me again, I never heard it; yet the strains even now go through my head when I sit in the moonlight or lie awake at nights thinking of Ellen.

She disappeared after a while, to clear the table and wash the dishes, I thought with some resentment. Colonel Turpin talked politics, and I soon learned that he was decided in his views, though somewhat mixed in his politics. I found out that he was addicted to the habit of writing "pieces" for the papers, but never under his own name. He chose rather such noms de plume as "Vox Populi," "Citizen," or sometimes "Patriot." He did not believe that writing was the profession of a gentleman unless one could hide one's identity; yet he felt that the public should be educated by this means. He was a Democrat, but believed in a high protective tariff; he disclaimed being a jingo, but thought it the duty of the Government to avenge the

wrongs of any people persecuted by a foreign power. And so the night wore on and the moon arose higher in the heavens. I heard Bud and the Colonel discuss the work on the farm, and judged that the former and two or three negroes did it all save in the picking season. There was a contradiction about this strange household which was perplexing to me. Where had Miss Ellen mastered the piano? and why was Bud, with the apparent education of a cultured gentleman, wearing jeans and doing the ploughwork in the fields? I had begun to weary of conjecture when Miss Ellen returned and offered to show me the view from the cupola. It was a weary climb to the top of that old house, but one felt repaid on reaching there as the panorama unfolded itself in the moonlight. The moon was but a fortnight old and the night cloudless. Miss Ellen pointed out to me the field where the army of Sherman had camped on its famous march to the sea, but had not a word of criticism to make of that great General. She told me of the strong young manhood that was developing to regenerate the land, and seemed to think the freedom of the slaves a blessing to both people. She promised to take me to the negro settlement some day and show me how they lived. She had a Sunday-school there of colored girls, "For," she said, "it is going to be through the mothers of the colored race that we will some day reach it and elevate it to what is good and moral." I stood spellbound, as it were, by her earnestness and faith, and all my preconceived opinions began to fall away under the influence of this little, brown-eyed girl in a gingham gown.

That night after I retired to my room the instincts of the newspaper man, which had lain dormant since arriving at the Pines, began to stir, and I could not help thinking what a picture this household would make if held up before a Boston audience. But to turn these kindly people into an object-lesson would be the basest ingratitude. Yet put this idea from me as I would, it would recur to me during the night, and scene after scene, with Ellen and Bud always in the foreground, kept shifting themselves across the mental canvas, and argue as I would that to make use of this homely life with its poverty and pride, its dignified endurance of changed conditions, as the subject of a newsletter would be an ill return for the hospitality I had received, yet I could not put aside the longing to pen the picture as I saw it and to paint it boldly, in order that others might see it in the same light as it had appealed to me.

The next morning I was up early, the sun, in fact being only an hour ahead of me. Thinking it would be an excellent chance to see something of the place and study its character more in detail, for I had become deeply interested in everything connected with the Pines, I dressed hastily and started for a brisk walk. As I was making the

half circuit of the house by way of exploration I came upon Miss Ellen, carrying an armful of kindling wood.

"Why, Miss Turpin," I cried, "I had no idea of finding you up at this hour."

"You forget the dual character I play," she laughed. "I am not early, however, for it is late. But you are responsible for it, as you demoralized the household last night in encouraging father to discuss politics. Doubtless you saw all his fallacies, but was kind enough not to point them out to him."

I had been much entertained, I said, though his politics appeared to be somewhat mixed, and his ideas were quite different from those I had expected to hear him express.

"Yes," she answered, "he is half Democrat and half Republican, with a dash here and there of Populism, I fear, but it makes him very angry to tell him so, as he thinks himself a hide-bound Democrat. He can never forget that Henry Clay believed in a protective tariff. I think next to General Oglethorpe he admires the Kentuckian more than any of our historical characters. But I must not allow myself to be dragged into political argument, for I see you are ready to take up the cudgel for Clay, no doubt, and since you have come bothering about so early you must make yourself useful." She then showed me the woodpile and told me to bring enough to the kitchen to last two full days.

"Miss Turpin," I said a little later as I entered the kitchen with my arms loaded down with short oak logs, "is it really necessary for you to do this work?"

She looked with surprise at me, and I thought I saw a faint color come to the surface of her skin, but I could not tell, for she was lighting the fire. She saw that I was earnest in my question and, still kneeling in front of the stove, she turned her frank face towards me and said:

"I would resent the question, Mr. Palmer, did I not know that a kind heart prompted it. Yes," she added, "it is as necessary for me to do this as it is for Bud to plough. Of course, you must have heard from your relatives that the Turpins were greatly reduced. The house is heavily mortgaged, and to meet the interest we have to save in every legitimate way. Bud wants to hire a cook, but I will not listen to him. Father is determined that the moment he defaults on the interest that minute he will give up the Pines to the owners, for such they are who hold the mortgage on it. And oh, Mr. Palmer, you don't know what it would mean to father and mother to move from here now. Besides too we would be no better off, even worse, I think, for we would have no place at all. Bud and I would be glad to go into the world and run our

chances, but it can't be thought of, not now." She sighed and continued to make the fire.

By degrees I found out all there was to be known of the family, for there were no skeletons there. After the war it seems that Colonel Turpin had lived in a reckless sort of way, still keeping up the style of living he had grown accustomed to before the change of fortune in the Southern planter's life. It was not until Bud had finished his college course and Miss Ellen had completed her studies that the real condition of the family became known. It was these two who had finally saved the plantation and home by pledging the interest on the mortgage. There was one more child, a boy of sixteen. The brother and sister were keeping him at college now and had planned that he should take the course in law after his academic studies were completed. Was there more courage in New England, I wondered, and was it not the blood of the cavalier that was telling now? She had given me her confidence without restraint, for she believed me then to be one with the Kentucky Palmers, and I, weak creature, dared not disabuse her mind for fear of losing that confidence and friendship which this fictitious relationship had inspired.

"And now, Mr. Inquisitive," she said, "if you have finished your catechism, I will mix the batter and you will go for a long walk and get an appetite for breakfast."

She had rolled up her sleeves in order to knead the dough, and with her arms bared to the elbow she pointed out to me a road which she advised me to take, telling me it would bring me to the old Oglethorpe Bridge.

"But your father promised that you should take me there," I said, "and that is a debt of honor you must pay."

"Very well," she laughed, as if preparing to go, "but you will go without your breakfast, and, what is worse, Bud will call you out for making him lose his, for he comes from the fields hungry and out of temper sometimes."

"I would not mind going without mine," I said, "but Heaven forbid that so fine a fellow should go without his."

Tears came into her eyes, but she soon brushed them away, and with a smile said:

"You touched a weak spot then. Bud is the salt of the earth, and he deserves to find diamonds in this dull soil instead of fighting out his life for a few pounds of cotton."

I started down the road which she had pointed out, wondering what had come over me when my life in Boston had seemed a thing forgotten in a few hours and my work and literary career become a secondary matter with me. I passed through an old orchard, where the

opening apple-buds lent their fragrance to the air, and by my side it seemed to me that the unseen presence of Miss Ellen walked.

The dogwood was blossoming down by the branch, and when I reached the pine-trees their crisp needles, stirring in the breeze, seemed singing some blithesome air instead of wailing mournfully, as they had done the evening previous. I saw her little rose-garden, and picking the only flower then in bloom hid it away beneath my waistcoat. There was an impassioned picturesqueness in the unkept lawn, and out of the cedar and underbrush I might have expected to see some Dryad come. I found the bridge by the path Miss Ellen had pointed out, and for an hour sat reclining upon its ivy-covered arch conjuring up such scenes as I imagined had been enacted here when its owners lived in affluence, and when women in silks and satin and powdered hair sat in the oaken dining-hall and danced the stately minuet on rich carpets and under many lights. In my mental vision I thought I saw one with the features of Miss Ellen who glided past all others and stood in gay-colored brocade waiting to be wooed like a princess. The picture faded, and I saw the real Ellen, none the less regal, but in place of the scorn the other wore upon her lips there was a gentle patience, and about her form there hung a simple cotton gown more beautiful than the stately gown woven in my dream picture. I must have been asleep, then, after all, I thought, looking at my watch, for it was past the time when she told me to be back. Hurrying home the way I came, I found them seated at the breakfast-table, and I pleaded guilty to an early morning nap among the woods.

"And your dream?" she asked, as if reading what was in my mind.

"Was of a beautiful woman clad in silks," I said, "and she stood in an old hall waiting for a prince to come."

"Ah, what a sad awakening!" she said, laughing sweetly.

"But wait until I tell you of the change that came 'o'er the spirit of my dream," I added.

"And I will some day show you the first scene of your picture," she said softly.

"And the last part?"

"I do not know what it is and you have not told me."

"But I will some day, and"—looking into her deep brown eyes and almost speaking in a whisper—"I like it better than the first portion of my picture."

I did not see Miss Ellen alone again that day. Squire Hawkins called in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. He was a kindly looking man, not over fifty, I should say, and he wore a prosperous air, and he seemed to me to have seen a good deal of the world. Miss Ellen did not play for us that evening, for she and the Squire took a long walk

in the moonlight, and when she came home she went to her room, only stopping to say good-night as she passed us on the porch. The Squire stayed a while longer and entertained us with stories of his university days in Germany, where he had been educated. He seemed to treat Miss Ellen, when he was with her, in such a gentle, fatherly way that I laughed at the idle gossip that I had heard about his courting her. I enjoyed his company and laughed heartily over his stories, which were good and well told. He had some good cigars, which Bud and I enjoyed, but the Colonel would not smoke one, for he said they would upset his nerves and make him "hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt." The Squire tried to banter him out of his resolutions, but the Colonel was obdurate and stuck to the pipe.

IV.

EARLY Sunday morning the old coach was got ready, for Miss Ellen sang in the church choir, and we had to make an early start in order that she might get there on time. "I reckon you are not a Churchman," said the Colonel, "for, if I remember rightly, the Palmers were always blue-back Presbyterians; but most people down here are Episcopalians, so don't you go unless you feel so inclined."

I acknowledged to being a member of the Presbyterian Church, but expressed a willingness—nay, even an eagerness—to go, for I knew that Miss Ellen would not be at home. The drive that morning was a memorable one. Bud sat on the box and did the driving, with Pickaninny Sam by his side. Colonel and Mrs. Turpin, Miss Ellen and I, occupied the seats on the inside. I had seen the George Washington coach at Mount Vernon, and I could not help thinking of it as I looked at this heirloom of the Turpins. I might have thought that it had once been used by General Oglethorpe himself, so ancient did it look. The Colonel assured me in a most serious vein that it had never had that distinction, though there was a tradition in the family that it had been occupied by General Washington on his famous visit to Fort Augusta after the days of the Revolution, when he stayed at Meadow Garden, the home of the Waltons, the head of which family had been one of those to sign the Declaration of Independence. The coach was still strong and did not look out of place as it rambled through the pine forests, but it would come near to upsetting at times when going down hills where the roads were washed into deep trenches. Every now and then Bud would bring the team to a stand and, telling us that the trace or some other part of the harness had broken, would get down and, taking a bundle of twine from his pocket, tie the ends together, and soon we would start again. I cared not how many times the traces might snap or how long it took us to get to church while opposite to

me sat Miss Ellen, her eyes laughing into mine every time the horses were brought to a stop.

"Bud, the harness is getting pretty old," said the Colonel with grave dignity when Bud halted the coach for the fifth time, I think, and just within sight of the old church.

"Yes, father, it must be considerably older than I am," answered Bud cheerfully as he used the last bit of twine he had. "But it will hold together another six months, I reckon," smiling into the coach at Miss Ellen and me.

"Do you think the coach will hold together that long, Bud?" nervously asked Mrs. Turpin, for her faith in the vehicle was but little; indeed, she had suggested using the wagon before we started.

"How can you ask such a question, Mary?" said the Colonel, showing annoyance. "Has it not lasted ever since George Washington visited Augusta. It will be here when we are gone and serve your grandchildren well yet, I'll be bound," at which Miss Ellen colored and Bud laughed heartily.

Bud drove to the back of the church, where there was a long row of horse-stalls. There were several old coaches standing by, but none as ancient or as grand as ours, and I found myself taking pride in the apparent antiquity of the family I was visiting, and remember quite well sneering at the newly painted buggies which were lined along the fence. We not only had a pew well up under the chancel, but occupied a place of honor among the middle-aisle aristocracy. I had never heard Miss Ellen sing and did not know now whether she was soprano or alto. I was tempted sorely to look around just once to see her in the organ loft, but so many eyes were fixed on me that I kept mine fixed religiously on the minister. After sermon the Turpins held quite a reception under the pines in the yard, and I was given an opportunity of seeing in what respect they were held in the county. Several of the young men invited me to hunt with them and offered me their guns, shells, and dogs. "We know Bud is pretty busy," they would say, "so if you say the word we will ride by for you some day this week." Miss Ellen was the centre of attraction, and every man tried to edge himself within the circle that surrounded her in order to receive one passing remark from her at least. She seemed entirely unconscious of the influence she exerted in her limited sphere, yet apparently took this homage for granted, or so it appeared to me.

"We must have a dance in the hall while Mr. Palmer is here," I heard her saying to some of the girls who were standing near, at which they immediately set up such a clatter and chatter as a hundred sparrows might be expected to make upon the first warm day in spring. The following Friday was settled as the day, and all, boys and girls as well, agreed to come Thursday and help cook the supper for the party,

and each agreed too to bring something. Margaret Robertson said she would bring all the sugar needed for the cake, Bert Simmons promised three quarts of cream for the sillabub, and Jim Barrett said he would make up the rest that might be needed; Ruth Howard would donate flour, and another offered chickens for the salad; and so on down the list.

"Be sure to bring them picked, George Adams," said Miss Ellen, laughing, to the lad who had donated the chickens, "for if Sally Stovall is there you will be of no assistance, as we know from experience. And two of you girls must come prepared to spend the night of the ball to help clear away the remnants the next day." All volunteered, and Miss Ellen had a hard time to choose between them, so highly was this honor prized. The rector, coming out and hearing what all the chatter was about, delivered a lecture upon the frivolity of youth and ended by saying:

"And if no one has seen about the music, I promise to furnish that as my share. I will bring my old violin and be one of the band myself," which announcement was greeted with applause, for I heard afterwards that no one could keep such good time as Mr. Lamb, and the darky band always played better when he led it.

That afternoon a number of older people in the county called, and Miss Ellen served tea on the shady side of the house under the porch. Later Bud and I rode horseback. He took me to see the camping-ground of General Sherman, which Miss Ellen had pointed out to me the night of my arrival, and from there we took a circuitous route home. He told me many of the difficulties of farming in the county. We passed a number of farmers, and from each I learned something and stored up in my mind many a quaint anecdote for my letters from these simple country folk. One time when Bud had ridden forward to consult someone about getting extra hands I rode up to a stolid looking individual whom I saw sitting on a rail fence near by whittling a stick. His beard and hair were unkempt and his whole attitude was one of supreme indifference to his surroundings.

"Good-morning," I said.

"Same to you," he answered without looking up to see who had addressed him.

"How are your crops this year?" I asked.

"Poor," was his monosyllabic reply.

"Good last year?"

"Nup." With maddening indifference.

"I hope your crops will be better next year," I ventured again.

"Doubt it," was all he would answer. The field back of him did not look encouraging. Despairing finally of getting any information from him, I drew rein, preparing to join Bud, adding, however, before leaving,—

"Well, that's too bad."

With sudden animation he stopped whittling for a moment to look up and remark,—

"Tain't as bad as you think, my friend; I don't own this land."

I rode off laughing at this quaint conception of the value of land. He had not intended to be either witty or humorous, but was sincere in trying to disabuse my mind of a false impression I might have of the extent of his troubles. When Bud rode up he explained to me that the man only farmed on shares, and had he owned the land he would have been held responsible for the interest on the mortgage. Indeed, he said that to own certain of the land around that section was regarded as a calamity.

That ride with Bud gave me much material for a letter, and when I went to my room I wrote until after midnight. I touched only on the general condition of the planters and petty farmers and made use of such apt comments as I had chanced to pick up away from the Pines. I read and reread my letter to make sure it could not be traced to Oglethorpe or its immediate vicinity. I was satisfied that it would describe many of the older counties in the State, but looking back now it seems to me that I was too general in my deductions and that the illustrations, while unique, did not give a proper conception either of the manners of the people or of the conditions of the country, save in the exceptional case. But I had been trained to look for the exception, I fear, which I think is the main fault of all young people who have a pen put into their hands, who are prone to point out the ridiculous side of life instead of seeing the manhood and the strength which often underlie conditions, no matter how strange they may appear at first.

But my work for that week was done, and I arose the next morning with the feeling that I could do with my time as I wished without trying to remember incidents or conversations which might make interesting reading matter in Boston. I rode to the station and mailed my letter, and on my return I found Miss Ellen engaged, as she said, in putting the house to rights, "For if we leave all until the last day, very little will be done," she said, and so I spent the day lending a hand here or lifting a piece of furniture there. Miss Ellen mended many an old lace curtain that day, while I would sit, pipe in mouth, watching her fingers move backward and forward and keeping my eyes on her face when her own were fixed on the work in her lap. I was on the point several times of telling her why I had come South, and to confess that there was no kinship possibly with the Kentucky Palmers, but after several efforts, which really got no further than planning them, I would forego all determination to play a strictly honorable rôle, and then too I feared it might put Colonel Turpin in a false position as well as myself, or so I chose then to think. That evening Miss Ellen played more beau-

tifully than I had ever heard her play before, and she sang some old-time melodies for us too. Her voice was sweet and she sang simply and without effort. Before bedtime we had gathered around the piano and sang glees, even the Colonel remembering enough from his old Princeton days to lend discord occasionally. It was an uneventful but happy day, and it swept me many leagues nearer to the goal to which I had been drifting unconsciously since the first minute I had seen Miss Ellen and looked into her honest brown eyes.

The next morning some of the young men of the county, Bud's friends, came for me to go hunting with them. I got into some of Bud's hunting togs, and with his gun on my shoulder rode with them to the hunting lodge, from which point we scoured the country for many miles that day. The sport was new to me on account of the game we found. I had indifferent luck, however, though the others filled their bags with plover, robins, doves, and larks. There were plenty of blackbirds, but we scorned shooting these, though I was told they make a good pie, which is a favorite dish with the colored hands on the farms. I saw something of each member of the party during the day and found them all, to a greater or less degree, in love with Miss Ellen. Jim gave me much information about the others, but added,—

"She just laughs at them all, and won't even let them pay her compliments, as they do to the other girls."

"And you?" I said.

"Oh, me. She would not even look at me," said the manly young fellow, looking me squarely in the face, not ashamed to confess the hopelessness of his love. I made up my mind that if it ever came in my way to do Jim a good turn, no matter how my own suit came out, for I was now intent upon winning Miss Ellen, I would do it for his open and honest confession.

We were a happy party as we lunched at the lodge. We barbecued our robins and some of the doves on little spits over a charcoal fire and stewed some with rice. We rode home early, however, more to see Miss Ellen, I think, than for any other reason. Each would have left all his game at her feet, but she would not have it so, but said she would take what I had killed in part payment for my board, which innocent remark brought a deep flush to my cheek, remembering, as I did, my unhappy mistake when I first arrived at the Pines. We described our sport and she showed interest in everything we said and all we had done. Presently, looking at the sun, she exclaimed:

"Come, go home, you boys, for I am not going to ask you to stay to dinner, and be here early Thursday morning, or I will not dance with any of you at the party." It took them but a few minutes to get their horses and disappear down the road.

"And you, sir," she said, turning to me as we lost sight of the others, "what are you going to do in the way of reparation, now that you and your friends have put me back in my work?"

"Set the table and bring the wood," I cried.

"Come, you shall set the table, for the wood has been brought in already." I followed her to the dining-room, where she threw me the table-cloth.

"Be careful," she laughed, "for it will not bear rough handling, though I dare say father would tell you that it has lasted since General Ogleshorpe breakfasted off it and therefore will last after we are dead."

And so we set the table, Miss Ellen running to the kitchen every now and then and coming back to straighten the knives and forks, telling me that men were no earthly good about a house. Once our hands touched while placing the plates, and instantly, as if by instinct, we faced each other and our eyes met. After that she kept on the other side of the table from me and later sent me upstairs to dress for dinner. When I came down there seemed to be a glow on her cheek and in her hair there was stuck a wild rose which I had brought her from the woods.

The next three days all was bustle. The boys and girls came on Thursday, each bringing something in a basket. So much cooking I had never seen. One was put to beat the whites of the eggs and another the yolks. Someone was detailed to mix the cake and still another to watch it after it had been put in the oven. Margaret Robertson was given a squad and ordered to decorate the hall with greens. The jelly was made and someone was sent with it to the springhouse, where it was left to cool and harden. Every now and then the Colonel would appear at the kitchen door to tell us what times they used to have before the war when he was a boy.

That night when all were gone and Bud had fallen asleep in a chair Miss Ellen and I went on the lawn to look at the moon.

"Miss Ellen," I said, "I am happy here, and I hate to leave the Pines."

"Why do you talk of going?" she said, her voice subdued and her face turned away.

"Because I do not want to outlive my welcome," I said.

"No one does that at the Pines. As you see, there is not much to offer, but our friends are always welcome. Bud likes you and father seems younger since you came."

"And you?" I said, drawing a step nearer to her.

"Oh, I." She gave a little gasp and ended with a laugh. "It is as easy to cook for five as it is for four, so don't think of leaving on my account."

"That is what hurts," I said. "If you did not have to do this,

or if I had only known you long enough to tell you all that is in my mind," I ended bitterly.

She held up her finger and, laughing in my face, said: "But you haven't, you know. So you must stay a long time and then come back some day and tell me," she added roguishly.

"Never," I said. "I will tell you before I leave if I have to stay the year out."

"Bravely spoken," she cried, "and I will do what I can to make you take Christmas dinner with us. And now remember to be nice to all the homely girls you see to-morrow evening, and I promise not to get jealous even if you dance with the pretty ones as well."

Bud was still asleep when we got back to the house. We roused him and all went quietly to bed. I did not sleep much that night, and somehow I did not think Miss Ellen did either, for I did not feel as lonely as when everybody was unconscious in that spacious mansion.

V.

THE girls who had been invited to spend the night at the Pines came early the next day, and I went to the fields with Bud, for Miss Ellen told me that I would only be in the way if I stayed at home. I saw Bud at his plough and watched how cheerfully he did the work of a day laborer. I lit my pipe and walked several of the furrows with him, and then, heart-sick at seeing this fine specimen of young manhood trudging wearily to and fro in the thankless soil, I wandered off in the woods to dream of Miss Ellen and weave schemes for the rest of the family when she would have become my wife. When? The question brought with it a flood of doubt, for, after all, would she give up the work she had undertaken or would her pride allow her to accept any assistance for her family. I felt there were depths to her nature which I had not been able to sound in the short time I had been there. For fear of wounding her I had remained silent, but I was now resolved to speak to her before leaving, and had I received orders that night to return to Boston I would have told her of my boundless love and asked her to become my wife. Still wavering between my inclination to declare my love and fear of being to precipitate, I returned to the Pines. I did not see her until dinner-time, however, then only during a hasty meal, after which we assisted her to clear the table and place a number of small ones on the side porch for the party. We laid the collation for the evening's entertainment and then went to dress.

It was with some misgivings that I donned my evening suit, but on coming downstairs I found the Colonel arrayed in one of an anterior date and Bud transformed from the ploughhand of the morning in the suit he had worn at the time of his graduation. A number of young

girls had arrived before Miss Ellen came down, and the men were assembled at the foot of the stairs as if waiting for her.

My heart seemed to stop beating as I saw her lithe and graceful figure, clad in an old brocade of her mother, coming towards me. Her hair was built high on her head, which seemed to change her whole appearance and made me start as I remembered my dream picture. The brocade was faded, but its gloss and richness remained. Her shoulders were bare and her tilted chin gave her the air of some quaint old mediæval picture come to life.

"Am I not in keeping with the house?" she asked, interpreting my gaze.

"You are like a queen," I said.

"Then you shall pay me court for this one night," she answered, and held out her hand to me, which I took, and with the manner of an old-time Southern gentleman, just as I had seen Colonel Turpin do, I bowed low and for a moment let my lips linger on the tips of her fingers.

"You have other courtiers," said one of several men who came forward to join us.

She held out her hand, and as she did so she looked at me for a second. She withdrew it gracefully and added with a smile, "I was only admitting a new one," and then bade me follow her. She introduced me here and there and told me how many times I must dance with each. We went on the porch, and standing there I was again struck with the resemblance to the lady in my dream.

"You are like the first part of my picture," I said softly.

"Then let me play it for this evening," she said. "And if you can imagine me a Colonial dame, you shall be a courtier from King George's court."

"Good," I cried, "if you will admit that I have come across the seas a-wooing."

"As you will, my Lord," spreading out her gown and courtesying. "But I will not be responsible for the consequences; so see to it that you play well your part, else I will send you to your king again."

After that I addressed her only as "Most gracious Lady" or "Fair Mistress Ellen." I wooed her in the strange and quaint language of a hundred years ago. Sometimes she seemed startled at my earnestness, and when thinking my speech too fervent she would bid me go hence and add another wallflower to my already large bouquet. I would straightway return and tell her of the court life, and wove amid my imagery an odd mixture of my New England home. Once, taking her hand for a moment and looking into her eyes, I said,—

"Ah Ellen, I love you well and I would take you to a court in truth where you would find a royal welcome, and you would be a queen to

everyone who knew you, and I would so guard you that neither poverty nor sorrow should ever come near you or to those you love."

"I have nought to do with courts, my Lord," she said with a certain pathos, and I knew she was thinking of her duty at the Pines. "So go back to your king, and, whether he be ambition or gold or both, forget the simple Colonial dame who more often plays the part of dairy maid. And now," she said, looking into my eyes and laughing, "go and seek out every maid over twenty-nine, and when you have led them through the graceful minuet come back to me."

And I would do as bid and dance some old-time waltz with some lonely maid, and then return to Miss Ellen's side only to be sent away again to someone who she noticed was not dancing. Finally the supper hour was announced and I was made happy by Miss Ellen, who chose me as her partner for the march. Just as we were forming into line someone cried,—

"It is the hour for the wishing-stone," and then one and all, save myself, for I did not know what was meant by the wishing-stone, joined in the clamor. Miss Ellen yielded at length, and, still holding my hand and bidding me give the other to the girl behind me, and so on down the line, we started out of the house through one of the deep, low-cut windows. We circled the porch, crossed the gardens, and passed down the terrace. The moonlight filtering through the trees glimmered brightly on the colored frocks as we sped down the cedar lane. At length we emerged on an open knoll in the centre of which was an old stone sundial covered with ivy. We formed a circle round it, and Miss Ellen, letting go my hand, stood on a step by its side, and calling one after another by name bade each lay his or her hand on the bare surface of the stone, where the ivy had been cut away, and to make a wish. One looking on might have thought we were a band of secret plotters taking the oath of allegiance on a tomb. It was no jesting matter. I could see, for each one in that gay party approached the stone in silence and reverence. The only sound that broke the stillness was that of Miss Ellen's voice as she called each name in turn. At last my name was called, a little more gently than the others, I thought, and Miss Ellen, seeing me approach, held up her hand and motioned me to stop.

"And now, Mr. Palmer," I heard her saying, "as a stranger to the wishing-stone it behooves you to approach it reverently. There is no reason to tell the others this, for they know the legend and its secret charms; but to you who know it not and who come as a stranger to it, tempt not its anger by deriding it, even in your thoughts, or its indifference by wishing for what is impossible. It was at this stone that my great-great-grandfather wished for his bride, and in less than a fortnight they were wed. He enjoined his sons to seek this spot before

wooing the women of their choice, and it is a strange fatality that all of our family who have not done so have gone to their graves unloved old bachelors and the women who have derided it as old maids. Of later years it has become the custom for the love-sick youths and maidens in the town and in the county to seek it out and to test its charms, and many a happy home owes more than we may imagine to the legend which clings about this ivy-covered dial. The moment has arrived when you can test its power too."

Already I had become a firm believer in the wishing-stone. Laying my hand on it and looking into the lovely eyes of Ellen, I made my wish and added a prayer that it might find favor with the fates. After I had finished we joined hands again and made three circles around the stone. Then all began to laugh, and someone started up the rollicking chorus of,—

"'Tis love, 'tis love,

"'Tis love than makes the world go round."

All joined in save Miss Ellen and me, for we strolled back somewhat slower than the others.

"What did you wish?" I asked, but she only shook her head and said she could not tell.

"I wished that you——" I got no further, for she gave a startled cry that checked me before I could finish the sentence.

"Don't, oh, don't!" she said. "You have already said too much. I ought to have told you not to tell your wish, for if you do the fates become perverse and mock you. If you even hint of what you have asked in secret something will happen to mar its complete fulfilment. I am sorry you spoke about it at all," and I thought her face grew a little paler.

I dared not speak again, and we walked on in silence and joined the others in the old oaken dining-room. Mr. Lamb asked the blessing and the girls sat down, while the men waited on them and brought them supper. After a merry hour we danced again, and the incident of the wishing-stone was soon forgotten in the frolic of the old Virginia Reel. Miss Ellen led this old-fashioned dance with me, and many a pretty ankle was displayed that night as toes were pointed and courtesies made, and many a little love-scene too went on that night, but I was too busy with my own affairs to watch what others did. When the candles had burnt down to their sockets and Mr. Lamb said the band had struck, then began the good-nights, which lasted for another half an hour. The wagons were brought round and the horses saddled, and soon the whole gay company started like a cavalcade. Long after they had left we could hear them singing through the pines.

Bud saddled his horse and rode out into the night, to think of some

young girl, I thought, but Miss Ellen said no, that sometimes when he became restless he would ride for hours and return always with a brighter heart and more cheerfully take up the burden of his life again. When I bade Miss Ellen good-night on the landing I held the tips of her fingers for a moment.

"You are my queen to-night," I cried earnestly.

She let me raise her fingers to my lips and looked down at me in a sad, sweet way. Then, laughing softly, and somehow, I felt, a little bitterly, she said,—

"Your queen of to-night will be your cook again to-morrow."

Before I could reach her side, for my impulse was to throw myself at her feet and pour out my love to her, she glided swiftly up the stairs.

VI.

WITHIN the next week I received a copy of the paper with my letter in it, prominently placed on the first page, and a note in the same mail from the Editor congratulating me on the excellence of it. He told me to send one or two more from Georgia and then to push on and write up the bayou counties in Louisiana. He liked the dialogues and suggested that I give more interviews with the farmers. I read my letter in print, and it again struck me that I had not made it clear to my conservative readers that it was to the sons of the ante-bellum, slave-holding families that the South had to look for its regeneration and renewed prosperity; that it was this element which was rebuilding the fortunes in that section, and not the few men from the North who had gone there to invest money. If I dared to draw a picture of the Buds and the Ellens of the South, how the people of the old Commonwealth would read the future of this sunny land and appreciate the struggle of its younger generation to overcome the obstacles which they had inherited in consequence of war.

A fine sense of honor had kept me from making use of the life at the Pines as a basis for a letter, but I longed to handle the subject as I saw it and to make others see it through my eyes and appreciate its beauty. Shut in my room away from the influence of Miss Ellen, of Bud, and even of the Colonel, I argued that such a letter could do no harm and might induce to much good. I do not hide from myself even now that there was with me a certain satisfaction in pleasing those in the home office, nor did I conceal from myself then the additional prestige such a letter might give me with my critics. The Editor had complimented me on the first letter, what would he not do when he received one written with a pen guided by love and every word of it poured from the heart? If Miss Ellen loved me, I argued, she would only rejoice with me over my success—and then too she might not see it. This last thought brought a blush to my cheek and I started up,

determined to show her my letter and tell her what I contemplated doing.

What evil genius led me to change my mind I do not know; it might have been the Fates of the wishing-stone whom I had angered by partially revealing the secret I had confided to them. But at the time I was pleased to think it was a confidence I had no right to give her until I had told her of my love. Then too if I, who was as jealous of the family honor as Bud or even the Colonel himself, saw no impropriety in making use of their heroic struggle with misfortunes, surely there could be none, I thought. When I should have told her of my love, together we would talk over these hard times and together we would read my description of them and laugh over it, or possibly cry, for it was always the pathos of the life at the Pines which I saw and not the humor. When a woman loves she always understands, I said to myself, but I did not know then how sensitive these old families had become of criticism, nor how deeply they felt their changed conditions. I had only seen their fortitude and bravery, for they would have thought it beneath them to complain of their poverty to others.

Unless I wrote some such letter, which would afford me a reasonable excuse for remaining another fortnight at the Pines, I would have to leave in a day or two at the longest, for the suggestion of the Managing Editor was nothing less than a politely worded order. Cajoling myself into this belief, I hesitated no longer. My mind once made up, I was seized with a fever to write such as I had not known since the first days of my career in journalism. Taking out my writing-pad and throwing myself across the bed, I wrote with an enthusiasm I had seldom experienced. If one has not felt this feverish desire to write, he or she cannot appreciate the feelings which prompted me to hold up every detail as I saw it and to lend it color where color might be lacking. Loving Miss Ellen with a passion that absorbed me then, I described her as a holy priest might paint the Madonna whom he worshipped, and with the accuracy with which an artist might put upon the canvas the features of his wife and children. My blood ran rapidly through my veins as I sketched Miss Ellen in bold relief and as faithfully described her honest father and manly brother. The names and the locality were concealed, but not more effectually than the artist might hide the name of the mother model who sat for the Madonna. One who had known the artist and his model would see in the wrap of the Madonna a shawl the wife had worn for a score of years in the humble neighborhood, and in the infant Christ the idealized features of the model's child. When describing Miss Ellen and her family I felt inspired and uplifted, and left nothing out which I thought would enhance the letter as a picture. When I had finished it I read it over

carefully, altering not a line, even adding here and there a sentence which would lend one more bit of color to the whole.

With this letter I sent a note to the Editor telling him that I would remain in the vicinity of Oglethorpe another fortnight unless he wrote me to the contrary. I said there was much more material about Oglethorpe which I thought could be used to advantage. So highly did I think of what I had written that I felt reasonably certain he would make no objections to my plans, and in another two weeks I hoped to have secured Miss Ellen's consent to become my wife.

She seemed to know by intuition what was in my heart and what I had a mind to do, for she avoided being alone with me, and whenever we would walk after that she would ask Bud to go with us. There was a gentle dignity about her during these last few days which kept me at a distance, and if I paid her a compliment she would show annoyance, and when our conversation would become personal in its nature she would remember that she had left something unattended to or would find some excuse to leave me with a half-finished sentence on my lips. I soon saw that she did not want me to speak to her of love, though she could not prevent me telling her of it with my eyes and by the silent way I would watch her when she would work. Squire Hawkins came again one evening, but she did not walk with him, and once when Bud got up to leave I saw her lay her hand ever so gently on his sleeve, which was sufficient to have kept him in his seat all night had she wished it.

One morning she received a letter at the breakfast table, and after opening it and glancing at the signature she slipped it in her belt, and when breakfast was over she went quietly out of the room and I did not see her again that day. For several days, in fact, she avoided me altogether, and I became wretched in the thought that I had been mistaken, after all; that she cared nothing more for me than she did for anyone else, even Squire Hawkins. In fact, I was not so sure about the Squire. I heard that he was the richest planter in the county and had the proud distinction of owning the only plantation which was not encumbered with a mortgage. He was an old friend of the family and Bud liked him, and Miss Ellen herself did not seem to have anything against him. I might be a pauper for all she knew, and so I told myself, but on thinking it over in my room at night I became convinced that Miss Ellen would never marry save where she loved, and that she did not love the Squire I could have sworn.

As the days slipped by she became more like her former self, and one afternoon when it was raining she consented to play a game of billiards with me. Suddenly she stopped, and as I watched her I thought her face perceptibly paled. A moment later there was the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel and we heard someone alight.

"Come, Mr. Palmer, I am beating you," she said with an attempt at gayety which was but poorly assumed. "It is your shot and you stand there dreaming."

Just then Pickaninny Sam came in to tell Miss Ellen that the Squire was in the parlor. She seemed irresolute for a moment, and then her face became hard as I had never seen it before. She laid down her cue and started to leave the room without a word. The blood flew to my face and hot words to my tongue, but, restraining myself as best I could, I cried,—

"Miss Ellen, if that man has dared to force his attentions on you or to annoy you——"

She bade me hush. "Squire Hawkins is all that is kind and good," she said. "His only wish is to serve me and my family. You must say nothing against him in my presence, Mr. Palmer."

"That man wants to force you into marrying him, Miss Ellen. 'Tis outrageous!" I cried, beside myself with anger. "He is old enough to be your father."

She smiled sadly and said, "Almost old enough to be my grandfather."

"Surely any fate is better than that. Such a sacrifice would be shameful. If you must sacrifice yourself at all, let me——"

She put a stop to my passionate words, and before the mute appeal in her eyes I stood silent.

"I am going, Mr. Palmer, and I must ask you not to speak what may be in your mind. I have a question to solve which no one in the world can help me to answer, and if I could not solve it without assistance I would be unworthy the regard or friendship of any man. No," she added, for I had opened my lips to speak again the words of love that rose to them, "if you value my good opinion, be silent."

"Miss Ellen," I half whispered, "do you know how it will end?"

"I do not, Mr. Palmer," and she left me a prey to doubts that seemed to tear my soul asunder. When a woman hesitates I thought it always means yes, and had she not told me herself that she did not know how it would end. I spent the remainder of the afternoon in my room in an agony of despair, and in the loneliness of that great, half-emptied chamber I cried to God to prevent such a sacrilege. The next day and even the next one after that I never saw her alone for a moment. Once I asked her to let me speak to her, if only for a minute.

"Not yet," she said. "I am not worthy of your kindly thoughts. I wish you could forget me."

VII.

EVERY day now I was expecting a letter from my paper ordering me to leave Oglethorpe. Each morning I rode to the post-office as if to meet my fate half way. I was in an agony of suspense. I resolved

that if my orders came before I had reached some understanding with Miss Ellen to resign my post and remain in the vicinity of the Pines until I had either won her for my wife or else forced her to declare herself engaged to Squire Hawkins. I never believed that she seriously considered such a step until she had told me to forget her. Even then I would not despair, but I was resolved that if she thought me poor she should continue to think me such until she had become my affianced bride. I fully believed her capable of marrying the Squire for the sake of lifting the mortgage and freeing Bud from the drudgery that was telling on his health and, what was worse, breaking his spirit. For herself she did not think. It was for the others. It had always been for the others. I had reason to think that in the matter of worldly goods I was the equal of the Squire, but had I told her of this I verily believe that it would have militated against me, for she would not sell herself to the man she loved, while she might sacrifice herself to one whom she regarded almost as an aged relative. I resolved to stand my ground and fight every inch of it with Squire Hawkins, and I was equally determined to tell my love at the earliest moment, so that there could be no mistake as to my intentions.

The opportunity came sooner than I thought, for the next day being damp and chilly we remained indoors, Bud alone being forced to face the rain. Mrs. Turpin had gone into the kitchen to get warm, she said, for the sitting-room was damp and bad for rheumatism. I was only waiting for the Colonel to go for his afternoon nap to speak what was in my mind to Miss Ellen. Presently she looked up from a book she was reading and said,—

“Father, there was another of those letters copied in the Augusta papers yesterday.”

As I heard her words my heart seemed to cease pulsation. I had never known that they had seen these letters, for they had not spoken of them before, probably because they did not want me to see them. My face grew scarlet and I was thankful that the room was gloomy and dark.

“Yes, Ellen,” he said, “even some of our own people laugh at us when they get rich, so we can’t expect our enemies to do less. Have you got the paper, my dear? I had to laugh over that last description of what we had come to. It was very, very funny.”

“Funny! Oh father, to think that you can see anything funny in such misery as he depicted! The writer does not see with the eyes of a gentleman or else he is blinded by prejudice or prosperity. How I should loathe to be such a man. I did not want you to see this last letter, father, so I burnt the paper. It was too true, too true,” she cried, and I saw her eyes fill with tears.

She laid her book aside and went to the window to mend a rent in

the lace curtain, but I thought more to hide her feelings from us. "The writer does not see with the eyes of a gentleman." With that one sentence she had shattered to pieces every argument I had used to myself that day in the room. She had not made use of any choice rhetoric, such as I had used to describe her, nor did she study the effect of her phrasing, but with one natural sentence, spoken from the heart, she seemed to paint me as I was or as she would always think of me after this. I realized how far my ambition had carried me and how low my literary instincts, as I had thought them then, had sunk me. In the reaction I saw myself as others would see me, and in my remorse I believed that I had sacrificed her for some temporary advantage in my profession. And I had fancied that she would understand, forgetting that her scale of honor and truth was as far above mine as heaven is above earth. In the silence that followed I suffered a lifetime of ordinary humiliation. To be unknown and yet denounced was like being alone with truth. My identity should be hid no longer, and I resolved to tell her that it was I she had denounced. As low as I seemed at that moment, I was not so low as to take her hand until I had confessed all. The past month rose before me, and I asked myself if I was indeed a gentleman measured from their stand-point. At any rate, I could not remain one and be silent.

The Colonel crossed the room and passed out into the hall. I got up and stood leaning on the back of the chair in which I had been sitting.

"Miss Ellen," I said, "I have something important to say to you. It is not what you think," for a pained expression came into her face; "it is a confession I have to make."

"Yes, Mr. Palmer," she said, and turned from the window to face me. The sun had come from behind a bank of clouds and crimsoned the checkered panes of glass, and her hair, catching the rays that filtered through them, framed her in a halo and to me gave her the appearance of a saint. Her face was pale and her long eyelashes were fringed with tears.

"Miss Ellen," I said softly, "it was I who wrote those letters."

For a moment she did not speak, and when she did her voice seemed passionless.

"Then it was you, after all," was what she said. "I had refused to entertain the thought even until you yourself confessed it. Even now it seems too horrible to believe. And I stopped speaking to my best friend merely because she half-playfully suggested that it might be you." She said this more to herself than to me.

"Why did you not tell this to me before," I said, "and I would have explained?"

"Why did I not tell you?" she asked, her voice breaking with

anguish. "Because I thought you were a gentleman and you were our guest. It would have been an insult to have mentioned it. Such a suggestion would have been a reflection on him you ridiculed and on me, whom you would have made believe you loved had you dared to speak the lie upon your lips."

"Love you," I cried, "I would die for you!"

"It is the only way you could ever prove it now," she said. "Oh," she continued, "if you had only levelled your ridicule at me alone. But father, poor old father. I am glad he will not see that last letter; he would hardly think that one funny."

She looked at me, and her eyes suddenly seemed to blaze with scorn and contempt.

"Yes, I see it all now, and the wonder is I did not see it before. It was he whom you described as a broken-down aristocrat, who descanted on politics and wrote pieces to the paper telling the President how to run the government. It was mother who dressed in worn-out velvet gowns and sat in state at the dinner her daughter had cooked, and it was I who cooked the dinner and played sonatas and nocturnes for the amusement of our guests. God, why did I not see you as you were? Yes, and these are the hands," she cried in anguish and scorn, holding them towards me that I might see them, "that have cooked your meals for the past four weeks, and these are the same hands that played for you while you smoked your pipe and heard father descant on politics. How poor and miserable we must have seemed to you. All that I could have forgiven, but you dared to soil my skin with your kisses. They will burn deep here," she said, pointing to her fingers, "long after your ingratitude has been forgotten."

"Ellen, for God's sake have pity!" I cried. "I have laughed at your poverty as if it were my own. I am rich,—I never told this to you before,—and I felt that the only use of my wealth in the future would be to relieve the burdens of those you love. This night—nay, this very afternoon—I was going to ask you to be my wife, from which moment your father, mother, and brother would have been mine also. It was this very poverty and the fortitude with which you bore it that has made me love you. After you spoke this afternoon I could not tell you of my love until I had confessed first that I was the author of the letters which wounded you so deeply."

"I am glad you spared me that last humiliation. I can never forgive myself for being happy in your company nor for spurning the hand stretched out to lift us from this degradation."

"Squire Hawkins," I said in bitterness.

"Yes, Squire Hawkins, whom you would have insulted as you have us. And to think that just because I had listened to him I believed myself unworthy of your love. You must excuse me now," she added in

cutting tones, "for I must go to prepare your dinner. I suppose there will be one less to provide for to-morrow?"

She started to leave the room, but I stood in front of her.

"No, I will not go. You do not understand. It was with love welling in my heart that I wrote that last letter. I had been ordered home, and I wrote that letter that I might stay another fortnight. After you had promised to be my wife I would have told you all and together we would have read it, and in the richness of the future we would have laughed over it together. No, I will not go. I will stay and tell Bud and the Colonel. They will understand and plead for me. And if you love me——"

"If I ever did, you killed it the moment you confessed to have written so about one you professed to love, one whom you should have protected and have helped to hide from the world that which she feels so degrades her. Instead of which you hold it up to publicity and to the scorn of the world. You cannot stay here longer. Don't force me to tell father or my brother; that would be more than I could bear."

She put her hand towards a chair as if to keep her from falling. I came a step nearer, but she drew back, involuntarily steadying herself, and looking me in the face and with a voice vibrating with emotion said:

"Don't touch me. I never want to see you nor to hear of you again."

She swept past me, and I sank into a chair, overcome with grief and mortification. How long I sat there I do not know. Every time I heard a footfall I would start up expecting to see her come back, thinking in my foolish heart that she had relented. Bud came in and found me sitting in the dark. He told me dinner was ready, and we entered the dining-room together. Miss Ellen came in late, for it would have been unlike her to have stayed away. In a perfectly natural voice she told them I had been called away. Bud begged me to stay, and the Colonel and Mrs. Turpin made me promise to come again. That night was a dismal one. Miss Ellen would not play and soon went to her room. I left the next morning, Bud remaining from his work to drive me to the station. Miss Ellen bade me farewell in the hall, but avoided taking my hand. As the wagon turned into the cedars I looked back, and only the Colonel and Mrs. Turpin were standing on the porch to wave me a farewell. I hardly spoke to Bud on the way, but I made him promise that if anyone should get ill at the Pines he would write to me at once. At the station I found a letter from the Managing Editor telling me that my last contribution was the cleverest bit of writing I had ever done and that the paper had advertised another one for the following Sunday.

I tore his letter into fragments, and going to the telegraph office wrote out the following telegram and sent it:

"Accept my resignation. I will leave for the West to-night on personal business."

I grasped Bud's hand, but was unable to speak a word. I boarded the train and sat for hours, my head resting on my hands, with my face turned towards the Pines, my soul full of sadness, with not a ray of sunlight in my heart.

VIII.

I DID not go West immediately after leaving the Pines, as I had intended doing, but remained within the State, hoping vainly to get some word of forgiveness from Miss Ellen. In my calmer moments I reviewed my visit to the Turpins, and the letter which she so condemned seemed to me to be my least offence. Though I understood her resentment and appreciated the position she had taken, I felt, however, that I had made a mistake in obeying her, and now wished that I had remained at the Pines and confessed everything to Bud. I believed then, as I do now, that he would have understood me better than Miss Ellen had done and would have pleaded my cause for me, though I doubt whether he or anyone else at that time could have shaken her determination not to admit me to her friendship again.

I would wake up each morning resolved to quit the State that day, but before noon I would change my mind, as I seemed utterly incapable of tearing myself from the neighborhood of the Pines. I even looked and longed for some change of feeling which might blunt the edge of my grief, but none came, and my love seemed to grow stronger each succeeding day. It was maddening to think that I had lost her, and what gave this sorrow a keener edge was the knowledge that I had forever put it out of my power to be of any service to her or to lend assistance to those she loved. I would become a prey at times to the keenest pangs of jealousy. I had no doubt that the Squire would renew his suit, and I feared that she might be led, in her bitter resentment towards me, to accept his hand in marriage. I wrote her several letters begging for her forgiveness, and if she could not grant me that, to try at least to understand the feelings which had prompted me to write the letters which had been the means of separating us. I told her of the hopeless state of mind into which I had fallen, and that I believed that my life would be aimless unless she would touch the magic spring which would set my blood aglow once more and arouse the dormant ambition within me to accomplish something in the world.

I wrote on and on. I exhausted my logic and mental powers to make her understand. I reviewed my visit to the Pines at length, from

the moment I had met Colonel Turpin to the last interview I had had with her. My first mistake, I told her, had been in letting my introduction to her and her mother, as a relative of the Kentucky Palmers, go unchallenged. I explained how I believed myself to have been merely a boarder, and the almost fatal mistake I had made in speaking to the Colonel on the subject. Such hospitality I was unaccustomed to, nor do I now fully understand the promptings of that kind old heart when he invited me to the Pines. I told her of my life and of my work; how I had come into her section with the bitterest feelings against it. My one ambition, I told her, was to arouse a hostile sentiment in New England against the political party then in power in nearly all the Southern States. I did not conceal from her the satisfaction I had felt when this assignment had been given me, nor my disappointment when I learned afterwards that I was not to touch on politics in my letters. I told her of my resolution to leave the Pines on the day after I had arrived there, but how that resolve melted as snow before the sun when I had seen her and looked into her eyes; how step by step she had led me to look upon life with a broader and a kindlier view and had brought me finally to a full understanding of her section and her people, and how she had made me to know for the first time what my father meant when he was wont to say that all the two great sections of the country needed was to get acquainted.

The letter which had so offended her, I said, would be the means of bringing thousands of persons to a proper appreciation of her homeland and the Southern character, just as the facts embodied in it had caused me to change the opinions I had held once. I did not believe my offence was past forgiveness, and I begged her that in a spirit of fairness she would try to appreciate the impulses of one whose instincts seemed to be to write of things as they are and whose training had led him always to seek out those things to describe which were novel and of interest. I followed this letter with another, but with no better result. I wearied the postal officials with questions and got them to go through the general delivery a half dozen times a day.

I do not know how it would have ended had the thought not come to me, as if by inspiration, that I could, at least, be of some small service to her, yet keep my identity in the background. After waiting in Augusta one more week in anxious hope that each day might bring a letter from her, I took the train for Atlanta, and there began a search for the holders of the mortgage on the Pines. With good references I presented myself at the office of one of the large trust companies and authorized its agents to trace the mortgage and to secure it at any cost. After weeks of incessant work we traced the holders somewhere in the southern part of the State, and an agent of the company was dispatched there to take up the mortgage. The utmost

caution was necessary to secure the consent of Bud without exciting his suspicion. The holders of the paper were instructed to say that they had to sell and that they had found a company whose business it was to lend money willing to accept it. Nothing was said about reducing the interest. It was not until the transfer had been accomplished that it was made known to Bud that the company had reduced the interest from six to four per cent.

I had followed the transaction with the keenest interest, and the officials who were in my confidence became as interested almost as I. I told them that under no circumstances were the Turpins to know anything about me; that everything must be done through them. They understood the necessity of secrecy, as I told them that the beneficiaries of this act would reject it and force a foreclosure had they any reason to suspect that the interest had been reduced through any desire to assist them in any way. Satisfied that I had done something for Miss Ellen, I determined to leave for the West. It was while going to take my train that a circumstance occurred that delayed my departure for several days more. I was late and was hurrying through the depot when I ran fairly in the arms of Bud. I did not recognize him at first, and it was only when I stepped back with a conventional apology that I saw the strong outlines of his face and knew it to be that of Miss Ellen's brother. It was only a momentary glimpse I had of him, but he looked older and more careworn, it seemed to me. He seemed preoccupied and did not recognize me, for, lowering my face, I hurried past him and reached the waiting-room. I abandoned all intention of taking the train that day, for I at once suspected that my secret had become known and that Bud had come to Atlanta with the determination of either having the transfer revoked or else forcing me to accept the former interest on the mortgage. By a circuitous route I reached my hotel and, sending for a messenger, dispatched a note at once to the company informing the officials of the arrival of Mr. Turpin.

The next day I learned that Bud, thinking the transaction somewhat queer, had come to Atlanta to see about it himself, and I strongly believed that Miss Ellen had urged him to it to satisfy herself that I was in no way connected with the benefit which those at the Pines would derive from the reduction of the interest. Bud demanded to know to whom his family was indebted for this unlooked-for piece of generosity. My agent told him that these mortgages had become very valuable and that his company had been authorized to secure as many of them as possible and to reduce the interest on them to four per cent. Satisfied that the matter was a business transaction, Bud left for the Pines again and, I had reason to believe, with a lighter heart.

Lost in the background and congratulating myself on the success of my scheme, I wandered into the West. The face of Ellen was ever

before me. Night and day, the picture of her, clad in a simple gingham frock, her sleeves rolled up, and her hand pointing in the direction of the old memorial bridge, was ever in my mind. Several times I tried to resume my writing, but my pen seemed to drop from my fingers or else my mind refused to respond to my will. In dejection of spirit my head would fall over on my arms and I would sit for hours dreaming of the Pines and Miss Ellen. In my apathy I journeyed to Japan, and for a while life seemed brighter in that mosaic looking country, but go where I would there was ever recurring to my thoughts the picture of Miss Ellen, and my heart would swell and tears rush unbidden to my eyes as I remembered our parting. There was talk of war between my country and Spain, but this interested me little; I seemed to have lost my sense of the proportions of things. Resolved at last to take up the thread of my life again and begin anew, I started for the States. Almost the first thing I learned on reaching the Pacific slope was the fact that war had been declared. The will of an indignant people had swept aside politics and diplomacy and had surged with such force about the nation's rulers that no one dared stand in its path.

The martial spirit of my ancestors had never burned within me, for my mind had always been set in other directions, and my pursuits were those of peace. Never hesitating for a moment, however, I started across the continent. By telegraph and letters I collected my scattered influences and, backed by my delegation in Congress, asked the Governor of my State for a commission. It was secured without much trouble, and I was mustered in the service as a first lieutenant of volunteers in one of the regiments from Massachusetts.

IX.

THEN began the weary weeks—and months, it seemed to some of us—of waiting. The excitement of enlisting and drilling the men, organizing the companies, and getting the recruits uniformed acted on me like a tonic. I ceased to brood over my disappointment, and while my love for Miss Ellen was as great as ever, yet I felt that I had regained my manhood, and the war spirit, once aroused in me, drove me like a master. The day for quitting the State was a sad one for many, but it was not so for me. My heart bounded with joy when the order for our movement was read at Headquarters. Of all the officers I think I was the only one whose departure was not blessed with the tears of mother, sister, or sweetheart. My father, now old and feeble, came to see me, and his eyes became wet as he beheld me for the first time in my uniform and folded me in his arms. My mother had long been dead—in fact, I could scarcely remember her at all. Before saying good-by to my father I gave him a letter and made him promise that should anything happen to me that he would send it to the address on the envelope.

He looked at me sadly for a moment and said,—

"Does she live in the South, Howard, and is that why you have stayed away so long?"

I told him yes, and turned away my head that he might not see what it had cost me to speak of her. He laid his hand gently on my shoulder and said softly, I thought sadly,—

"We Palmers have never been lucky there, my son," and I thought I understood many little things in his life and knew then why he never had anything but what was kind to say of that southern country when he heard it under discussion. I grasped his hand and held it for a moment.

"May God protect you and bring you safe to me again," was all he said, and left me.

Our regiment was only ordered to Camp Meade, but it was a start. The days there were dreary ones, and I shall never forget the shout our boys put up when the order which turned our faces to Camp Thomas, at Chickamauga, was read to them. It set our blood on fire, and I cannot repress my feelings of State pride even now when I recall the happy faces of those Bay State fellows as they prepared to shoulder their muskets and start for the south. A majority of the regiment wanted to be brigaded with other regiments from Massachusetts, but with wisdom and foresight the Chief Executive commanded that the troops from the North should be brigaded with those from the South and West. It was a wise policy that threw the men from Michigan with those from Texas and those from California with those from Maine and Vermont, and the men from Massachusetts with the honest fellows from Georgia. The spirit of friendship which had been growing for over thirty years was to be cemented by an alliance against a common enemy. This was how we found ourselves in the same brigade with a Georgia regiment and with another from Kentucky.

We mingled with one another from the first on friendly terms, we shared one another's rations and nursed one another's sick. I met every Georgian with an outstretched hand, for I felt somehow that they had claims on me which the others did not possess. The individual was lost in that great, crowded camp, and those with whom I talked of the Turpins did not seem to know them. But I was destined to hear news of my friends much sooner than I thought.

I had been sent to Division Headquarters one day with a message from my colonel. As I stepped under the awning of the tent I saw an officer in a major's uniform sitting at a table reading some reports. The face was partially in shadow, but I saw at once that it was Bud.

How much he knew I did not know. I was eager to learn. He saw me before I spoke, and not waiting, as I had done, he leaped from the table, scattering the contents over the floor, and rushed to me with

arms outstretched. Impulsively he threw one arm around my neck and with the other grasped my hand. He saw how deep my feeling was and did not speak at once.

"Bud," I asked finally, "how are all at the Pines?" It was the question which was most natural to my lips, for I had been hungering, yet dreading, to hear news of them.

"About the same. Nothing ever changes there," he said.

"Your father and mother?" I asked.

"Both are well, thank God!"

"And Miss Ellen?" I ventured.

For a moment his face clouded when he told me she was not like what she used to be. Then suddenly, as if some idea had shot across his mind for the first time, he dropped my hand and, looking me squarely in the face, said:

"She has never been the same since you were there." He seemed suddenly to stiffen with dignity as he added: "Palmer, if I thought your visit there had wrought this change, Heaven only knows what I would do. Before taking my hand again answer me honestly, Palmer: did you trifle with my little sister when you were with us at the Pines?"

"Before God I did not," I cried. "She rejected my love, and that is why I left so suddenly. I will tell you all about it, Bud, as I wanted to do before I left," I said.

"I believe you, Palmer," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder again. "But keep your secret, whatever it may be, for it is hers also and you have no right to betray it."

I grasped his hand again and stood looking out into the dusty camp street and over the hills in the distance.

"Who is with them?" I asked presently.

"My younger brother, little Brent. He is keeping the family alive while I am doing what I can to keep alive its reputation," he said with an attempt at humor that cut me like a knife. "You may not know how we feel about this sort of thing down here," he added, "but to us it is as dear as life itself."

He then told me that it was Miss Ellen who had urged him to go to the front and who had given him the strength to leave the Pines. From his Colonel I learned afterwards that he had enlisted as a private, but was soon given a commission for an excellent record, and he owed his present place to his ability to handle men and not to political influences.

After that first meeting we saw each other daily, and when not on duty together we would light our pipes and wander through the dusty and fever-stricken streets, smoke, and talk of home, but never did we speak of Ellen, though she was constantly in my thoughts, and I believe in her brother's also.

Disease had broken out in camp and typhoid raged with deadly

effect during that long, cruel summer. One evening I went to bed feverish and not feeling like myself at all. The day had been one of horror in the camp, and despatches were flying between Headquarters and the War Department. The evening shades brought no relief to the tired soldiers. No one seemed to be asleep, and the men were stretched outside their dog tents. The ground was dry and hot, and the moon hung in the heavens like a great ball of fire. Just as the midnight hour was called I heard someone in the direction of the Kentucky regiment, that lay across the road from us, begin to whistle "The Old Kentucky Home." The notes fell sweet and clear across the tented field. Before he had finished a bar someone took up the tune and whistled a second. One after another joined in the melody, and finally there was hardly a man in the regiment, so it seemed to me, who was not whistling. It died away as suddenly as it had been inspired, and I think the camp slept with sweeter rest for having heard the serenade. I fell into a fitful sleep and only waked to partial consciousness when reveille was sounded.

I made an effort to rise, but fell back, too weak to move again. The surgeon came in shortly after that and took my temperature. It was with a sickening sense of humiliation that I heard him say that it was a bad case of fever. Before I could be moved Bud came in, and I learned afterwards that he feared I would be taken down. I turned my eyes to him in mute appeal. He touched my hand and I drew him near me.

"If I should die, Bud, will you tell Miss Ellen that I have always loved her and that my last thoughts were of her?" I said in a half whisper.

He pressed my hand for an answer and placed his other on my fevered temple. I heard him ask the doctor to let him have charge of this patient. "His life is dearer than my own," he said. I saw the surgeon nod his head and heard him add that it would take great nursing to pull me through.

It was the last thing I remember for many a day. I heard afterwards how he nursed me; how he slept by my cot at night and sat by it all day. Afterwards he told me that I talked only of the Pines in my delirium, and for the first time he had learned that it was I who had taken up the mortgage and reduced the interest. The day came when the surgeons despaired of my life, and then it was that he telegraphed his sister. I have that faded bit of paper on which he wrote the message framed and hanging over my desk and underneath it her answer.

"Lieutenant Palmer lying at point of death. Your name incessantly on his lips. Don't come if you think best, but it might save his life," was what he sent.

The answer was even shorter. It read simply:

"Keep him alive until I reach there."

They told me that her nursing saved my life. One touch from her hand and my delirium would subside, and though I lay unconscious for days she took little rest, and when she would lay down it was Bud who would take her place at my side.

One morning just after orders came for my regiment to start for Cuba my eyes opened to the world and my senses returned. Bud was by my side. I knew then that Miss Ellen had been there, for the influence of her presence was with me still.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"Getting a little needed rest," he answered. "The crisis was passed last night and she knows you are saved to her."

The big, strong fellow could stand it no longer. He knelt by my bed and, holding my hand, buried his face in the covering. I knew that he was weeping for very joy for his sister. I turned over wearily and laid my hand on his head.

"Bud," I whispered, "has she forgiven?"

"Yes, Howard," he said. "She has told you so herself many a time in the long watches of the night."

I lapsed into unconsciousness again, and when I awoke Miss Ellen was by my side. She it was who told me that my regiment was going and held my hand in sympathy, for she knew how it would hurt me to be left behind. She read me the President's noble words of praise for the men who had answered to the call for troops, and drawing from her pocket a little slip of paper read me what the Executive had to say of those who had fallen ill with fever and who had served their country only in the camp. It was only a short message from our President in answer to an invitation to come to Chickamauga, but it cheered many a poor fellow who, as I, lay stricken with the fever and who was forced to see his comrades march away to duty at the front. It was the message just as it came and as she read it her eyes filled with tears:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

"Major-General commanding Camp Thomas, Chickamauga.

"Replying to your invitation, I beg to say that it would give me great pleasure to show by a personal visit to Chickamauga Park my high regard for the forty thousand troops of your command who so patriotically responded to the call for volunteers and who have been for upwards of two months making ready for any service and sacrifice the country might require. My duties, however, will not admit of absence from Washington at this time. The highest tribute that can be paid to the soldier is to say that he performed his full duty. The field of duty is determined by his government, and wherever that chance to be is the place of honor. All have helped in the great cause, whether with fever in camp or in battle, and when peace comes all will be alike entitled to the nation's gratitude.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

After that she talked to me of the Pines, and then it was she told me she had never read my letters to her; that she was afraid she might forgive me, and that she did not want to do that, even in her heart. When I was strong enough to sit up I was given a leave, and it was Miss Ellen herself who undertook to make all arrangements for my journey to the Pines, for it was there that I wanted to go to recuperate. Finally the day came when my regiment was to move. I was propped up with pillows that I might see it break camp and march away.

"Ellen," I said as I saw the last company, the one to which I belonged, fall into fours, "but for you I could not stand that," pointing to the retreating regiment.

She turned to me and, making a low courtesy, as she had done that April night now many months ago, she said, smiling all the while through her tears:

"You were not made for a soldier, my Lord: You have been forced to lay aside the sword; you must take up the pen again."

And then I knew for the first time that she had not only forgiven me, but that at last she had understood.



BEYOND THE PILLARS OF THE RAINBOW

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

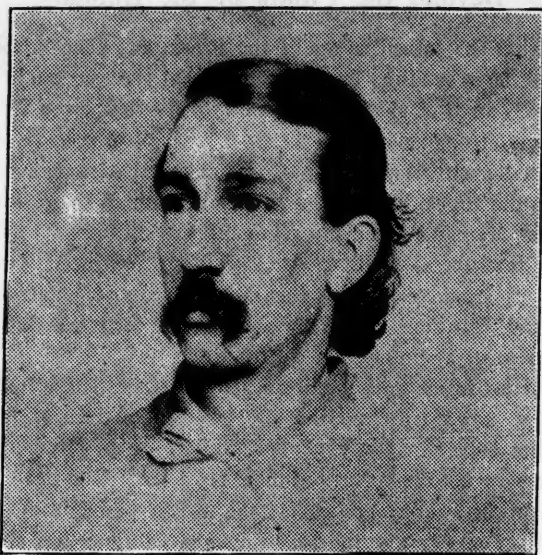
BEYOND the pillars of the rainbow lies
Hy Brasil, holy island of the skies,
That silver shore where all our dreams await us,
Where all our questions meet divine replies.

The baffled longing that, one weary day,
Upon a wind of sighs was blown away,
A feathered seed, pursued by birds that hate us,
The black-winged birds that make our hopes their prey,

Found lodgment there, and in the silence grew
A cedar-tree whose summit pricks the blue,
Whose level shadow cherishes a gracious
Sequestered space of greenery and dew.

The solid earth is false and cheats our eyes
With Druid mist and magical disguise.

Only our Dreamland, holy and veracious,
Beyond the pillars of the rainbow lies.



SIDNEY LANIER AT 24

From photograph taken about the close of the Civil War, showing him in Confederate uniform. (See letter on page 309.)

SIDNEY LANIER

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS

By Milton Harlow Northrup



MY recollections of Sidney Lanier date from the winter of 1860-'61. Although but eighteen years of age, Lanier was then a tutor in Oglethorpe University, from which he had been graduated six months before. Lanier's biographers have uniformly credited him with the "first honor" of his class. They imply the truth, but not the whole truth. The "first honor" of the Class of '60, Oglethorpe, was, owing to the fact that there was a tie in class rank, divided; and, instead of the usual one, there were two valedictories. The scheme, now before me, of the "Annual Commencement of Oglethorpe University on Wednesday, July 18, 1860," tells the story thus:

"Valedictories delivered:

"S. C. Lanier (1st Honor)."—To the Community, Trustees, and Faculty.

"E. F. Hoge (1st Honor)."—To the Class.

* "Drawn by lot."

The two valedictorians, as it happened, represented respectively the two literary societies of the University, between which there was a spirited rivalry, Lanier the Thalian, and Hoge the Phi Delta. The "second honor" of Lanier's class (the Latin Salutatory), fell to John M. Goetchius, of Columbus, Georgia, who, as his brother writes me, "was killed in the second day's fight at Gettysburg," while a younger brother, Edward, an undergraduate at Oglethorpe at the outbreak of the Civil War, "was killed a year later at Petersburg, Virginia." Lanier's class graduated twenty-one.

Following the delivery of the valedictories, according to the same Commencement scheme, was an "address before the literary societies, by John B. Gordon, Esq.," a name since associated with the most thrilling chapters of American history. Gordon was then a budding lawyer of twenty-eight. Already, it appears, he had achieved an enviable reputation as an orator and man of letters.

Oglethorpe University, of pretentious title, but really a small college, stood on a plateau overlooking the sleepy little city of Milledgeville, a mile or so distant, then and until after the war the capital of Georgia. Under Presbyterian auspices, it gathered its hundred students mainly from Presbyterian families in Georgia and the States adjacent. Its President was, and for many years had been, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, D.D., foremost in the councils of the Southern branch of his Church. Of New Jersey birth and Princeton education, he had spent the greater part of his long, active life in the South. He was now an old man. The outbreak of hostilities between the section of his birth and the section of his adoption caused him such mental torture that his reason gave way. He was committed to the State Insane Asylum at Milledgeville, and there died. He was an uncle of the since celebrated pulpit orator, the late T. DeWitt Talmage.

Oglethorpe did not long survive its honored head. Soon after the fall of Sumter its doors were closed,—faculty and students almost en masse enlisting in the Southern army,—and its buildings and students' quarters eventually converted into barracks and hospital. With the advent of peace an attempt was made to resuscitate the institution, but it was too far gone.

It was during the four months immediately preceding the outbreak of the war that a kind Fate brought me into contact and companionship with Sidney Lanier. We occupied adjoining rooms at Ike Sherman's boarding-house and ate at the same table. Myself a young fellow just out of a Northern college, boasting the same number of years, conducting a boys' academy in the shadow of Oglethorpe, there was between us a bond of sympathy which led to a friendship inter-

rupted only by the Civil War and broken only by his untimely death. Many a stroll and talk we had together among the moaning pines, beguiled by the song of the mocking-bird. Together we called on the young ladies of Midway,—as this little college community was known,—together joined in serenades in which his flute or guitar had the place of honor, played chess together, and together dreamed day-dreams which were never to be realized. Contemporary testimony to my joy in his companionship is borne in frequent references thereto in my private correspondence of those days. "Several students," says a New Year's letter to a Northern friend, "room in the hotel, as well as a young and very intellectual tutor, right back of me, which makes it very pleasant." In a later letter: "The tutor is a brick. I am much pleased with him and anticipate much pleasure in his company." As to his plans for the future: "The tutor—Lanier—is studying for a professorship; is going to remain here about two years, then go to Heidelberg, Germany, remain about two years, come back, and take a professorship somewhere." It is needless to add that the destroying angel of war wrecked ruthlessly all these beautiful ambitions.

Lanier's passion for music asserted itself at every opportunity. His flute and guitar furnished recreation for himself and pleasant entertainment for the friends dropping in upon him. As a master of the flute he was said to be, even at eighteen, without an equal in Georgia. "Tutor Lanier," I find myself recording at the time, "is the finest flute-player you or I ever saw. It is perfectly splendid—his playing. He is far famed for it. His flute cost fifty dollars, and he runs the notes as easily as anyone on the piano. Description is inadequate."

A couple of years later I chanced to meet in a Northern city a man who had run the blockade from Wilmington, North Carolina. Anxious for any trace of my Southern friend, of whom I had heard nothing since the war began, I inquired if any Georgia troops were stationed at Wilmington. "Yes," was the reply, "the Second Georgia Battalion, made up of the first young men of the State. And, by the by, among them was the finest flute-player you ever heard. Why, the ladies of Wilmington simply went crazy over him." My informant was not able to recall the name of this musical prodigy, but on my suggesting "Lanier," he exclaimed, "That's it!" A neighbor of mine to-day, an ex-Confederate, who was stationed at Wilmington, vividly recalls the flutter in the hearts of the maidens of that city caused by the wonderful flute-performances of the young Georgia soldier. It was, during the long four years of war, the only message that reached me from him, and that, curiously enough, came by way of the flute.

From New Year's Day to May-Day, 1861, while the boy-tutor was engrossed in his work as instructor and in his beloved flute, the war-clouds were fast gathering. In quick succession followed events of

mighty import. January saw the Cotton States all "out of the Union;" February witnessed the establishment of the Confederate States Government, with Jefferson Davis at its head; March was signalized by the accession of Lincoln to the Presidency, under a lowering sky; and April saw the attack on Sumter and the war a reality. The convention which voted Georgia out of the Union, as it supposed, sat in the old Capitol, only a mile distant from the scene of Tutor Lanier's labors. The attendant excitement was hardly congenial to the pursuit of letters. Lanier, while not an original Secessionist, caught the contagion from the air he breathed. As to the future of the new Confederacy he had some fond illusions, which at this distance we may smile at while we pity. While the new Confederacy was to enter upon an era of prosperity such as no other nation, ancient or modern, had ever enjoyed, the city of Macon, his birthplace and home, was to become a great art-centre. Its streets were to be lined with marble statues, like unto Athens of old. Once in after years I was cruel enough to recall to his memory this glowing vision. The only response was, "What fools we were! What fools we were!"

On the return of peace and the reestablishment of postal relations throughout the South, while still ignorant of his fate, I ventured a letter to my friend of ante-bellum days. A prompt response followed, inaugurating a correspondence that continued at irregular intervals for years. Some of these letters cover an especially interesting period in the poet's life—his experiences during the war and the era of Reconstruction, and his subsequent struggles, against odds that would have appalled a less courageous spirit, for the recognition and place in the world of letters which his genius merited and eventually commanded.

No apology is offered or deemed necessary for reproducing here such passages from these private letters as seem to throw side-lights on the life and character of one whose fame belongs to the world. So far as possible the personal equation of the addressee is eliminated. It should be kept in mind that Lanier was but nineteen when the war began, and but twenty-three when it closed. It wrecked his health and sent him to a premature grave. Whether without this ordeal of war Lanier would have sung his immortal song we may never know. A staid college professorship, to which he aspired, would have been his schooling, in place of war.

But to the letters:

"EXCHANGE HOTEL,

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, May 12, '66.

"MY DEAR N——: So wild and high are the big war-waves dashing between '61 and '66, as between two shores, that, looking across their 'rude, imperious surge,' I can scarcely discern any sight or sound of those old peaceful days that you and I passed on the 'sacred soil'

of M——. The sweet, half-pastoral tones that should come from out that golden time float to me mixed with battle cries and groans. It was our glorious spring; but, my God! the flowers of it send up sulphurous odors, and their petals are dabbled with blood.

"These things being so, I thank you more than I can well express for your kind letter. It comes to me like a welcome sail, from that old world to this new one, through the war-storms. It takes away the sulphur and the blood-flecks, and drowns out the harsh noises of battle. The two margins of the great gulf which has divided you from me seem approaching each other: I stretch out my hand across the narrowing fissure to grasp yours on the other side. And I wish with all my heart that you and I could spend this ineffable May afternoon under that old oak at Whittakers and 'talk it all over.'

"You must know that Clifford and I lost all we had, and have been compelled to go to hard work for our living. We have, however, through kind friends, obtained positions with good salaries, so that we are free, at least, from the pressure of immediate want. In the moments that we can spare from business we continue our studies, with even more ardor than while we had plenty of time to devote to them. Cliff has finished a novel, written entirely during intervals snatched from business, and I am working upon one which I hope to finish ere long.

"We also hope to get out a volume of poems in the fall written by both of us conjointly. You will laugh at these ambitious schemes when I tell you that we have not yet offered for print a single thing. But we have no newspapers here with circulation enough to excite our ambition, and, of course, the Northern papers are beyond our reach. Our literary life too is a lonely and somewhat cheerless one; for beyond our father, a man of considerable literary acquirements and exquisite taste, we have not been able to find a single individual who sympathized in such pursuits enough to warrant showing him our little productions,—so scarce is 'general cultivation' here,—but we work on, and hope to become at least recognized as good, orderly citizens in the fair realm of letters yet. There's so much to tell you and so much to hear from you!—Our adventures (I say 'ours,' for Cliff and I were by each other during all the war) would fill, and possibly *will* fill, a volume.

"I'm thirsty to know what is going on in the great art world up there: you have no idea how benighted we all are. I've only recently begun to get into the doings of literary men through the *Round Table*, which I've just commenced taking.

"Write me soon, and believe that I am always

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER.

"Clifford sends regards. Many of your old friends at the College were killed in battle. Will particularize some other time."

My request for an outline of his experiences in the war drew from him the interesting letter which follows:

"EXCHANGE HOTEL,

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, June 11, '66.

"MY DEAR N——: I have to thank you for your promptness in replying to my letter, as well as for your kind expressions in regard to its contents. Since I like friendship better than all things else in the world, I'm well content to believe that your complimentary terms originated in that, rather than in any merit of what was written.

"I proceed to give you a very condensed 'syllabus' of my war experiences. In June of '61 I enlisted as private in the Second Georgia Battalion of Infantry, then stationed amongst the marshes of Sewalls Point, Virginia, immediately opposite Fort Monroe. Here we played 'marsh-divers' and 'meadow-crakes' for six months, our principal duties being to picket the beach; and our pleasures and sweet rewards-of-toil consisting in agues that played dice with our bones, and blue-mass pills that played the deuce with our livers. Unless you've had a real James River chill and fever, you'll utterly fail to appreciate the beauties of the situation.

"We were next ordered to Wilmington, North Carolina, where we experienced a pleasant change in the style of fever; indulging, for two or three months, in what are called the 'dry-shakes of the sand-hills,' a sort of brilliant tremolo movement, brilliantly executed upon 'that pan-pipe, man,' by an invisible but very powerful performer.

"We were then sent to Drury's Bluff; and from there to the Chickahominy, participating in the famous seven-days' battles around Richmond. Shortly afterwards my regiment went upon a special expedition down the south bank of the James, and, after a little gun-boat fight or two, was sent to Petersburg to rest. While in camp there I, with Cliff and two friends, obtained a transfer to Major Milligan's Signal Corps, and, becoming soon proficient in the system, attracted the attention of the commanding officer, who formed us into a mounted field squad and attached us to the staff of Major-General French. After various and sundry adventures in that capacity we were ordered to proceed to 'The Rocks,' a point on the James near its mouth, opposite Newport News, where we remained about a year and a half, acting as scouts, and transmitting our information across a signal line which extended up the river to Petersburg. Our life, during this period, was as full of romance as heart could desire. We had a flute and a guitar, good horses, a beautiful country, splendid residences inhabited by friends who loved us, and plenty of hair-breadth 'scapes from the

roving bands of Federals who were continually visiting that Debatable Land. I look back upon that as the most delicious period of my life in many respects. Cliff and I never cease to talk of the beautiful women, the serenades, the moonlight dashes on the beach of fair Burwell's Bay (just above Hampton Roads), and the spirited brushes of our little force with the enemy.

"The advance of General Butler upon Petersburg broke up the signal line, but our party was ordered to remain, acting as scouts in the rear of General Butler's army. By dint of much hiding in woods, and much hard running from lair to lair, we managed to hold our position and render some service, with information of the enemy's movements.

"From here my brother and I were called, by an order from our Secretary of War, instructing us to report for duty to Major-General Whiting, at Wilmington. Arrived there, we were assigned to duty on blockading steamers as signal officers, Clifford on the *Talisman*, I on the *Lucy*. Cliff made three delightful and adventurous trips from Nassau to Wilmington; was wrecked on the last voyage, and just saved his life, getting on a Federal schooner just in time to see his steamer go down. He went then to Bermuda, and was on the point of sailing for Wilmington as signal officer of the steamer *Maude Campbell*, when, hearing of the capture of Wilmington, he went to Havana; thence, after a pleasant time of a month with friends in Cuba, to Galveston, Texas, whence he walked to Macon, Georgia, arriving just in time to see our mother die. I, meanwhile, ran the blockade of Wilmington successfully, but was captured in the *Gulf-Stream* by the Federal cruiser *Santiago-de-Cuba*, carried to Norfolk, thence to Fortress Monroe and Camp Hamilton, and at last to Point Lookout, where I spent four months in prison. Some gold, which a friend of mine had smuggled into the prison in his mouth, obtained the release of both of us. I made my way home by a long and painful journey, and, immediately upon my arrival, losing the stimulus which had kept me going so long, fell dangerously ill and remained so for three months—delirious part of the time. I had but begun to recover when General Wilson entered and occupied the city (Macon, Georgia). Then Cliff came; then we buried our mother, who had been keeping herself alive for months by the strong conviction, which she expressed again and again, that God would bring both her boys to her before she died.

"Then peace came; and we looked about, over the blankest world you can imagine, for some employment. My brother first came here as book-keeper of this hotel, I, meanwhile, spending the winter at Point Clear, on Mobile Bay. In January last I came here.

"And so you have a very outlinish outline of my history. Your letters do me more good than you imagine. Himmel, my dear boy,

you are all so alive, up there; and we are all so dead, down here. I begin to have serious thoughts of emigrating to your country, so that I may live a little. There's not enough attrition of mind on mind, here, to bring out any sparks from a man.—Accept the constant regards of

“Your friend,
“SIDNEY LANIER.”

A few days later the poet-warrior in enclosing his photograph in Confederate uniform, pictures the stagnation of the South thus vividly:

“EXCHANGE HOTEL,
“MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, June 29, '66.

“MY DEAR N——: The cadaverous enclosed is supposed to represent the face of your friend, together with a small portion of the Confederate gray-coat in which enwrapped he did breast the big wars.

“I have one favor to entreat; and that is, that you will hold in consideration the very primitive state of the photographic art in this section, and believe that my mouth is not so large by some inches as this villanous artist portrays it.

“I despair of giving you any idea of the mortal stagnation which paralyzes all business here. On our streets Monday is very like Sunday: they show no life, save late in the afternoon, when the girls come out, one by one, and shine and move, just as the stars do an hour later. I don't think there's a man in town who could be induced to go into his neighbor's store and ask 'How's trade?' for he would have to atone for such an insult with his life. Everything is dreamy and drowsy and drone-y. The trees stand like statues; and even when a breeze comes the leaves flutter and dangle idly about, as if with a languid protest against all disturbance of their perfect rest. The mocking-birds absolutely refuse to sing before twelve o'clock at night, when the air is somewhat cooled; and the fire-flies flicker more slowly than I ever saw them before. Our whole world here yawns, in a vast and sultry spell of laziness. An 'exposition of sleep' is come over us, as over Sweet Bully Bottom, and we won't wake till winter.

“It is possible that Cliff or I may go North in the fall, with bloody literary designs on some hapless publisher. I anticipate much pleasure in meeting you, if it should be my lot to go. Write me often. Your letters always wake me up from that sleep which I share with my torpid fellow-citizens here.

“Your friend,
“SIDNEY LANIER.”

The exposures of life in camp and prison again told on his delicate frame. Convalescing from serious illness, he writes:

"EXCHANGE HOTEL, MONTGOMERY, July 28, '66.

"MY DEAR N——: I should have written you earlier, but I've been seriously ill ever since I received your last—too ill to think, much less to write. I thank you very sincerely for your card of invitation and for your 'phot.' I do not know anything I wish more earnestly than that I could have attended the one and saved you the necessity of sending the other. But Hope is the anchor of the soul,—and I'm an anchorite. For all I have in the world of my seclusion is some score or two of big and little hopes, many of which, I doubt not, will be but poor dependencies and drag i' the sand when foul weather comes. However, as yet they lie rusting in the mud of my cave; and my anchorite's prayer is, morn and night, that the Fates may soon blow fair, so that I may at least weigh my anchors.—Sick men, you know, are always selfish. I started to talk about you, not myself.

"I'm glad you found the letter of enough interest to make it worth publishing. If all publishers saw with your partial eyes, I'd be an author. By the way, do you know the editor of the *Round Table*? I'd like to send him a poem or two occasionally, or an essay; but I dread rejection like a mad lover.—You'll pardon a poor letter; no bone in me but aches, no nerve but tingles when I cough, shaken by that old bronchitis I caught in your inhospitable Point Lookout prison, there.—We're getting up a literary club here.

"I'm your friend,

"SID LANIER."

The letter which follows accompanied one for publication in a local newspaper:

"MACON, GEORGIA, March 15, '67.

"MY DEAR N——: Would a little series of letters like this, in which, as they go on, I would like to enter the pathetic to some degree, be of any value to you? Being temporarily out of employment, I am moving about Alabama and Georgia visiting some friends, and could write you from different places. If you accept, send me a copy, and make any suggestions, for the business is new to me.

"Write, and know that I am always

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER."

A month later found Lanier in the metropolis, manuscript in hand, having plucked up the courage to beard the publishers in their very dens. Announcing that he had taken the plunge, he writes:

"NEW YORK, April 11, '67.

"MY DEAR N——: Is there any likelihood of your visiting New York shortly? I shall remain here at least two weeks longer, and would be most happy to see you.—I have serious designs against the

publishers here, but as yet have only skirmished afar off, without making any direct attack. Do you know any of them personally? Do come, if you can, and let us have a 'parlons,' a walk and a talk through these streets whose busy life is a thing that fills me full of dreams every day. I have a pleasant room at No. 7 Great Jones Street, a few feet from Broadway.

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER."

Lanier's genius found ready recognition, and the publishers, rather than the author, were soon doing the seeking. A challenge to an European trip a few months later brought this pathetic response:

"MACON, GEORGIA, December 16, 1867.

"MY DEAR N——: Indeed, indeed, your trip-to-Europe invitation finds me all thirsty to go with you; but, alas! how little do you know of our wretched poverties and distresses here, that you ask me such a thing. My dear boy, some members of my family who used to roll in wealth are, every day, with their own hands, ploughing the little patch of ground which the war has left them, while their wives do the cooking and washing. This in itself, I confess, I do not regret, being now a confirmed lunatic on the 'dignity of labor,' etc.; yet it spoils our dreams of Germany ruthlessly. I've been presiding over eighty-six scholars in a large academy at Prattsville, Alabama, having two assistants under me; 'tis terrible work, and the labor difficulties, with the recent poor price of cotton, conspire to make the pay very slim. I think your people can have no idea of the slow terrors with which this winter has invested our life in the South. Some time I'm going to give you a few simple details.

"'Tiger Lilies' is just out, and has succeeded finely in Macon. I have seen some highly complimentary criticisms in a few New York papers on the book, and what was written in illustration of a very elaborate and deliberate theory of mine about plots of novels has been mistaken for the 'carelessness of a dreamy' writer; I would I knew some channel through which to put forth this same theory.

"What a horribly jejune and altogether pointless affair is the *Southern Society* of Baltimore. My name was published as a contributor, but I shall certainly send nothing.

"I have scratched this off in a great haste, freezing in a hotel reading-room, where a big fire is snapping and (as is the Southern custom) all the doors and windows are open.

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER."

The spring of 1868 found the struggling young author still at the head of the Prattsville academy. A repetition of the challenge to a

trip to Europe brought another sigh, like the moan of the winds through the Southern pines. He writes:

"PRATTSVILLE, ALABAMA, March 8, 1868.

"MY DEAR N——: I know few things I should like better than to go a-gadding about the great world over yonder with you; but, ehue, from the present complexion of affairs, private as well as political, it is like that I, who have loved Germany all my life, must, after all, die with only a dream of the childland.

"My book ('Tiger Lilies') has been as well received as a young author could have expected on his first plunge, and I have seen few criticisms upon it which were not on the whole favorable. My publishers have just made me an offer to bring out a second edition on very fair terms: from which I infer that the sale of the article is progressing.—Pardon a scrawl from a man somewhat spent with the drudging struggle for daily bread, and utterly unfit, in his isolated country-life, to convey to you anything of greater interest than that he is

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER."

When the foregoing was penned the country was in a state of great fermentation over the attempt to impeach and remove from office President Andrew Johnson. This and the ordeal of Reconstruction through which the South was passing made up the cloudy "political" complexion to which the letter despondently refers.

Lanier's career as an Alabama pedagogue ended with the year, and by New Year's, 1869, he was entered as a student of law in his father's offices in Macon, as appears from the letter which follows:

"MACON, GEORGIA, March 15, 1869.

"MY DEAR N——: I have been your debtor for some months for your very kind and interesting—not to say tantalizing—letter written from Naples; and—aside from the fact that, in epistolary debts, I rarely pay more than twenty-five cents on the dollar—I should have answered your letter long ago, but have waited to receive some intimation from you that you had returned to the Home of the Brave.

"With a most monstrous yawn and gulp, I swallowed my envy when I heard of your projected tour to the great old lands, and genuinely rejoiced in the pleasure which I knew must be in store for you. As for my sweet old dreams of studying in Germany, ehue, here is come a wife, and By'r Lady, a boy, a most rare-lunged, imperious, world-grasping, blue-eyed, kingly manikin; and the same must have his tiring-woman or nurse, mark you, and his laces and embroideries and

small carriage, being now half a year old; so that, what with mine ancient money-cormorants, the Butcher and the Baker and the Tailor, my substance is like to be so pecked up that I must stick fast in Georgia, unless litigation, and my reputation, should take a simultaneous start, and both grow outrageously. For, you must know, these Southern colleges are all so poor that they hold out absolutely no inducement in the way of support to a professor: and so last January I suddenly came to the conclusion that I wanted to make some money for my wife and my baby, and incontinently betook me to studying law; wherein I am now well advanced, and, D.V., will be admitted to the Bar in May next. My advantages are good, since my father and uncle (firm of Lanier & Anderson) are among the oldest lawyers of the city and have a large practice, into which I shall be quickly inducted.

"I have not, however, ceased my devotion to letters, which I love better than all things in my heart of hearts, and have now in the hands of the Literary Bureau in New York a volume of essays. I'm (or rather have been) busy too on a long poem yclept the 'Jacquerie,' on which I have bestowed more real work than on any of the frothy things which I have hitherto sent out; though this is now necessarily suspended until the summer shall give me a little rest from the office business, with which I have to support myself while I am studying law.

"I shall be delighted to see you in Macon, and can promise you a view of a beautiful city, some pleasant rides amid green leaves, some good music, and a hearty welcome.

"And so, having drawn all this upon yourself, believe me that I am always

"Your friend,

"SIDNEY LANIER."

The domesticity of the poet's nature crops out in the following letter, acknowledging an invitation:

"BROOKLYN, November 23, 1873.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: The cordial friendliness of your letter is no small consolation to me for the mournful impossibility of availing myself of your very kind invitation. I should take a world of pleasure in shaking your hand, in renewing my delightful acquaintance with your wife, and particularly in getting your baby to sleep (which latter operation I consider to be not far from the very acme and culmination of human delights). By token, I've three of my own, and I often get every one of them to sleep on the same evening. But I'm just leaving town and can't make time.

"I shall be in Baltimore all the winter, and if any happy fate should blow you that way, I would be very glad to foregather with

you. Commend me, I beg you, to your wife, and in especial to the baby; and believe me always

"Your friend,
"SIDNEY LANIER."

The summer of 1874 witnessed the termination of Lanier's struggle with the law. Broken health compelled abandonment of a professional carer; but his courage never weakened. Once more in Brooklyn, he writes:

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, September 1, 1874.

"MY DEAR N——: I do not like for the earth to go around the sun more than one time without a line from you to assure me that you and the wife and the baby are well.

"After a thorough and (I suppose) final break-down of health at the law, I am here armed with a lot of poetry and music which I've written, and proposing henceforth to fight the Wolf in that way—though without any definite plans as yet.

"Pray tell me what you're about, and if you come to New York give me the pleasure of shaking your hand. Keep me in mind as

"Always your friend,
"SIDNEY LANIER."

A severe and protracted illness confined him to his bed in a Brooklyn boarding-house during the autumn that followed. The winter, however, found him again in Baltimore, where he writes as follows:

"64 CENTRE STREET, BALTIMORE, January 21, 1875.

"MY DEAR N——: I have been intending a long time to write you, particularly in order to say that severe illness prevented me from enjoying the pleasure of calling on you when you were in Brooklyn. I sometimes think I have more than my share of the downs, and less of the ups.

"I send you herewith a copy of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February, containing a poem by me. Although only published a few days, the piece has brought me some charming messages from people of letters, and I hope you will like it. Pray let me have a line to assure me that you and Mrs. N—— and the bairn—to both of whom I beg you to convey my compliments—are well. I shall be at above address until the last of March.

"Your friend,
"SIDNEY LANIER."

The poem alluded to was "Corn," and it has stood the crucial test of critics and time alike. At last it was realized that out of the Southland had come a true poet. Bayard Taylor suggested him as the right

man to produce the Cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and his selection followed. Thenceforward the name of Lanier was known in every intelligent household in the land.

Lanier's work at Johns Hopkins University, in the years that followed, and the heroic battle he waged with disease, whose seeds were sown in the Rebellion, need not here be recalled. On the 7th of September, 1881, in North Carolina, the end came.

A few days after Lanier's death his father, Hon. R. S. Lanier, of Macon, Georgia, wrote me: "I have just returned from Baltimore. The remains are placed temporarily in a vault in Green Mount Cemetery—having been carried to that city with a view to an autopsy, at his request, which, however, did not take place. The many friends in Baltimore desire his interment there, and I and friends in Macon desire it in Rose Hill, our beautiful cemetery on the Ocmulgee. The matter will be determined soon." The poet's remains were permitted to rest in Baltimore, the city of his adoption, rather than in the city of his birth, his beloved Macon.

There are two standards of measurement of human life: the one by years; the other by achievement. Measured by years, Sidney Lanier's life of less than two score was a broken column; measured by achievement, his life is not yet ended—he is immortal. Robert Burns died at thirty-seven; Byron at thirty-six; Poe at forty; Raphael at thirty-six; Lanier at thirty-nine. It is whom the gods love die young. And yet who shall say that the Scottish plough-boy, or the author of "Childe Harold," or he who sang of the "Raven," or the painter of the Transfiguration, or the composer of the "Centennial Cantata," do not, one and all, still speak to us in voices whose echoes will command enraptured listeners away down the centuries?



FAILURE

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

AH me, for the man I meant to be!
 The faith and the honor and strength of me,
 The warmth of heart and the purity,
 And the good in all, I was bound to see;
 Ah me, for the man I meant to be!

Ah me, for the man I meant to be!
 The love, with its kindred sympathy,
 That should lift my brother and set him free;
 And the good I was bound to do, ah me!
 Ah me, for the man I meant to be!

THE WINGLESS VICTORY

By Caroline Duer

MISS CECILIA TREVELYN began seriously to wonder whether she might not be in love. She had been brought to the contemplation of this problem by finding that the charming exaggerations of speech with which she had been accustomed to counterfeit feeling were now hardly adequate to express an emotion for which she knew no name.

She had acted the part so often, to please, to flatter, or to surprise, as the case might be, that to look back over the past few months and find herself an unintentional truth-teller was bewildering, to say the least. She had meant to gamble with Cupid for counters, and behold, she was "backing her game," to use a very adaptable phrase, with coin of the realm.

She, herself, had challenged the contest, and because she was rather pretty in a slim, blond, mysterious way; rather audacious, yet not devoid of a certain tender sort of cunning which was far removed from meanness while not disdainful of effects; and, most of all, because she had the experience of many contests to guide her, she would have thought—if she had taken the trouble to think at all—that she was decidedly over-equipped for the fray, over-skilled for any adversary.

During the earlier stages of her intimacy with Julian Hale, while she had fully intended and expected to endear herself to him, the possibility that she might, in her turn, become a victim to the gentle passion had never once occurred to her. She would have considered him the very last person in the world to satisfy her somewhat too sophisticated tastes. But by and by, like many another sophisticated lady before her, she began to be impressed by the crude, essential power of mere manhood.

She admired him for his belief in himself; his rather ruthless simplicity of purpose; his love for his profession, his unfaltering determination to succeed in it. She wanted his ambitions to be gratified, his longings to be fulfilled. She pitied him for certain conflicting elements in temperament and situation. She gifted him with a thousand good qualities; she made ingenious excuses every time his real self did not quite fill out the image she had created for it. She told herself that she was "very fond" of him and, in the coolness of this

comfortable conviction, allowed herself to listen with a smile to the dictates of prudence while pursuing an entirely opposite course of conduct. For was she not used to pleasing with ease and being pleased with difficulty? Was she not a hundred times cleverer than he? Had she not proved it to the confusion of those as strong and no less confident? Therefore she advanced with boldness and gayety, hardly pausing even to reproach herself for making him—as she could not but feel she must be making him—dependent upon her sympathies, her intuitions, her ready and thoughtful kindness.

She could not have said at what moment she suddenly realized that she was becoming rather dependent upon him, but when the idea dawned upon her she was not ill-pleased. After all, there comes a time when it is not inconceivable that a woman may like to depend upon somebody. To be sure, this was not at all the sort of somebody she had contemplated depending upon. He was not, perhaps, particularly suitable. She was not sure that she always found him companionable. Still, if he cared for her—if he needed her—if he could not get on without her,—as she was beginning sometimes to think she could not get on without him,—why, then—

Miss Trevelyn set herself earnestly to dissect her heart, and the result was more or less astonishing. She did not know how the condition of being really in love ought to affect a lady who had played at it so often, but if the appalling genuineness that she now discovered underlying her very prettiest-spoken sentiments pointed that way—if this restless desire to see, this constant endeavor to please, satisfy, and fill with all the good things at her command the life of another person were an evidence of love, she would make the best and the most of it! She wanted to believe herself capable of the simple, natural feeling your “true woman” has for him who is “the man of men” to her, and to this end she put away from her certain little tricks and manners with which she had been wont to pique and provoke admiration. She pretended to no indifference. She feigned no reluctance. She allowed herself the luxury of showing forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Fortunately, being a person of varied moods and some tact and intelligence, she did not make this too apparent at first. The truth spoken in jest—tossed above your head mockingly, dropped at your feet shyly, whispered into your ear tenderly, vivisected before your eyes cynically, hurled into your hands recklessly, and snatched from you almost before you have a chance to examine it—serves as well, if not better, than falsehood for the general confusion, attraction, and bewilderment of the opposite sex.

Julian Hale was not more brilliantly intuitive than the average man, and if he had periods of being sure that he, and he alone, owned

the heart of the amiable and hitherto elusive lady who had beckoned him through the mazes of a game which has many names and no ending while the world endures, he had also periods of doubting whether the said lady possessed at all the right kind of flesh-and-blood heart for him to be the owner of. He had rather primitive notions about the inner recesses of female hearts, and was by no means certain that the best of them should harbor so many pleasant resources. But as the months went on and Cecilia, ever earnestly bent upon proving herself a true and loving woman, presented the evidences of her charming tenderness more and more simply before him, he felt there could be no reasonable doubt that her affection was as deep as it was sincere. He almost feared to believe it. He went delicately, like Agag, setting his feet with caution along the edges of quicksands where he knew many another good man before had perished in unwariness. But he delighted in the thought that under his own steps the way was firm; that he strode in safety where others had stopped, trembling.

It was very beautiful, very wonderful, this thing that had grown up between them, but—was he worthy of it? Was any man worth a woman's whole love?

Cecilia, with a flash of her old mischief, told him saucily enough that feminine love was apt to measure itself in exactly inverse proportion to the worth of the object. On which grounds, she said, she hardly knew whether or not he was to be congratulated on the possession of so large an amount of hers. Moreover, she had observed that hardly any man, worthy or otherwise, ever received a woman's whole love; upon that score, therefore, he need give himself no uneasiness! And then, with a return to her new seriousness, she had taken his hand in both of hers and assured him that very truly *her* whole heart and soul were his—that she only cared to be pretty for him, good for him, even alive for his sake, and that in him her happiness began and ended.

Julian was touched, thrilled, and elated beyond anything he could have imagined by her gentle sweetness. The knowledge that he could come to her at no time when he would not be welcome, could indulge in no mood which she would not put aside her own to meet, could demand nothing of her that her reasonableness would not endeavor to accord, made him, he told himself, the most fortunate and the most contented of men. How it came about that he had found the "open sesame" to this hidden treasure he hardly knew, but with the frequent exercise of his power the fact became impressed upon him, and, behold, it was very good.

And yet, because with most men the bird in the bush has attractions which the bird in the hand, pecking crumbs from between your fingers and cracking its throat with celestial songs for you, does not possess; because the hare that is garden-fed becomes a matter of course, in-

stead of coursing; because, "as Bill says" (to quote the amusing Mr. Ade and the inspired Mr. Shakespeare in the same sentence), "That we have we prize not to the full," it happened that, as time went on, the love of Miss Cecilia Trevelyn began to be taken a little too much for granted by the gentleman upon whom it was bestowed. It was precious; it was greatly to be desired; it was his. The hunting was over, and the holding had begun.

Now, when the settling of some small, commonplace question arose, as, for example, whether they should arrange a suggested expedition for Wednesday or Saturday, instead of pretending (after her old manner) till the very last minute of his stay that both days were equally impossible to a lady of her manifold engagements, Cecilia would answer:

"Wednesday is good, because it is the nearest, and yet bad, because it will be soonest over. I think I will choose Saturday, since it is so pleasant to look forward to happy things."

And his smile became indulgent rather than flattered. In point of fact, he no longer had that keen sense of gratification with which, in the earlier days of her acknowledged preference, such speeches had inspired him.

Cecilia saw the smile, detected the indulgence, and laughed at the danger.

"Shall I not express myself as I feel, now that, for the first time, I begin to feel what I have so often expressed?" she asked herself, wrinkling her nose at her reflection in the glass. (She could still be mischievous in her own company, even if she were not so in his.) And there being no one to gainsay her, she continued to spoil Mr. Hale with all the pretty words and ways at her command, all the blossom and flower of the true estate of her affection.

It would be doing that gentleman injustice to say that he was unappreciative, but he had sometimes, nowadays, to remind himself how appreciative he ought to be, and this is an attitude of mind greatly to be deplored in a lover. Miss Trevelyn vaguely suspected it now and then, but she had deliberately given her wisdom—worldly and otherwise—a holiday, and was following what she beautifully termed the dictates of her heart. Never did anybody enjoy anything so much as the once flirtatious Cecilia enjoyed the simple expression of the sincere feeling which had at last come into her life.

But for self-indulgence, even in simplicity and sincerity, we sometimes pay too dearly.

Julian Hale had a cousin, a red-haired baggage with unfathomable eyes and a skin like a hot-house peach, with methods and manners by no means unlike those now abandoned by Miss Trevelyn, and a high spirit of her own to boot. She was always getting her love-affairs into

a tangle from which Julian alone could extricate them, and she did not scruple to call upon him for help with an utter disregard of his or anybody else's convenience.

The first time that her appeals—which were always urgent—forced him to postpone an engagement with Cecilia the young man was distinctly chagrined and the note in which he expressed his regret and disappointment at not being able to spend the afternoon with that gentle lady was one of the tenderest he had ever written. Perhaps it was as a reward for self-sacrifice that he found his cousin and her complications more than usually interesting. At all events the fact remained that he was exceedingly diverted, not to say enlivened, by their interview, and could not help wondering, as he left the house, why, if Isabelle made herself as attractive to all men as she had to him that afternoon, some enterprising person had not already snatched her up and married her out of hand, in spite of her protests.

"What Isabelle needed," he vaguely reflected as he strolled homeward to dress for dinner,—“what Isabelle needed was a man of character to manage her! A man who wouldn't permit himself to be made a fool of, as she was making fools of these young idiots who surrounded her! He was glad to think he had delivered himself of some advice which had made her extremely thoughtful. She ought to be made thoughtful about three times a day. Her mother allowed her far too much liberty. It was well that *he* had a certain influence, or goodness knew what she wouldn't do. She might mock him as much as she pleased, but he was determined”—and here his meditations were cut short by hearing a hoarse old church clock strike seven, and remembering that he had solemnly promised to present himself at the hospitable board of an irritable old uncle at half-past to the minute.

The next day he hurried to make his peace with Cecilia, but Cecilia appeared to be so entirely reasonable,—to understand so thoroughly that no man, under the circumstances, could have done otherwise,—to be, in fact, so prepared to accept his explanations before he made them, that he felt they were hardly necessary. She told him prettily enough, however, that until his note came she had found her pulses waiting and listening for the bell, and that her eyes had involuntarily lifted themselves to the height of his eyes every time the door opened.

He felt at once that she would make an ideal wife, and the next time Isabelle's demands interfered with his projected visit to Miss Trevelyn and he discovered that he had no time to write any note, he contented himself with the thought, and later comforted Cecilia with the assurance, that she was “so much his other self he somehow knew she could not fail to understand.”

Oddly enough, Miss Trevelyn did not seem to understand so readily as she had before, although, after her first very natural expression of

disappointment, she showed herself no less amiable than usual at their next meeting. There was nothing petty about Cecilia, and if she felt some slight vexation of spirit, her pride helped her to conceal a state of feeling she believed to be unworthy of her.

It must have been about a week after this, rather early one afternoon, that in walking uptown to do an errand in the neighborhood Miss Trevelyn happened to pass the street where lived the exacting Isabelle, and, involuntarily glancing down it, to see a certain hansom, white horsed and well known to her, standing before the door of that lady's residence.

It was not absolutely unprecedented for Julian to release himself from business at this hour, but it was usually for some especial occasion not unconnected with Cecilia, and at the thought she felt a curious little stab in her left side. She told herself that she was not angry, that he had a perfect right to be where he undoubtedly was at that moment, that she had no business to take advantage of the knowledge which by accident she had become possessed of. She had not, herself, any absolutely definite appointment with him and had, therefore, no right to resent this visit to his cousin. But she did resent it, and prolonged her errand to its utmost limit that she might keep him waiting, if, after leaving Isabelle, he went—as under her small attack of jealousy she was sure he would go—to her house. She even invented several visits to pay, and, unfortunately, got in at one place where she was detained, it seemed to her, for hours.

As a matter of fact, owing to this and a block in the cars which occurred on her homeward way, it was about an hour and a half between the times when she had passed Isabelle's street in her walk uptown and repassed it in her provokingly unrapid transit down. She looked out. The hansom still stood before Isabelle's door.

Cecilia's eyes had really flashed *unexpectedly* through the brown-stone vista. By this time she had persuaded herself that she should find Julian impatiently waiting at home for her, if, indeed, she had not carried the noble effort of cutting off her nose to spite her face so far that she had missed him altogether. This second shock drove the blood from her cheek for an instant, and then sent it back again in an angry, scarlet flood.

It was but lost labor that she had stayed away to punish him, or hurried back in defiance of herself, since he was still with Isabelle. She was outraged in pride, wounded in dignity, miserably and bitterly hurt and humiliated. Her common-sense suggested that later everything could and would be explained, but somehow she did not wish to listen to any explanations. She *wanted* to be furious. She did well to be angry, she told herself, as she mounted the stairs to her room. She had half a mind to leave word that she was not at home

to *any* one. That would be a surprise to Mr. Hale when he finally condescended to knock at the portal which had hitherto swung so readily open in welcome.

But better counsel prevailed. She would not judge him till she had heard what he had to say, no matter how late he came to say it. After all, it was such a little thing in itself—perhaps she exaggerated its significance. He was here, within a few streets of her house. He would surely stop for a moment to see her. He would *feel* that she needed him.

She drank her afternoon tea slowly. She took up a book and read without taking in one word. She put off dressing for dinner till the last possible minute (Julian, as she knew, was attending some stupid male banquet at the club that night), but he never came.

Miss Trevelyn was silent and somewhat abstracted all the evening. She went upstairs early and tried to fight this thing out with herself in the quiet of her own room. What was hurting her? The simple fact that Julian had paid a long visit to his cousin at a time when he usually found it inconvenient to come uptown? Not that exactly. The fact that he had not felt it necessary to inform her of his intention? It might have been an unpremeditated one—and, besides, was she the kind of woman to compel a man to give an account of himself in such matters? Surely not. If he wanted to go—and here the hurt began to make itself more sharply felt.

That was it!

She was jealous because of that "if"—because she was *afraid*!

Something that had for a long time past been warning her of danger now began to justify itself sternly. The pain was intolerable. She *must* reassure herself of his love. She *must* write. It would be fairer to tell him what she had seen, and why it made her—or would make her when next she saw him—a little colder.

Cecilia sat down and drew her portfolio towards her. She wrote a beautiful, firm hand, simple and easy to read.

"DEAR JULIAN: Quite by accident I saw your hansom standing at a lady's door to-day, when I greatly desired that it should be standing before mine. She is a very charming lady, and it stood there a very long time (I couldn't help knowing that too, as it happened), and so another lady, who likes to think herself charming to you, and who loves you in more ways than she cares to mention just now, went unvisited. I'm afraid it hurts her a little (and makes her a little angry too), and she wants you to know it, because she won't be able to help being different, somehow, in her manner when next you see her, and it's easier and fairer to tell you why at once. Not that you haven't a right to go where you please and stay as long as you like,—not that I'm not ashamed of having, even

involuntarily, played the part of detective,—but just that it hurts me to want you and wait for you and not have you come, no matter what the reason——”

Here Miss Trevelyn stopped and gazed at what she had written with far-seeing eyes. What was the good of such a letter? He knew as well as she did—better than she did, perhaps—how she felt about him. If he had wanted to see her, as she had wanted to see him, he would have contrived to stop. That letter could tell him only one thing which he did not already know; the fact that she was jealous—she, Cecilia Trevelyn—of his cousin! Jealous, because she was not sure of her own power over him; not sure of her own power over him, because, being in love, she had made him, and gloried in making him, absolutely certain of his over her.

“He shall not have the truth from me,” said Cecilia, suddenly tearing her letter into a thousand pieces, “till he has been taught to deserve it,” and laying her yellow head on the table she let the hot tears well up into her eyes and blister the little heap of white scraps before her.

The note Mr. Hale received the next day ran as follows:

“DEAR JULIAN: Forgive me for not letting you in when you came yesterday afternoon. I knew your ring, and my idiotic heart jumped, as it always does (I am sure, if a shot were fired through the place it ought to occupy, the ball would, just at that moment, fail to touch even the end of it), but I *couldn't* see you, because I was in the middle of a most agitating interview, which you would have found it exceedingly awkward to interrupt. You are so entirely my other self that, somehow, I *felt* you would understand then, and I *know* you will now. Come this afternoon——”

It is unnecessary to give the letter in full. Suffice it to say that it first amused, and then distinctly annoyed the recipient.

What business had Cecilia to be holding “agitating interviews”—interviews which she boldly avowed he would, if he had come (as she supposed, and he, upon his soul, wished he had), “have found it awkward to interrupt”? It only showed how little you could trust any woman, even the most simple, and it suddenly occurred to him that he had not always considered Cecilia among the most simple. Could it be——

Mr. Hale presented himself at Miss Trevelyn's door at four o'clock that afternoon in a state of very qualified approval. He was prepared to admonish gayly, forgive freely, and then explain frankly how an unexpected and, he might add, particularly inconvenient summons from his cousin had led to his spending the greater portion of the

afternoon in her society, and so prevented any possibility of his ringing Cecilia's bell at the time her imagination had suggested. As he thought of her little sentence about her heart leaping to the sound his own was touched, and he felt himself softening to a very lenient view even of agitating interviews with other men. Cecilia had not said it was another man, by the way, but she would certainly have mentioned the fact if it had *not* been. Well, after all, let her interview whom she pleased, her thoughts and feelings were all for him. She had said so, and he believed it.

He rang the bell—and felt heart-throbs at the other end of the wire.

The door opened.

Miss Trevelyn was not at home.

"When was she expected to return?"

The footman could not say.

"Not at five o'clock for tea, as usual?"

The footman rather thought not; he believed he had heard Miss Trevelyn say—but stay a moment, he fancied there was a note for Mr. Hale. He was an amiable young footman, very desirous of pleasing and not very old in service.

Mr. Hale read his note—a few hasty lines, scribbled on a half sheet of paper in a pencil-addressed envelope.

"She really couldn't stand another scene between four walls, and had made her agitating friend take her for a walk. If Julian came, as she thought he would, he must not wait, for Heaven knew how long it would take to argue this matter out. She knew he would not mind; she would see him that evening at the opera."

Julian found himself minding very much as he went slowly down the steps and made his way towards Fifth Avenue. He was surprised, piqued, and troubled in his turn, and wondered, angrily enough, what the devil she meant by it.

Cecilia, from her veiled position behind the window curtains of her room in the second story, saw his great shoulders swinging up the street, and longed, with every fibre of her being, to call him back. He had come to her and she had sent him away with a silly falsehood. It was unworthy of her—but—but—but had he cared very much for the truth when she had poured it out so lavishly? No; this was an experiment she had resolved upon, and she would watch what came of it. Would he take advantage of her absence (since he had salved his conscience by coming) to go to Isabelle?

North or south? She strained her eyes to their utmost limit of vision, looking sideways along the street, her head pressed close against the pane. He turned to the south and she heaved a sigh of relief.

Just before dinner Mr. Hale, who had nursed his wrath until sun-

set at the club and had no intention of waiting till he got to the opera to vent it, returned to the house of Miss Trevelyn. The rebuke that he administered, quite as much in anger as in sorrow, was received by that lady with indescribable delight and despair.

Delight because she felt again in him the ardent anxiety of masculine affection to spend itself upon the thing as yet desired in uncertainty, and despair because she knew that the secret of her love for him was one which he must never fully share.

AT FORT MARION

(SAINT AUGUSTINE)

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

ABOVE the bastions and long, low beaches
The clamoring ospreys poise and soar,
While the ramparts over the harbor reaches
Gaze as they gazed of yore.

In the cedar-trees by the ancient entry
The mock-birds sweeten the gliding hours,
But there's never the sign of a single sentry
In one of the guardian towers.

Gone the trace of each old commando
The Spaniards sent to this shore of bloom;
The dungeons fashioned by Don Hernando
Are peopled only with gloom.

Tiny peace-flowers gleam in the grasses
That green the width of the gaping moat;
War, with its bugles and marching masses?—
Not the wraith of a note!

Only dreams by night of the olden
Days when the doughty deeds were done;
Only dreams by day in the golden,
Bland Floridian sun!

THE SECOND NOCTURN OF ST. PATRICK

By Vincent Harper



ORDINARILY, to enlist the "pull" of Father "Holy Joe" McCann, of the Church of the Seven Dolors, was to secure any job within the gift of the powers that be in "de Ate" Assembly District. Accordingly, when it got noised about that his own brother Pat had thrown up his lucrative position—held just one week—at the gas-works, and made application to be put on the police force, it was tacitly assumed that nothing but a little time lay between applicant P. McCann and the stripes of a sergeant, or even that mine of wealth and glory—the captaincy of a precinct.

But Father McCann himself realized that the gratification of his brother's ambition was fraught with peculiar difficulty. There were obstacles, obstacles serious and three in number. First of all, there was the picturesque personality of Pat himself, which had caused the priest no little anxiety; then there was the lesion in his mother's otherwise exquisite conscience, which blinded that pious woman and rigorous moral theologian to the obliquity of Pat's character; and, last and most important of all, there were the existing strained relations between Church and State in "de Ate," brought about largely by Father McCann's recently issued ultimatum to the politicians.

Over against all this, however, and strongly in Pat's favor, was the fact of "Holy Joe's" incurable fondness for the unemployed, the unfortunate, and the failures in life's struggle. It was with good hopes of being able to knock Pat into sense, to induce his mother to observe a discreet silence as to Pat's virtues, and to establish an honorable *modus vivendi* with the politicians, that Father McCann hurried around to his mother's flat in response to an urgent summons from her, which he supposed meant that news had arrived from Mulberry Street or the "old man," and that Pat's affairs had come to a head.

When the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann, otherwise "Holy Joe," had "arrived" as the best known man on the East Side and the champion all-around good fellow and the owner of the mightiest "pull" in the district, he bethought him to send to the old country for his mother and only brother, Patrick Ignatius, of whom this history.

Now the coming of his old mother was filled with much spiritual

significance to "Holy Joe," as that of his greenhorn brother was destined to enlarge his already far from meagre knowledge of the frailty of human kind.

Mrs. McCann brought with her the almost forgotten atmosphere of the old days at Bally-knock-legh, County Kerry, and on the fair white surface of the old mother's guilelessness the son beheld the shadow cast by his present self—and the margin of difference between her "no surrender" and his compromises with exigency he knew to be the measure of his departure from the light. Nor was their difference ethical only, for "Holy Joe" soon became aware that between the pristine simplicity, not to say incredible credulity, of Bally-knock-legh and the "believe-as-much-as-you-can" policy found necessary in the rather sceptical environment of the borough of Manhattan there was a great gulf fixed.

In the upper regions of his mother's unquestioning faith "Holy Joe" was conscious of the long and radical process of evolution which had turned him from a freckled, birched, receptive catechumen at the Christian Brothers' school at Tralee, into the suave, easy, up-to-date New Yorker—and the thought was tonic.

In the secrecy of his own mind, or in the safe familiarity of the rectory among his fellow priests—all of them very much aware that the world moves—he might, under the stress of common-sense or of modernity, waive some of the less weighty matters of the law; but from the first he resolved that not one jot or tittle of the gospel according to Bally-knock-legh should ever be abrogated at Mrs. McCann's apartment, "siccond flure, to the lift, over Phelan's, th' oonderthaker." Nor was Father McCann the first man who has cried "Hands off!" when the very reasons that have done violence to his own faith essay to rend the veil of the temple in which woman still offers her vicarious worship to the God of his fathers.

"Joe, dear," began Mrs. McCann, lighting her pipe for a protracted theological conference, "it's in throuble I am the day."

"Over Pat ag'in, I suppose," replied "Holy Joe," also lighting a cigar in order to get into touch, and awaiting his mother's next words with twinkling eyes.

"Indade, thin, it's not over Pat, Joe, dear, but over me own sowl. It's meself that's goin' to confission this avenin', and thim yoong praisits is no good in the worruld whin anywan is throubled wid a t'eologikil quistion that ain't in the tin commandments—no good at all at all."

"Holy Joe" glowed. The preparation of his dear old mother for those weekly confessions that had made her famous—and feared—among the clergy was always a task that touched his heart—and his funny-bone.

"Whativer have ye doon now, mother, dear?" he asked, trying not to offend her delicate conscience by showing his unholy joy. "It's a pity an auld woman couldn't foind room enough to sin in the tin commandmints widout inventin' new wans widout names."

Mrs. McCann shook her finger at him, and after puffing meditatively for a few moments took the pipe out of her mouth, smoothed her apron, developed an expression of deep contrition, and unveiled her guilt.

"Well, ye see, Joe, dear, I'm that worried about Pat's gittin' ap'p'intid on the *po-lice*, that I wint down to Bannignins', d'ye see, to git Mrs. Bannigin to git Mr. Bannigin to sphake a good worrud fur Pat to th' auld man, d'ye see—though I moost say that I loiked what the Car-r-dinal said about the liquor business bein' no dacint thrade fur a Christian man. Well, annyhow, I tauld Mrs. Bannigin what a sthiddy, sober, obedient soon Pat was to me, and what a foine t'ing 'twould be fur Noo Yorruck to have him on the *po-lice*. And she laughed and said that I lied loike the seicnd nocturn in the breviary—and thin, Joe, dear, I laughed too."

"Oh mother, dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed "Holy Joe," looking severe and deeply pained. "Sure, ye're guilty uv the same sin as Mrs. Bannigin, fur ye're particeps criminis, so ye are."

"Fur goin' into the saloon, is it?" asked Mrs. McCann, groping for the theological light that would throw her guilt into sharp outline.

"Not at all, mother, dear, but fur laughing at Mrs. Bannigin whin she laughed at the breviary, d'ye see. Sure, whin wan person doose wrong and anoother wan don't rebuke her, but linds her the countenance of a shmile, thin the t'eologians tell us that that oother wan becomes particeps criminis—which manes that ye caught the guilt off Mrs. Bannigin loike the moomps or the m'asles, d'ye see."

"Th' auld haythin, to be shpreadin' her sins round the parish loike that!" exclaimed Mrs. McCann, but presently, as if the thought of her complicity in Mrs. Bannigan's wrong-doing suggested more charity, she added: "That cooms uv havin' wan's hoosbind in the liquor business, I suppose. But, Joe, dear, why did the foolish auld woman say that I lied loike the seicnd nocturn, which I don't knaw joost what thim seicnd nocturns is, awnly that they is in the howly breviary, and Mrs. Bannigin betther not thry anny more uv her paddy sips criminsis on me!"

"Holy Joe" realized his predicament, for the phrase which Mrs. Bannigan had now made immortal was not original with that lady, but a familiar one in clerical circles in which the Bally-knock-legh orthodoxy has yielded to the pressure of latter-day incredulity. So Father McCann cleared his throat and found considerable difficulty in relighting his cigar, to gain time.

"Well, ye see, mother, dear," he began, "on ivery saint's day the breviary gives us the life of the saint—the plain, thrue, rale t'ings the saint did, d'ye see, and thim t'ings ivery wan *moost* belave or——"

"Or go to hill," broke in Mrs. McCann ex cathedra and not to be thought ignorant of the consequences of rejecting that which is de fide.

"And thin, mother, dear, the breviary, in addition to the rale, thrue, act-tiul life uv the saint, gives us in the sicond nocturn, as they do be called, a lot of *turrible* good t'ings the saint is said to have doon—*said* to have doon, moind—fur the glory uv God and to shame us wid our aisy ways, d'ye see. Now, mother, darlin', thim awful good t'ings in the sicond nocturn is not proposed to the fait'ful as t'ings nicissary fur salvation, but joost as pious thraditions loike, which annywan naden't belave if he t'inks thim a bit too sstrong—and not go to hill aither."

"Though he loikely will," murmured Mrs. McCann comfortably, and folding her arms dogmatically.

"Wait till I show ye, mother, dear," continued "Holy Joe," taking his breviary out of his pocket and turning to the office for the next day, while his mother, watching him, muttered, "Look at 'im—the jye of his auld mother's heart!"

"Now, to-morrow bein' St. Patrick's Day, mother, the sicond nocturn tells us that the howly man used to sit in ice-wather ivery day long enough to read th' intire psalter; but the t'eologians mostly hold that if annywan doose not belave ut, or awnly belaves that he sat in th' ice-wather twinty minutes, or that the wather was timpered a little,—the Latin worruds lavin' room fur honest doubt as to th' ixact timperachooe, d'ye see,—thin, although, as ye say, the chances is ag'in' 'im, Howly Mother Church in her charity laves us the right to hope that he may be saved, in shpite of his hitheridoxikil opinions."

The discussion was rudely interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Patrick Ignatius McCann, late of the gas-works, and at present a candidate for any one of the scores of jobs in the gift or subject to the "pull" of the Reverend Joseph Aloysius of that ilk. The early education of Patrick Ignatius had been sacrificed on the altar of fraternal devotion, one scholar being thought sufficient for a family at Bally-knock-legh; and in other ways also the brothers had grown up different.

"Holy Joe's" immense popularity was based upon his unfailing leniency towards the failings of his fellow-men, while Pat's innumerable friends were drawn to him by reason of his equally unfailing leniency to his own failings, which were those—be it said to his credit—of the shaughraun, and so sprang not from a bad heart. Lazy, ne'er-de-well, happy-go-lucky, unselfish,—save in that last analysis which shows all weakness to be the fruit of selfishness,—innocent of brains, the red-headed, good-natured Patrick Ignatius, with his knowledge of the old Irish tongue, his songs, his jokes ever a-crack, his brogues and

his brogans equally thick, was as welcome in the homes of old country people in the Seven Dolors Parish as the idolized Father Joe himself. And—if the truth were known—while the inmost shrine in their old mother's heart was reserved for Joe, the place beside her own at the hearth and the board were sacredly kept for Pat, whom the good old soul loved as devotedly as she did "me bhoy that's a praisht and as good as a saint, glory be!"

"It's here ye are, is it, Joe? I'm afther lookin' all over the parish fur ye. Th' auld man's coomin' here in the moornin' to see ye, and he says he'll fix t'ings to Moolberry Sthreet and git me on the foorce if you'll say the worrud—and bein' it's me awn S'int Pathrick's Day in the moornin', I'm sure ye'll do it, Joe."

"I'll do annything at all fur ye, Pat, if ye'll awnly shtick to wan job at laste a mont' at a toime; for I can't kape on turnin' down good, sthidy, dacint min that votes right and is sober and don't niver miss mass, to be puttin' you into jobs that ye don't kape awnly a week, d'ye see."

"Niver fear, me lad," rejoined Pat, kissing his mother, "fur whin I am wanst on the foorce I'll shtand widout anny throuble. Th' auld man don't want no moore o' thim furreigners in his, he says, wid thim furreign ways o' theirn, he says, and us nathuralized Amurricin citizins sint fur to look fur no jobs to the gas-worruks, he says, and the Sthrate Cl'anin' Department, he says. And, mother, me darlin', it's the proud auld woman that ye'll be whin ye sees me coomin' in fur a coop o' tay uv a cauld night in me uniforrum—and Joe at th' altar ivery Soondah."

Mrs. McCann's frilled cap was not ample enough to hide the emotion which could find vent only by her knotted, twisted, rheumatic old fingers travelling from bead to bead of the rosary held under her apron. There followed a long talk, during the course of which Father Joe laid down the law very emphatically to Pat, extracting a solemn promise of compliance with each principle enunciated, as well as the comment, "Oh, he'll do that sure, Joe, dear, will Pat," from the mother, who listened to the sermon with all the decorum and sighs of devout acquiescence with which she "assisted" at the sermons in church.

A comfortable, middle-aged grunt and certain indications of asthma and devotion betokened the presence of feminine piety, embonpoint, and Mrs. McCann, theologian. Father Casey wearily closed the slide on one side of his confessional, wiped his brow, stretched himself, and then leaned over and opened the slide on the other side.

It was she.

"Back again," he said gently, ignoring Mrs. McCann's second

violation of the strict rule of the parish—that no old women, who could just as well come during the day, approach the confessional at night, when the church was apt to be crowded by the work-people.

In many respects the mother of the universally loved Father Joe rose superior to the rules of the parish; moreover, the unburdening of Mrs. McCann's conscience was attended by comments, philosophical and theological, which were a joy. On this eve of blessed St. Patrick the mind of Mrs. McCann had been so engrossed with plans for Pat's momentous interview with "the old man" that her memory—none of the best at any time—had slipped a cog in the vital matter of her participation in the iniquity of Mrs. Bannigan, but her conscience—the very best at any and all times—had retained the vague but poignant sense that all was not well with her. The result was that she had entertained her father confessor earlier in the evening with sundry announcements of past and future events, none of which seemed to bear upon her immediate spiritual condition.

"Yis, Father," she now began, "back ag'in, fur I couldn't rist aisy, bein' sint away widout absolution, Father."

"But, my good woman," replied Father Casey, trying hard not to spoil his record of never having said a harsh word in the "box," but at the same time mindful of the crowd of tired penitents kneeling around it, "I am after explainin' to you that no absolution is nicissary whin ye accused yoursilf of no wrong—so don't be kapin' all thim good people out there waitin', there's a good sowl."

"Ah, but sure, Father, ye wouldn't be sindin' me away widout absolution on th' ave of blissid S'int Pat——"

"Come, come, my dear woman, don't ye know your awn religion at all? Sure, absolution relaises the sowl e vinculo peccatorum, d'ye see, and before anny priest can give it there moost be the soobjict matther, or res sacramenti operandi, d'ye see."

During this learned elucidation Mrs. McCann listened with close attention not unmixed with pity for the very youthful priest.

"I oondershtand what ye mane, Father, *av* coorse, but auld Father Minogue—Lord have mercy on 'im!—that was parish praisht in Bally-knock-legh, County Kerry, us't niver l'ave annywan go away widout absolution,—and he'd oughter know his jooty,—and maybe ye knawed him, Father, bein' your riverince's awn pable coom from Tralee, and the Caseys is mostly Kerry—though I moost say the Caseys wasn't mooch in thim days, but thim down Tralee way was better maybe."

"Now this won't do at all. Ye moostn't be kapin' all thim poor people waitin' all night this way—so say a little prayer for me, and God bless ye!"

"Aven the Dootch praists to Thurd-Street church don't niver sind annywan away widout absolution," pressed Mrs. McCann, using what

she felt was an argument that would shame any Irish pastor into doing his duty.

"Thin tell me the worst thing that iver ye did, and I'll give ye absolution," replied the harassed shepherd.

"The wurst t'ing that iver I did, is it?" sniffed Mrs. McCann loftily and as if she thought an advantage was being taken of her; "sure, the viry wurst t'ing that iver I did was—to l'ave Oireland!"

Father Casey appreciated the value of the curtain that then screened him from the sight of the faithful, and murmuring some innocuous Latin blessing, sent the theologian away in triumph.

It was a field night at the church of the Seven Dolors, and as late as ten o'clock the crowds about the confessionals seemed no smaller than two hours earlier. Tender and tired, the good fathers patiently ministered to the troubled in heart, and Father Casey was beginning to see an end of his long ordeal when he heard the well-known sigh, the rattle of beads, and the other indications of the proximity of Mrs. McCann. He opened the slide.

It was she.

"Again?" he asked with heroic self-control.

"Yis, Father, and this toime ye naden't be afther givin' me noone uv thim Latin raisons fur balkin', fur the minute I set me two eyes on Mrs. Bannigin I ricollected enough soobject matther fur twinty confessions. Hiven alawn knaws whin I mighter remimbered me sins if I hadn't seen Mrs. Bannigen goin' into Father Joe's box—Joe doose be hearin' moore than anny uv ye's—two to wan—glory be to God!—and the viry instint I seen Mrs. Bannigin—ye know the Bannigins I mane, Father—kapes the saloon to the corner uv Avenyer A and——"

"Come, come, this won't do, my child. What is it?"

"Sure, I'm afther thryin' to tell ye, Father. Father, I'm guilty uv the turrible sin uv paddy sips criminsis, Father, and ain't it turrible? And me the mother of a praisht!"

"Guilty of what?" asked Father Casey, stooping low to hear.

"Paddy sips criminsis, Father. Joe tauld me the Latin fur it—ain't it awful? But, ye see, Father, I did ut in ignorance—catched off me guar-rud loike."

"But what is it ye did—in English?"

"It's a woonder they don't taich Latin to the siminiry these days! In English, is it, ye want me to say it? Well, thin, Father, whin wan person—annywan—Mrs. Bannigin, joost to say her—dooose anny'ting wrong; and thin anoother wan—annywan—mesilf, joost to say so—laughs at her, insthid uv rebukin' her—thin it's the sin uv paddy sips criminsis—and Mrs. Bannigin, th' auld divil, was afther sayin' I lied loike the sicond nocturn in the howly breviary—and I laughed, Father, and Joe says I took the sin off her loike a disease, and that's paddy sips

criminsis, d'ye see. And bein' it was all about Pat gittin' app'inted to the po-lice, may be ye'll say a good worrud fur 'im to Soollivin if ye happen'd to mate 'im, Father."

Father Casey looked at the sweet old face through the little lattice, and after swallowing a lump in his throat gave the required counsel covering the iniquity of condoning the offences of others, and Mrs. McCann finally left the church and went home.

At the hour appointed by the "old man," otherwise the Captain of the precinct, on the following day there was a gathering of the clan McCann at Mrs. McCann's apartments in the most exclusive tenement-house in the parish.

"Joe, dear," began Mrs. McCann while Pat was finishing his elaborate toilet at the kitchen sink, and she and "Holy Joe" were alone, "tell me wan t'ing: doose—that—yoong Father Casey—knew anny Latin at all, d'ye t'ink, or doose he be sayin' the prayers be rote, loike th' altar bhoys?"

"Sure, Casey knows Latin *foine*—wasn't it in Rome itsilf he was? The Pope don't sphake it no better 'n him—but why?" replied Father Joe with a gleam in his eye as he thought of the possibilities at dinner, when he repeated his mother's words to the other priests.

"Well, annyhow, he don't know the manin' of paddy sips criminsis!" retorted Mrs. McCann, scoring her point.

"Holy Joe" roared.

"That's it, is it? Well, ye see, mother, dear, I'll tell ye how that was. Father Casey learned Latin from thim Dagos in Rome, and they pronounces it differint from the thrue Irish Latin. They says 'ch' whin we says 'c,' d'ye see—so you'd oughter have said paddy *chips* criminsis, instid uv paddy sips, d'ye see. Chips."

"Chips, is it?" said Mrs. McCann, not fully convinced.

"That same—loike poker chips, awnly wid no riffirince to gamblin', savin your prisince, mother."

"And what at all do thim same worruds mane, Joe, dear?"

"I t'ought I tauld ye all about their manin' yisterdah. Whin wan man——"

"Or auld woman too, I suppose?"

"Whin annywan—man or woman, *uv* coorse—dooose anny'ting wrong, and soomewan ilse inters into th' injymint of ut, thin the Fathers uv the Church tells us that that oother wan is particeps criminis, or a par-r-thicipather in the croime, d'ye oondershtand?"

"I doo!—and whin I mate Mrs. Bannigin nixt I won't be th' awnly auld woman in Sivin Thoolors parish as oondershtands it, aither!" replied Mrs. McCann, squaring her ample shoulders.

The scurrying of many feet along the passage and on the stairs, together with a hum of voices about the street door, announced the

arrival of the great man, and presently the big, handsome autocrat of the precinct entered Mrs. McCann's rooms. When the social amenities called for by so august a visitation had been ceremoniously observed, the three gentlemen got down to business. A great change had taken place in "Holy Joe" with the coming of the Captain—his traditional foe. The mellow County Kerry accent had given place to the crisp and picturesque speech of the lower East Side, and the air of old-country simplicity which he always wore at his mother's home had been exchanged for the shrewd, keen, easy bearing of the Father McCann known and taken seriously by the practical politicians.

In the great game played by these last-named gentry nothing is given for nothing, so that "Holy Joe" knew very well that the Captain's suddenly developed interest in Pat was due to something not visible upon the surface. A number of recent events had conspired to make the mollifying of Father McCann an object of the utmost importance in the eyes of the powers, and that exceedingly knowing ecclesiastic was not the man to be fooled by the present attitude of Mulberry Street. "Holy Joe" had made up his mind to get Pat on to the force—but not at the cost of compromise. He knew his strength, and he proposed that the Captain should be given a wholesome knowledge of it as well.

He accordingly began by giving the Captain an account of the eccentricity of Pat's orbit, dwelling with great particularity upon the shaughraun's blissfully imagined exemption from the rules of conduct binding on the consciences of other men. During this long and amazingly frank history the Captain sat dumb and feeling that, after all, there was but slight hope of being able to buy off the all-powerful priest by an appointment for which he seemed to care so little. Pat meanwhile wished that his brother's head was not protected by tonsure, and Mrs. McCann wondered if overwork had dethroned Joe's reason at last.

"Ah, that'll be all right, all right, Fader. You say de word, and it goes, see," said the Captain when "Holy Joe" ended.

"Not on yer life!" retorted Father McCann, rising and pacing about. "What right have you to offer Pat here the job on the foorce on nothin' more 'n my say so? Don't the regulations and the examinations and the rights of others come in at all? I tell you, we priests have been worked for suckers long enough, and I've got 'em all with me now—and youse will drive us all into votin' the Republican ticket or joinin' the reformers if this funny business don't stop. It's the fine Catholics ye all are—I don't think! See here, Captain, I want Pat on the foorce, but, whether he goes on or don't go on, those places has got to be closed—and I needn't soil me old mother's ears be namin' 'em, for you know thim well enough. So, if ye are in earnest about wantin' to say a good worrüd for Pat, I'll be thankful to ye; but I want ye to understand

that I haven't let up, nor I won't let up, until I have closed every bad place in Seven Dolors Parish—wid your help, if ye loike, or widout it, if ye don't."

The Captain listened with open mouth. But he knew his man, and realized the desperate necessity of avoiding anything like crossing him in his present frame of mind, so he laughed as Father McCann stopped. The latter knew that every word he had said would be promptly reported "higher up"—a reporting just now to be devoutly wished. Having thus put the flea in the big man's ear, he was now prepared—for Pat's sake—to pour some good old Kerry honey therein also, so he went on, relapsing into good, thick, rich Kerry, "Uv coorse, Capt'in, Pat is what annywan lookin' at his auld mother beyant would know he was—as foine a gintleman as iver defindid the haruths and homes uv th' imparial City uv Noo Yorruk from the dipridashins uv the criminil furreign classes. Pat is as shtrong as an ox and as big as anny captain on the foorse,—prisint coompany ahlways ixciptid,—and as loovin' a son to as dear an auld mother as iver wint to the divil fur want uv that same mother's thrashin'—and what moore could any brother say of annywan?"

The Captain was wiping his eyes and holding his fat, graft-lined sides, and Patrick Ignatius was grinning again as openly as he dared in the presence of "th' auld man."

"Uv coorse," went on "Holy Joe," "Pat nades discipline, but he doose be the bist wristler and all-around scrapper ye iver see, and whin it comes to shpakin' Oirish, why, there's not wan in the parish can tooch 'im, ixcipt the mother that taught 'im."

"I guess he'll be all right," laughed the Captain,—“that is, of course, if he passes the examinations, which is awful strick, as they should be,—but I'll do all I can fur 'im, and now I'll be sayin' good-moornin', Mrs. McCann, Ma'am."

But Mrs. McCann's mind had been rapidly evolving a line of action which the Captain's threatened departure and his awesome reference to the examinations brought into immediate play. She rose as the Captain took up his cap, and laying hold of his huge arm addressed him.

"Wan minute, Captain—if—you—plaze. I've soom'ting to say, as why shouldn't I, bein' his awn mother that bore 'im and have knawed him well iver since Father Joe doose have to be careful, bein' a praist and his awn brother; but I can shpake—and be the hilp uv the saints, I will! Now, Captain, dear, ye can take me worrud fur ut that Pat's a dacint, shtidy, sober, pious—*gis he is too*, Joe, fur he knows better than to shlake late uv a Soondah moornin' if I'm about!—a pious, dacint, sober lad, Captain, is my soon Patrick; and as fur thim ixaminashins ye're afther tellin' about, if they'll give Pat toime, and let 'im write it on a shlate,—divil a bit uv good is Pat wid pin and ink,—and

if they'll shtick to the catechism or anny'ting widin raison, thin Pat'll amaze yees all wid his intilligence, will Pat."

"Holy Joe" could stand no more of this joy, so he engineered the laughing Captain down to the street, and when he returned he found Pat waltzing his mother around the room, while the old lady wore the lofty look of one who knows her duty and has done it.

"Oh mother, dear, dear, dear! to t'ink that you'd be furgettin' your jooty and tellin' the Capt'in all thim t'ings about Pat! Shame on ye, fur a decavin' auld woman! Now, whin the Capt'in axed me, I tauld 'im the virifiable facts, the plain, thrue, honist facts about Pat; but whin he *didn't* ax you, ye wint and tauld 'im——"

"Gwan, now, Joe, and don't be talkin'! What was it ye tauld the Captain yersilf?" cried Mrs. McCann with the proof in her twinkling eye that she was his mother.

"I tauld 'im the plain, simple thrut', so I did, mother."

"And I tauld 'im what ivery mother tells whin she writes the second nocturn uv her saint!" replied the mother, bobbing a little courtesy and standing with arms akimbo.

When "Holy Joe" released her from the embrace, which lasted long and was close, there were tears in her eyes and in his and in those of Patrick Ignatius, whose feast it was.



THE GLIMPSE

BY JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON

THE winter sunlight waned. The shadows lay
 Gauntly along the silent thoroughfare
 Between the ranks of houses; the chill air
 Seemed hastening the footsteps of the day,
 When through the hollow dark a slender ray
 Shone in yon window-niche, and standing there
 I saw thy face illumined by its glare
 For one glad moment's glance—and all was gray.

Such light the friars in some cathedral aisle
 Perchance have seen in angels' faces shine
 At eve. Fain would I on Love's altar-pile—
 Thine eyes the candles and that niche the shrine—
 Make sacrifice of self to thee, who art
 Priestess and queen and mistress of my heart.

THE CHURCHING OF GRANDMA PLEASANT

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Author of "The Sport of the Gods," "The Love of Landry," etc.



IT was Seraphiny Higgins who first heard her, and she really could not believe her ears, but when she heard her again, Seraphiny was sure that she could not be mistaken. Her kitchen window let right out on Mrs. Pleasant's back porch, and there was no doubt that there was someone sitting there and singing "Comin' Through the Rye."

Of course, Seraphiny is no woman to pry into other people's business, but as the Pleasants are such awfully religious people, she couldn't resist the temptation of lookin' out to see who it was. Of course, she was perfectly sure of seein' Mandy Jane or Katy Lou, but, lo and behold! who should it be but Gramma Pleasant herself a-settin' on the back porch, and not only a-singin', but a-pattin' her foot.

"My sakes," says Seraphiny, "is the world comin' to an end?"

Bless you, she hadn't no more'n got the words out of her mouth when the old woman stops, and Seraphiny, a-thinkin' that mebbe she had seen her a-lookin', felt condemned, though the old lady is as near-sighted as can be, but Seraphiny, being no inquisitive character, did not want to take any chances, so back she steps, a-lookin' for Gramma to git up and kite into the house; but nothin' of the kind, she jest stopped to take breath to change her tune, and what do you suppose it was? She hadn't no more'n stopped "Comin' Through the Rye," than she commenced "Hoe Corn and Dig Potatoes."

That was too much for Seraphiny, and she broke out of the house and went for Mis' Gillam and Mis' Warner to come and hear. She fairly flew, because she was afraid the old lady would stop again before she got back, but, as luck would have it, when they got back to the house the old lady was still a-singin', and she had switched into one of the old plantation songs that they used to sing nigh on to fifty years ago, and it had a regular devil's jig into the tune of it.

"Well," Mis' Gillam says, "who would have thought it?"

Mis' Warner's breath was clean gone, but Seraphiny she "lowed that it was the old lady's Maryland blood, and what else could you expect of folks that had once owned slaves. She wouldn't put it past her to see her settin' down smokin' a pipe an' a-fiddlin'."

The other women gasped at such bold speech, although they knew that Seraphiny had always been possessed of a sharp tongue. Meanwhile, the old lady had turned into a half-religious tune, "Singin' in the Skies," but a most unreligious patting of her foot went with it, and the horrified women behind the shades of Seraphiny's house believed that there must have been a time when Gramma Pleasant had even danced.

"It ought to be reported in session," says Seraphiny.

"But la, Seraphiny," replied Mis' Warner, "Gramma Pleasant is so old."

"She is nigh on to eighty," added Mis' Gillam.

"All the worse for her to be a-committin' such frivolity an' a-settin' a bad example before the younger members of the flock," says Seraphiny grimly.

"It 'ud break her heart if she was turned out of the church at this time of life," Mis' Warner returned.

"Sometimes it's good to break a heart in order to save a soul," was the stern response, and so these calm religious spies stood and listened to the old woman childishly voicing her joy, until Nathan Foster came up to the gate and stopped also to listen. Finally, he opened the gate and went in. There was a broad grin on his face. Seraphiny gasped.

"Jest look at Nathan Foster," she says, "a-grinnin' at them songs, and he supposed to be such a strong man in Israel. Mebbe he's grinnin' jest to catch her."

But Nathan came up to the porch where the old lady sat and gave a hearty, unforced laugh.

"There, there now, Granny, I ketched you."

The old woman laughed and said, "Go way now, Nathan, you ain't a-goin' to tell on me?"

"What's the use o' tellin'?" he said. "There ain't no harm in that. I jest tell you them old-time songs kind o' stirs up things in ye that ye ain't felt for a long while, and I vum I like 'em."

The three women behind the window-shades grasped one another's aprons and stared, horror-stricken. Then the vitriolic Seraphiny whispered tragically:

"Nathan Foster a-sayin' he likes them songs! The old hypocrite. If I don't do anything to Gramma Pleasant I'll have him up before session anyhow," and the others solemnly shook their heads in acquiescence and dumb amazement. The very foundation of their belief had been shaken. All the traditions of their narrow religious life had been uprooted, and they could not have been more disturbed, more disconcerted, more utterly unsettled in mind, had they seen the parson dancing.

It is only an evidence of how news may travel when one comes to know that the story of Gramma Pleasant's defection was soon rumored all over town. Seraphiny says it was not she who told it, Mis' Warner that it was not *she* who told it, and Mis' Gillam swears with all the Methodist oaths that she never mentioned a word of it to anybody. Well, it wasn't Nathan Foster, because he was mixed up in the affair.

Everything might have gone right, but Mr. Simpson, the pastor of the church, got wind of it, and he was an awful strict man,—all Dorbury was strict,—and he just determined that he was going to make an example of those people. He said just what Seraphiny said, that it was all the worse because Gramma Pleasant was old enough, after reaching eighty years, to know better, and that he did want to save the young lambs of the flock from the demoralizing influence of the old ewes, so the Rev. Mr. Simpson rubbed his bony hands and decided that there must be a church meeting to set upon the case of Gramma Pleasant.

Meanwhile, perfectly happy, Gramma Pleasant chewed her gums and sang, "Union Forever, Hurrah, Boys, Hurrah!" although she had formerly been a very good rebel.

Well, Seraphiny now thought it was her duty to go and see Gramma Pleasant and to labor with her. Seraphiny always was conscientious, and she went the next day through the back gate, down the little alley, and into the Pleasants' yard. Gramma was out "grubbin'," as she would have termed it, when the righteous proselyte approached her. She was going to forestall the preacher.

"Howdy, honey?" said Gramma Pleasant.

"Howdy-do?" was returned to her.

"'Pears like we're a-goin' to have some rain. I'm tryin' to git these things into some sort o' condition to 'preciate it."

"La, Gramma," in a soft, pious voice said Seraphiny, "there's other more important things in this world that we got to work at."

"Yes, you're right, chil'," Gramma replied, "there's my quiltin' that I ain't done the right thing by for I don't know how long."

"'Tain't quiltin'," says Seraphiny.

"Yes, and the cannin'," Gramma replied.

"'Tain't cannin'," says Seraphiny kind o' sharp.

"Oh chil', you ain't thinkin' 'bout makin' a rag cyhapet—you got plenty o' time for that."

Then Seraphiny's religion exploded, and she said:

"Gramma, you ain't got your mind set on nothin' but worl'y things. I wasn't thinkin' 'bout nothin' worl'y, but somp'n that our Heavenly Master will be concerned with."

Before she answered, the old lady worked her gums, and as indus-

triously worked her hoe about a tender young plant that was dying for want of attention:

"Well, I ain't botherin' nothin' 'bout that, 'ca'se I know the Lawd'll 'tend to that, and they ain't no use in tryin' to 'tend to His business, 'ca'se ye cyarn't."

She went on grubbing with her hoe. Defeated, insulted, disappointed, Seraphiny turned about and went home. She had meant it well, but the Word had come to Gramma Pleasant and she would not receive it. Gramma Pleasant went on grubbing with her hoe. She did not know that she had Mr. Simpson to reckon with.

The envelope which bore her name was addressed in a very strong, fine hand, and Gramma was immensely proud at receiving the letter. Her daughter Hannah read it, and Gramma was not so pleased. It was a call to a church meeting, where Sister Ann Maria Pleasant was the culprit, under the charge of "conduct unbecoming a Christian."

The old lady was hardly cognizant of what it really meant and worked her gums nervously as she tried to make it all out. Her daughter was in tears to think that at that age Gramma had been doing something that she really oughtn't to do, but Gramma kept on gumming and kept calmer than most of the rest of the folk.

The basement of the church where these spiritual executions were held was crowded with people who counted themselves on the Lord's side. The preacher, gaunt, grim, and gray, sat stern at the little desk which did duty as a prisoner's dock. Gramma Pleasant was very near his side and was smiling at the honor that had been done her in setting her near the preacher at this meeting.

The meeting hung fire; no one seemed willing to accuse until one old lady who was said to be weak-minded, and hardly accountable for what she said, started up a half song, half chant:

"Here, thou poor criminal, where's thine accusers?"

Then the Rev. Mr. Simpson arose. He put his hands together with the ends of his fingers very carefully joined and began,—

"My dear brethren and sisters, we have met here upon a very important occasion."

Gramma Pleasant went on gumming and smiling.

"We have assembled ourselves together for the purpose of making an example to the young members of the flock of one of the old mothers in Israel."

Gramma Pleasant grew anxious and alert.

"We can forgive," and here the minister raised his eyes piously, "the shortcomings of the young, but when it comes to frivolity—frivolity, I say," and he stretched his long arms far out of his coat-sleeves, "in our older members, we feel that the time has come to call a halt—I say,

to call a halt. Mother Pleasant has been among us for many a long year, and we have looked up to and esteemed her, but it comes to us upon good authority that lately—yes, even within the present week—she has been heard by those in good standing in the church singing upon her own porch ‘Comin’ Through the Rye’ and ‘Hoe Corn and Dig Potatoes,’ and we feel that it is our clerical duty to ask the church’s opinion upon this matter.”

There was a gasp of astonishment on the part of the church, with the exception of Seraphiny, Mis’ Gillam, and Mis’ Warner, and then one old soured sister arose and said:

“I move that Sister Pleasant, old as she is, be disciplined for the good of the younger members, for what she will do, they will do and wuss.”

Someone equally sour seconded the motion, and then way back in the church a slender form arose and the preacher said,—

“I recognize Brother Nathan Foster.”

Nathan cleared his throat. “I ain’t no speaker,” he said, “but I jest tell you I wish to the Lord you had a-heerd Gramma Pleasant a-singin’ them songs. You kin call it conduc’ unbecomin’ a Christian if ye want to, but it give me a mighty Christian feelin’, and I ain’t goin’ to tell no lie at that, and I went home and tried to sing ’em to the widder, but the widder made me stop ’cause I never could carry a tune.”

“What was she singin’?” somebody asked.

Then Seraphiny had to up and speak:

“The first I heerd her singin’ was ‘Comin’ Through the Rye,’” and then Sandy Sanderson, the only Scotchman in the community, rose slowly and unfolded his gaunt length.

“If there is ony mon here that takes exception to thot song, ‘Comin’ Through the Rye,’ he can juist come out of the dure wi’ me,” and he sat down.

No one accepted the cordial invitation of Sandy, and then Gramma Pleasant got up and plead for herself. She did not know, nor did she care, that Rye was a river and not a field of grain; it was all one to her; it was the music, it was the swing of it, it was the love of melody in her old age, and she said:

“Well, brethren and sisters, if ye want to turn me out, all right, but I don’t know that a body could be any closter to Gawd than by bein’ closter to what Gawd made, and I didn’t know that there was any diffrance in singin’ ‘Comin’ Through the Rye’ an’ ‘When All Thy Mercies, Oh My Lord.’ That’s the reason I sang it. I thought I was gettin’ clost to the Lord, but if you people feel that you’re closter, why, jest shet the gate on me, an’ I reckon that sometime the Lord Himself’s goin’ to open it.”

Nobody knows whether it was old man Judkins or Nathan Foster that started "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," but someone did, and Gramma Pleasant found herself standing up by the preacher's side getting the right hand of fellowship.

NOR MORE NOR LESS

BY CARLOTTA PERRY

YOUR generous goblet with rare wine o'erflows,
And the dumb earth drinks it up,
Yet all the sweetness of God's vineyards glows

In my one stinted cup.
One drop can mirror sun and sea and sky;
What have you more than I?

In your wide garden every scented bloom
Has its own place and part,
Yet all its manifold delights find room
In my one rose's heart;
Can beauty know more than its own completeness?
Shall sweetness surfeit sweetness?

Before you many loyal subjects bow,
Flinging their homage down;
One, only one, upon my happy brow
Has set love's sacred crown.
Tell me—although your wisdom I defy—
Are you more queen than I?

All your unmeasured store—
Tell me—what does it more
Than my one portion prove,
Of Beauty, Mirth, and Love?

U. S. A.

By E. Ayrton

“PLEASE, have you seen my nurse and baby?”

I looked up from my painting. It was the little American boy who had arrived the night before. He was standing on the veranda looking in at my open window. “No,” I said carelessly. I was busy; perhaps too I was prejudiced. The advent of these tourists with their obvious diamond rings, their rustling silk attire, their devotional Baedekers, had not been hailed with joy at our primitive Bretonne hotel. They seemed so alien from the rest of us, a set of struggling artists of both sexes and all nationalities, but with a common lack of worldly goods and a common disdain for those possessing them. “It must ha’ been a pleasure to ha’ leaved before Johnathon discovered Europe,” big Sandy MacDougal had growled as the strangers came in to table d’hôte. Perhaps their curious stares upset him. For my part, I think they had some excuse; I have heard that in hotels other than ours it is not usual to dine in a painter’s blouse. But, then, as Sandy observes, if he wore his suit on weekdays, what difference could he make for the blessed Sabbath? “And the Lorrd be thankit,” he always piously concludes, “I had a truly releegious upbringing.”

“Oh Ma’am, haven’t you seen my nurse and baby?”

I got up and walked to the French window. It is one of the peculiarities of our hotel that the rooms have no other means of approach. “Your nurse and baby?” I repeated stupidly. “Yes, I think I saw them going out a few minutes ago.”

“Out into—the s-s-street?” I could hardly hear the little American’s words, but I knew enough of children to recognize the sudden quaver. I took his hand. “But your father and mother must be here,” I said.

“They’ve gone out in a c-c-carriage to see all the ch-churches——” He stopped suddenly, turning away his head. To live up to the dignity of a great republic is sometimes difficult for a very little citizen.

I was puzzled. They surely could not have intended to leave the child alone, yet the programme he had given sounded probable. Had I not heard the party that very morning announce their intention of “doing the coast”? A coast that had to be “done”—that was how they spoke of our great gray rocks with their still, anemone-starred pools, each a fairy sea stolen from the infinite many-colored deep. The harbor too where sometimes lay a fairy fleet of fishing-boats anchored

in a wondrous haze of blue made by the drying fishing-nets draped on furled rigging—this was just “the coast.” A mile or two away there is a walled town, a little island city with mighty seagates and a draw-bridge at the nearer end; it seems a childhood’s dream made real, or perhaps the childhood of the world come back again. Thus I had seen fair Camelot—but to these strangers it was all “the coast,” to be viewed from the carriage at so many francs an hour.

“What day of the week is it, please?” queried the little American.

I was too flurried for accuracy. “Friday,” I said at a venture. Indeed, there are no days or dates beside our summer sea.

“Saturday, isn’t it?” he corrected. The question had been put more to himself than to a feckless art student like me. “They did say Monday,” my companion went on uneasily, “‘Don’t unpack all baby’s clothes, we’re going Monday.’” I heard an unmistakable sob.

A light broke upon me. “Oh, I’m certain your family hasn’t gone right away, dear,” I said reassuringly. “Besides, to-day isn’t Monday, anyhow.”

“Mamma always likes to get on,” he faltered.

“But she wouldn’t leave you behind,” I urged with a smile.

“I might have been forgotten,” he wailed.

I almost laughed, but to my companion it was evidently a serious possibility. His family had all gone, he knew not whither, and he was left stranded in the great, strange world. How could he ever find them again? He was so little and so alone, as he stood there with his back turned towards me crying forlornly. “Your people will be back quite soon,” I tried to comfort him. “Nurse must think you have gone out driving with your mother. Why, your boxes are still in your rooms; they couldn’t have left altogether. Come, I’ll show them to you.” I thought it a happy inspiration.

There was a moment of silence and consideration. “But p’raps they have left word to send the trunks after them and mail the checks. Oh! oh! oh!” the sobs became unmanageable. “Have you gotten a hanky, please?”

I handed him the necessary article. “We will go out and find your nurse somewhere,” I said. Then, as the child still cried with little, smothered squeaks, I knelt down and put my arms around him. I would have done so sooner, but I thought the American child was too elderly for cuddling. To my surprise he clung to me despairingly. Under the Yankee precocity this was, after all, only a little, lonely, human baby.

“Weel, weel, what ails the laddie?” Sandy MacDougal exclaimed as he came sauntering towards us.

The position was explained. “Where’s the burd?” Sandy remarked irrelevantly. One of the MacDougal’s peculiarities is to carry a me-

chanical toy in his trouser, the squeaking of which he, and no one else, imagines is like the warbling of a feathered songster.

The little American looked up. "Let me squeeze it." He turned to me. "You think it is a real bird, don't you?" he said. A smile broke out over his face as the toy grated shrilly. Evidently there were points in common between him and Sandy.

Perhaps our big-bearded Scotchman felt the bond. "Shall we go for a walk, the burd and a'?" he suggested.

"That will be fine," said the little American. "Hold on a minute." He disappeared suddenly, but came back almost at once with a stick out of the garden. I should not have thought that he could have found one so quickly. "It wants whittling," he said, but he glanced with a more satisfied air at Sandy's knobbly cane.

So we walked down the steep path into the rocky valley. Sandy had produced a penny and a pocket-handkerchief and was doing what he considered to be conjuring. "Your father amuses me very much," said the little American with an indulgent laugh.

"Not my father," I corrected; "he's my master, rather." Sandy is the only one of us who has "arrived," though not, alas! to riches, and he is as generous with his advice and encouragement as with all else.

"He's a funny master—but very nice." The latter words were added quickly. The little American evidently feared he had been rude. "A mere child, isn't he?" he went on with a meditative wonder; there was a certain insight in the seeming contradiction.

We had reached the stream by now; it splashed and gurgled among the tumbled gray rocks. The little American slipped his hand out of mine and suddenly I saw him darting up and down the boulders with a fury of deft rapidity. It was almost like a lizard flashing over the stones. "Take care! Don't fall! Don't wet your feet!" I cried with an agonized realization of my responsibilities.

"I'm a pretty good climber and I have gotten my rubbers on." The child continued on his break-neck course. I looked at Sandy appealingly; he had stretched himself on the grass, warmly indolent, and so I hurried off in solitary pursuit.

"Oh, that's too bad. Wait a minute and I'll come and help you." The words were shrilled in a distant childish treble, but a moment later the little American stood on the rocks above me; a tiny hand was put out to my assistance. I had often thought of our American cousin as the modern knight of chivalry, but I did not know that he was wont to take his vows so young.

On the plea of my infirmities, I beguiled the child back to the grassy earth, where tumbles are unimportant when there is so short a way to fall. "Gracious, is he taking a nap?" the little American asked with some astonishment, pointing to the recumbent Sandy.

"I thoct ye were lost," Sandy observed, and made a pretence of weeping.

The little American was still more bewildered. Evidently he was used to more serious folk. "Is your teacher really crying?" he said anxiously.

It was with some difficulty that we reassured the child; once he understood, he entered into the new humor with enthusiasm. "Let us run away and then he'll mourn again," he whispered.

Running away grows tiring, and I was relieved when the boy suddenly stopped. He pounced on some small object that lay among the pebbles. "That's an elegant vessel, a twin-screw," he said. He held out an old bottle-cork proudly.

As we were sailing the ship in the stream he grew communicative. "I'm six and a half," he informed me as he worked away busily at the construction of "a dock and a customs depot." "Yes, my baby is only two and a quarter, so the little girl is more than four years younger than the big fellow. It's a lot, isn't it? We've come to Europe for six weeks because Momma was sick; she had nervous posturation, so we're going to Italy and Germany and Britain, most of all the capitals of Europe, Momma says. Oh, see those children."

Some French boys had indeed drawn near and stood watching curiously. They were a picturesque group in their blue blouses and sabots. Presently one of them began to speak, the interest of the harbor building overcoming his shyness. "Tiens c'est un p'tit port, mais l'entrée doit être de l'autre côté." "Non, le grand vent c'est le vent du nord-est," argued another. An animated discussion followed, for these youngsters were sailors by generations of inheritance. The one event in each boy's life was the day when he too should sail in the summer codfishing fleet to the great northern seas. It flashed into my mind that perhaps it was the entire absence of men that gave to the Bretonne towns at this season some of their strange, fairy-tale unreality.

"You know you're wasting your time if you are talking to me," the little American observed to the other children with a pleasant smile. "It's remarkable that they don't learn to speak properly," he added musingly. The thought that he might learn their language had never, I think, occurred to him. Perhaps he was right. What could a son of the Stars and Stripes have learnt from these peasants? To them our bobbing cork was a mere fishing-smack, a boat that the Vikings might have sailed in; only the little American recognized it as a twin-screw steamer, a great Atlantic liner.

"Viens donc, voilà, Jean-Marie, Ives," was called from a cottage near. Reluctantly the boys slouched off.

"I'm clemmed for want of me tea." Sandy's Scotch is a vice rather than a failing. "We too must e'en be ganging."

"No! no! no!" cried the little American.

"But your nurse and baby will be at home," I suggested.

"And I'll be here."

Sandy and I looked at each other in surprise. "You want to see your nurse and baby," I urged.

"No, I want to stay here." He was still busy with the miniature dock. "It shall be the longest pier in the world and it belongs to America," he remarked.

Finally we coaxed him away. "You shall come again another day," I told him.

"Only with you two, no one else." Probably nurse would not be so acquiescent.

As we walked home the child still loitered, looking back regretfully from time to time at the longest pier in the world. "I suppose we are all alike," I mused aloud. "We cry bitterly when we lose our 'nurse and baby,' but we very soon get used to it."

"We find new friends who make or mar us; we have new sorrows that the departed could never have understood, new joys that their presence might have hindered."

"Yes, how few of us would be happier could our loved dead return. And yet we think that we are mourning for them. It makes a comedy of death," said I.

"Or the true tragedy," said Sandy.

"Anyhow, I've built a pier," murmured the little American.



SOME DAY

BY HENRY HANBY HAY

ERE love grows torpid, life runs down,
We'll leave the stony-hearted town,
And find, far from the city's cries,
A little spot of paradise;
A valley of the unperplexed,
Where all things live their lives unvexed;
Unvexed the bee shall fill its bag,
Unvexed the blue-bell tint the crag,
And year by year the lark return,
And from the same root spring the fern.
There shall we pass from good to best,
And find the blessedness of rest,
And growing old shall carol praise
To God for sheaves of happy days.

THE DAM AT MILL NO. 3

By Julia B. Foster

IT was raining. The dawn showed a man walking along the new dam behind which rushed a flood carrying plunging logs. He peered into the swirling waters on one side, and on the other down the rough wall of rock and mortar. The mill, silent and ungainly, stood half way from the top of the further hill, and just on the bend. In the ravine below the dam, where the dark still hung, was the mill camp,—the cook-house, the bunk-house, the office,—and, scattered together, cottages of the two or three families. Looking at these, the watcher stooped and struck his fist on the wall of rock, never heeding the bleeding bruise made by the blow, and between his thumb and forefinger tested a bit of mortar.

The creek boomed along its freshly made channel, its deflected waters supported at this necessary point by the wall of rude masonry. The man rose,—an uncertain figure in the stealing dawn,—and went down the path into the ravine above which the dam loomed.

Pausing at a little shack round whose step were signs of the flowers that come in the early spring, he opened the door.

"Are ye awake, Maggie?" he asked, moving softly in, and subtly conscious of the murky corners of the small room that made his home.

"Sure, Jim Cebrian, you know I can't sleep an' you out in the dark an' rain," answered Maggie, stirring under the bedclothing. Her white-gowned arms thrown above her head moved, and she half sat up, supporting herself on her elbow. "What is it, Jim?" she asked in a voice born of the night's suspense and anxiety.

Jim came over and went on his knees at the side of the bed. "Maggie—Maggie, girl!" he exclaimed with a convulsive breath.

With her free arm Maggie drew to her shoulder the shaggy black head. "Why, Jim," she said soothingly, "I ain't never seen you like this before. An' you so big an' me so little! It's always been you that give the comfort! Oh, dear; you're all wet an' you smell of the water an' the woods. Jim! Jim!" she complained.

"Sh! Don't you wake Jimty!" Jim cautioned, in catastrophe still remembering the small things. As he spoke he looked beyond the bed to the rough trundle that he himself had knocked together, and on which was dimly revealed the figure of a sleeping child.

"I'm not thinkin' of Jimty!" Maggie brought Jim's face to hers

and he felt the tears on her cheeks. "The child's all right,—but you, you!—roamin' in the nighttime an' where to I don't know!" she accused.

"I've jest got to tell ye!" he whispered, his tone tuned to desperate straits.

"You're not jealous of Neils Helms again, Jim?" Maggie asked, timid and placating. The dawn kept struggling in heavily over the two with a ghostly, unreal effect.

Jim shook his mastiff head, its shock of black hair damp and tumbled.

"Helms is jest a tallow-haired squarehead, ain't he?" Maggie ventured, permitting her stiff lips an anxious laugh. "He's too fond o' turnin' creeks out o' their ways, an' o' buildin' big dams, to suit me. Next thing he'll be engineerin' all these hills into the valleys. An' he ain't never thought o' a woman that I know of!" Here Maggie tried a little giggle, but it was hysterical and unsatisfactory. Then she broke down. "Besides, Jim, you're my man, an' we've got—we've got—Jimty!" She was sobbing, her throat choking against his face.

His arms were round her and he held her soft body close. Jimty tossed one foot outside, the coming giant suggested by the fling of his limbs, and Maggie reached over and covered him, then replaced her arm about her husband's neck.

"Tain't no use to run down Helms any more," Jim said sullenly. "I give that thing up months ago. He's the best man an' I know it,—more looks, more sense, more money,—but I wouldn't be him an' not have you an' Jimty. An' I've got ye both, ain't I, girl—whether to live or die?" He asked it fiercely, but as a man certain of the answer.

"Sure, Jim, sure!" The wife-meaning edged Maggie's reply. It was certain that no man could doubt a woman speaking like that from her inner soul. Jim did not doubt.

"Tain't that old, ugly feelin' about my family, is it?" she continued, cheapening herself. "I've got a cousin in the State's prison, an' you know it. Them little airs o' mine—why, they're jest natural; they ain't because I'm politer'n you be. To be sure, I got a brother that's a lawyer, but he don't make my sister-in-law much o' a livin'. An'—lemme see!—the blue eyes an' curls that's in our blood ain't handsome, like all the Portygee black hangin' round you, Jim. Why, I do jest love your black eyes an' hair, an' all the fierce underbresh that starts out on your face as soon as you're shaved. Jim—say, Jim!" she coaxed, trying to get her hand under his chin.

"No, Maggie, no; them things seem little to me; don't bring 'em up." Yet even in his impatience he was loving and patted her arm a little.

"Then it's the preachin'," she said with decision, and straightened

to an easier position. "You can't fool me no longer now. Last week, evenin's when the preacher talked, I was pretendin' to watch the men lyin' round in their bunks an' settin' in the doors,—some of 'em smokin' an' some of 'em smirkin',—but you was one 'twas listenin'. Preacher was talkin' about bein' honest,"—her voice sank to a reverent whisper and she caressed with the back of her hand Jim's stubbly cheek,—“honest with God, an' I heard you breathin'. Say, Jim, I s'pose God is Somebody, don't you?"

Jim dropped his face against her neck with a motion of dull despair. The morning was up, now, and the child threw his hands out, striking his knuckles sharply against the headboard. The action was like the father's when he struck at the dam. The table, the chairs, the clothing swinging against the wall, had emerged into the day, and the stove with the ashes drawn out over the hearth spoke loudly of domesticity.

There was a chuckle beyond the bed, a sturdy scramble, a flash of blue eyes under a black mane, and, like a lumbering cub, Jimty plunged among the encumbering bedding, and in another moment threw himself upon his father. A dozen boy-children showered into one! Big of bone and long of arm and of leg, his upreared head cushioned like a cub's and bright and handsome with a glowing, healthy, child-like face.

"Jimty's come! He wants bekus," he announced, favoring his mother when it came to kisses.

"Papa'll get you bread an' milk—nanny-goat's nice milk," quieted Maggie, returning the rapturous kisses. "Wrap him in my shawl, Jim, an' set him at the table, then come back. We ain't got through," she urged.

"Pussy! pussy!" suggested Jimty, and he greedily peered into the mug as his high chair rasped up to the table.

"Let the cat in; she'll amuse him. Then come here, Jim, come!" Maggie Cebrian instinctively felt this to be a crisis.

When she had drawn her husband's head once more down to her own she said, "Now, Jim, I can only make one more guess. Are you forgettin' what you said when Jimty was cured? Didn't we promise each other that if we lived a thousand years we'd still be thankful? I know what 'tis: Because his little feet ain't quite, quite straight you think the operation was a failure. But it's a success—sure, Jim! The great doctor told me to rub once a day all up and down the cords of the little feller's legs, an' to move the ankle j'int's slowly a little more, an' a little more; an' to make no mistake, three times every day I've done it. An' look at him, how he runs now! A strong boy! To be sure his feet turn a little, but where the soles used to be so," and she faced the palms of her hands, "now they are so," and her palms turned

down. "I'll never forget when the baby was born an' you saw his poor twisted feet; nor your eyes when he first hobbled across the floor; nor your joy when we took him to the doctor up here on a vacation in the woods. Jest a sharp knife among the drawn cords, an' our little boy's feet was free. Now you're frettin', Jim, an' roamin' nights, because Jimty's not jest like everybody else in a minute! Give him time—give him time. I'm rubbin' his legs an' feet faithful, an' they're comin'—sure, sure!"

Jim Cebrian's lips were dumb. His wife's very lovingness added to his anguish. It was like an acid where an alkali would best have served. He rose to his feet, his bulk lifting slowly. "Get up, Maggie!" he bade hoarsely. "I'm goin' to the preacher to keep from shoutin' it. It's an awful secret I've got. I can't bear it alone, an' 'twill kill us all in the end. While you dress I'll put on Jimty's clothes. Never mind if the preacher's asleep, he's got to wake up. Here, Jimty, put your hand in the sleeve, an' now the other. That's papa's little man! Maggie, I tell ye I can't stand it no longer. I guess the preacher's the best human bein' there is, an' afterwards the boys may string me up if they want to. Maybe,"—jealously,—“maybe Helms'll git ye after all—no! I can't bear that! I'd ruther die together. Here's Jimty's little stockin's. Put out your footies, now, sonny. Come, Maggie, my brain's all burned up.”

The door was left swinging, and the cat, waving her tail, stood, in spite of the rain, looking after them. The scent of wet earth and of the leaves rubbing against each other filled the rain-washed air. The swash of the swollen stream fell from above, quarrelling against the dam, and Jim raised his big fist and shook it. Blue-eyed little Mrs. Cebrian, filled with awe and dread, hurried after Jim, and Jimty seemed like a leaping creature upon his father's breast.

Accustomed to sudden summons, John Rickard, the travelling evangelist, came into the room where the little family huddled.

"My husband——" began Maggie Cebrian, advancing timidly.

"Maggie, girl, I'll do the talkin'," admonished Jim, steadying his trembling voice, and he drew her to his side again. His low brows and heavy hair, together with a strong jaw, gave him more than ever the look of a mastiff with dewlaps hanging. He scraped his foot backward and touched his drooping forelock.

"Preacher," he began clumsily, "I ain't slept for a week, an' I'm like one in the tremens for drink. But if I was dyin' the truth would be easy, because why, I couldn't think o' nothin' else."

"Yes, my man, go on," encouraged John Rickard, clear-visioned in his vocation. Any man could have trusted him,—tall, smiling-faced, and with a spiritual eye. Jim Cebrian trusted him.

"Because I was big an' strong, Helms put me at work on the dam.

When he first knew me I was a chopper, an' afterwards among the machinery here at Mill No. 3. Out of a good many men he chose me on the dam, an' then he made me boss there an' I could give the orders. You know the turn the creek used to make a ways up? Well, by bringin' it this way, the logs an' timber gets a pretty straight shoot from all the mills along the line. The course was surveyed an' this gully jest above the houses belongin' to the company was engineered across."

Mr. Rickards nodded understandingly as Jim paused and wet his lips, while Jimty's fists beat his father's shoulders.

"One day," Jim went on, "Scotty come to me. Scotty's head o' the teamsters. He says, 'Jim,' says he, 'this here clay an' gravel you're orderin' comes from a long way,' he says, 'an' it's hard work teamin' over the grades. Besides, I'd like to make a hurry job, fer I've another contract pushin'.' 'Yes,' I says to him, 'but Helms is set on the stuff. Helms says it sticks together when it's wet an' hardens like cement, an' makes a safe dam. Helms says it fastens the rocks like they'd growed.' Scotty says, 'Sho! Helms is a blow. I can git as good clay an' gravel a lot nigher. Safe?—I should say! Helms couldn't tell the difference, neither.'"

Jim's eyes, dull and sunken, roved the low-ceiled room, and under the black of his skin crept a tinge of ashes. Jimty lawlessly pulled at the scraggly ends of his father's red necktie.

"Yes, Jim, yes," suggested Mr. Rickard, and Maggie's anxiety had stricken her quiet to the finger-tips. She stood like a stone woman. But like a sun-ray athwart the stone, her face shone with love-light as Jim continued:

"Two or three days before that I'd seen Helms take notice to my wife, here, an'—an' I'm a jealous dog, sir, an' it helped me listen to Scotty. 'There's fifty dollars in it for you,' Scotty says, 'if you'll let me bring the stuff from the nearest place,' he says. An' all the time I knew the stuff wasn't as good as Helms's."

Jim broke quite down, now, and his head swayed on its thick neck, but he recovered and shook himself straight. He went on somewhat steadier.

"I hope you'll look at the boy, sir,—Jimty. Ain't he a fine little feller?"

Jim set the child down, and Jimty, a little stiffly, a little laboredly, ran to the window and pounded the sill.

"Ain't he strong? Won't he make a fine man?" Jim's pride almost revived him.

"Jimty's two and a half," prompted Maggie, wistfully looking after the child.

"Well, preacher, when that boy was born he wasn't wuth two bits

—to anybody but me an' Maggie," Jim began again, his empty arms awkwardly hanging. "His ankles was bent and his feet turned under, so! Imagine your first child an' him a boy—brought into the world lamed and clubbed!"

Maggie nodded, her eyes first upon one and then fixed upon the other.

"I imagine your grief," responded Mr. Rickard with sympathy.

"Well, the day after Scotty spoke to me Maggie, here, heard of a wonderful doctor that was stoppin' for a week over to the town. But he wouldn't turn anyone away that was distressed. So I went to see him an' told him about them two little feet, an' he promised to make 'em good for fifty dollars. Preacher, he might as well have said a thousand except for Scotty's offer. It was the price of Jimty's feet, an'—I'm hidin' nothin'—there was the wish to spite Helms. Well, sir, I was give a week off, an' me an' Maggie took the child into town. Yes, sir, yes, sir, the doctor done a good job, an' when that baby's a man, he'll walk like a man! Look at him now, dancin' at sight o' what's out the winder! As it happened, the week that I was away Scotty delivered his stuff an' the gang worked it up into mortar an' finished the dam."

"Ah!" Mr. Rickard looked away through the window to the base of the pile of masonry outlined against the new daylight.

"I never guessed there'd be sich a strain on it," Jim pleaded, his weary voice sharpening. "But directly it was done, the rains jest flooded everything. The streams are pourin' from all sides into what's a river now, an' fu'ther up the snows are meltin'. An' now they're floatin' the logs! It was to keep them logs from jammin' that the creek was turned out o' the bend, but when they come a-rippin' by the dam, an' a-nosin' an' a-knockin' into it end on, there's good reason why I'm afraid. Helms is gone to what he thinks is the danger p'int, an' he's trusted me to watch the new dam. Trusted *me*! An' I been a-watchin' it night an' day. I don't know what minute the water'll seep through, undermine the rocks, an' the hull business come a-roarin' down the gully. It means—it means—*death*—to you, sir, an' to us all!"

Jim's very attitude was like a threat as he uttered the words. One could hear the crash of the rocks, the butting of the logs, and the bursting of the flood down the ravine. Maggie's gasping lips were white, and she reached nerveless fingers towards her husband's arm.

Mr. Rickard was still calm as he spoke to Jim. "You might have warned us, Cebrian, before this morning," he chided.

"I didn't dast to. They'd have lynched me, the men would, an' small blame to 'em. I could have 'lowed that, but oh, the shame before Neils Helms, an' him covetin' my wife!"

Beads stood on Jim's upper lip, and he threw back his head like a dog about to bay.

"Sure, sure!" Maggie's white lips murmured in reproach to the preacher.

"At least you might have taken your wife and child and with them escaped the danger." No devil ever urged more insidious torture than these thrusts of John Rickard's.

"I had to stay an' take the punishment. I was chained here; I jest couldn't leave. Nights I tramped the dam, watchin' an' listenin', watchin' an' listenin', an' over an' over I saw them two in the water. An' I could hear Maggie callin' an' callin', an' see Jimty's feet beatin' on the rocks—always Jimty's little feet! It was my punishment," Jim repeated, "an' I couldn't shirk it."

His bruised hands, palsied with the horror, covered his distorted face, and his fingers clutched into his hair. Maggie fell on her knees, and her arms fumbled about her husband's waist. Jimty grasped the sill and called loudly to the goat whose antics made interesting the side of the ravine.

"Cebrian," said Mr. Rickard, advancing slowly, "well, Cebrian, that clay and gravel of Scotty's is helping now to make a sandbar down at the creek's mouth. Helms happened in upon the work, dumped the pile, and supposing it to be a mistake, repeated the order for the supply from the farther quarry."

Jim's hands dropped and his blundering shoulders heaved. The watch in Mr. Rickard's pocket ticked insistently, and Jimty craned his lithe body to hear it. A minute,—five minutes that seemed a long time,—and a flood of relief swept over Jim. A shudder passed down from head to foot. Tears—elemental tears—filled his heavy eyes.

"Preacher," he said at last in a breaking voice, "I—I—" he began again and waited to recover himself. Then a brightness glanced across his face, and he burst out, "It's God as done it! He jest stepped into my affairs an' done it! I'm so glad—I'm so thankful! Why, preacher," he exclaimed in awed conviction, "I reckon I've got religion!"

"Sure, sure," murmured Maggie, stretching her arms to include the boy.



BEETHOVEN

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

SO grew on him his soundless melodies—
 The music of his soul, beneath the seal
 Of silence—that all mortals, hearing these,
 No longer seem to hear, but know and feel!

AN ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

By Charles Gleig

THE great ocean liner had entered Southampton Docks hard upon sunset, too late to enable him to reach her that night. His disappointment was keen, although he chafed at his own lack of patience. For two days he had wearied the officers of the mail-steamer by repeated inquiries as to the probable time of arrival. An optimistic first-mate had held it likely they might reach port as early as two P.M. Herbert Mansfield detected high intelligence in that mate, and listened heroically to the officer's deservedly unpublished poems. A copy of "Bradshaw," which seemed exciting after the mate's poetry, showed that the last train from Southampton to Eggbottle left at six P.M. His hope had been to catch that train and to reach her village before ten o'clock. A late hour to visit her, it was true, but she would understand his impatience.

A thousand times during the long journey from the South American State in which he had spent his exile Mansfield had read her letter. He not only knew the wording backward, but he had fully succeeded in shaping the rather prim phrases to the white heat of his own ideals. Her simple piety would account, he argued, for the restraint she had exercised. She recorded the death of her husband; and how could he expect so noble a woman as Coralie to regard that event as he did? The late Mr. Brooke ought to have died ten years earlier; indeed, he ought never to have lived. No doubt, he had treated her kindly, although he could never have understood her. There was comfort—there always had been—in the knowledge that Coralie had married him against her inclination.

In the height of his misery Mansfield had never doubted that her heart remained faithful to her broken vows. Worldly parents had persuaded her to marry the fellow. Mansfield had long ago accepted the inevitable, though at the time life had been robbed of all sweetness for him and the future without her had seemed entirely void.

He had never reproached her. He had replied in simple, manly words to her hysterical letter announcing the parental decision. True, he had urged her to defy conventions and to face possible poverty with him. Coralie replied that such was her overmastering desire,

but that her sense of duty held her bound as in chains. Thus they had drifted apart—she marrying Brooke, he seeking distraction in South America, starting life anew, shaking the dust of civilization from his feet. A very ordinary affair, you will perceive.

But the death of Brooke had changed for Mansfield the gray hue of life. In these ten years of strenuous work he had grown moderately rich. Her bright image lay enshrined in his heart. No other woman had ever attracted him for an hour, except one or two who recalled some memory of Coralie. From these he had speedily shrunk away, disillusioned. A tone of voice, a gesture, was all these had in common with his divinity. Oddly enough, he had never seriously speculated upon the death of Brooke. Such happy consummations, he held, never occurred in real life. Brooke was exceptionally robust; careful too of his health. Then the craze for motoring set in, and Brooke obligingly broke his neck on a dangerous hill. Mansfield read of the accident in an old newspaper, but exactly twelve months elapsed before Coralie wrote to him herself.

She wrote guardedly, but he read between the lines of her conventionality—or fancied that he did. Leaving his affairs in the hands of a friend, Mansfield at once started for England.

Next morning the early train from Southampton brought him to the nearest town by eight o'clock, and thence he drove to Eggbottle in a fly. He had shaved off his beard on the previous night. Also he had sent her a telegram. About eight-thirty A.M. the fly entered the village. Mansfield's heart beat fast. He pictured their meeting. They would look long into each other's eyes, he holding her responsive hand.

"Coralie!" he would exclaim passionately.

"At last, my Herbert; at last!" she would whisper as she sank upon his breast.

The rest was delirious, glorious, and, on the whole, vague. He did not get definitely further than her whispered "At last!" and the sinking business.

The village was wholly strange to him, but he knew that she lived in a house called "The Laurels," and thither the cabman had been directed to drive. It may have been eight-forty-five when the cab stopped at the door of the house, which was approached by way of a prim carriage-drive, flanked at mathematically exact intervals by prim shrubs. The house itself was large, square, and altogether unworthy. No doubt Brooke had chosen it. A solemn butler, looking unaffectedly hostile, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Brooke at home?" gasped Mansfield.

"Mrs. Brooke does not breakfast till nine-thirty," was the chilling reply.

"I—I'm an old friend," said Mansfield. "I'll wait."

"I will take your card up if the business is urgent," said the butler.

Mansfield affected to search for his card. He had long ceased to use such things, but the butler, he felt, would not have condoned such a breach of fashion.

"I've no card with me," he explained. "Say 'Herbert Mansfield.'"

"I don't want to say it," said the butler.

"I mean, that's my name," explained Mansfield.

"The Mistress never receives in the morning," objected the butler. "The 'At Home' days are the second and fourth Tuesdays, between four and six P.M."

Mansfield took a half-crown piece from his pocket, and the butler yielded.

"Well, sir, if you'll wait in the cab for a few minutes, I'll send your name up," he said.

After a long delay the butler returned.

"The Mistress will see you, sir, in half-an-hour, unless you would prefer to return to luncheon."

The message chilled him, but to postpone the meeting till luncheon-time was unthinkable. He followed the butler to a large drawing-room, and was left alone with yesterday's newspaper and a view of the prim front garden. The heavy door was shut upon him: no sound reached his ears during the long, long wait that followed.

The room was crowded with furniture, knickknacks, framed photographs, frail tables, footstools, and fully draped statuettes. Some anæmic water-color drawings (in gilt frames) and a bad portrait of the deceased in oils represented art. The wall-paper was pale yellow, with a monotonous white pattern representing either wheat-sheaves or bundles of feathers, but probably the former. There were two fireplaces, two massive brass fenders, two Persian rugs, and two brass coal-boxes. There was too much upholstery, too much of everything except literature, which was represented by four new novels from Mudie's library.

Accustomed to the simplicity of a semi-tropical land, the crowded, ugly room jarred upon Mansfield. He laid the blame upon the deceased. Coralie must have retained the furniture out of respect for the dead man's mid-Victorian tastes. He looked in vain for a photograph of his beloved. He was prepared to find her bright beauty discolored by the fist of time, but felt confident that no physical decay could mar the rapture of their union. His love for her was based upon the solid rock of respect, not upon the sands of physical attraction. Thus waiting while she made an elaborate toilette, he vividly

recalled all the qualities of heart and mind that had lifted her so high above her sex and held him constant to her. Her splendid freedom from conventionality and her bright humor had been, in his eyes, her greatest charms. He tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to remember definite instances of her breadth of mind. But she had often expressed her impatience of those conventions that hedge the freedom of young Englishwomen; and once, as he distinctly recalled, she had allowed him three dances in succession.

Another proof of her originality was her contempt for her own sex. She had gloried, he remembered, in her lack of women friends. Then he tried to recall, but with curious lack of success, examples of her rich and original sense of humor. Well, it must have been her quaint way of saying things—the bright little touches, no doubt, that evade the memory. Yes, and he clearly recollected her appreciation of good puns and of jokes from the comic papers which she used to retail to him. How she had laughed that morning when her father fell over the hot-water can and swamped the passage!

Thus, time might dim her beauty, but the clever, merry girl of twenty would most surely have developed at thirty into the ideal comrade of his dreams.

Then, at last, the door opened, and they stood face-to-face. The lonely years fell away and were forgotten as he looked upon her untarnished beauty. There was no change, save that she had grown a little thinner. The color mantled her cheek, and her bright eyes sank modestly under his eager gaze. He tried to speak her beloved name, but emotion held him speechless in this supreme moment of ecstasy, upon which he had counted for more than a year. He forgot Brooke, he forgot her broken vows; all his loneliness and suffering seemed as unsubstantial in that wonderful moment of reunion as a dream or a meringue. His ecstasy lasted some five seconds at most; but emotion is not to be measured by time, nor weighed like so much bacon.

She came forward briskly, offering him her hand, at arm's length, just as if he had been some rather welcome acquaintance. Simultaneously a chilling torrent of words poured from her red lips. "How d'you do, Mr. Mansfield? I'm so glad to see you again. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting quite a long time; but, you see, I'd no idea you would come so early, and I seldom have breakfast before half-past nine."

"Why, yes," he said drearily, feeling as if he had lost his individuality—"yes, I'm afraid I'm too early."

"No, not at all," she said. "Have you breakfasted?"

He made an effort to remember, feeling how little food mattered, and wondering whether this could actually be her greeting. He longed

for some demonstration of love, and she spoke of breakfast. The thought of food sickened him.

"I'll tell Harris to have something cooked at once," she said. "You must be famished after your journey. They seldom prepare anything but an egg or two for me."

"Pray don't trouble," he said, trying to hide his disappointment, "I'm not hungry."

Silence fell upon them for a moment, but she cloaked her embarrassment, as before, with a rush of empty words. He could not tell whether or no she felt any real emotion, but it was wholly evident she wished to display none. She asked the usual questions about his voyage, spoke of the defects of the local train-service, keeping him rigidly in the conventional rut.

Her process dazed him, but he made an effort to strike the personal note. "You have not changed, Coralie," he said. "I was prepared to find you aged."

She laughed—a shallow, little laugh—and dived back to the commonplace. She had a great deal to say to him about a local bazaar in aid of some deserving mission, and he could not tell whether any of the old love lay hidden beneath this flood of foolish words. It was, at least, certain that she meant to avoid a scene, and he could not battle against her volubility.

He found himself lying in wait for some indications of her bright humor or of the breadth of mind that he had so confidently looked for. And, at last, she did say something which might have amused him from a girl of twenty. He responded to the poor little jest with a ghastly grin and a sinking heart.

The butler announced breakfast. Mansfield followed her to the breakfast-room. He would not admit to himself that he was disillusioned. "Coralie," he whispered fervently as he walked after her through the long, slippery hall. She did not hear him, because she was talking fast over her shoulder. Even the beloved name now seemed cheap, tawdry, theatrical. It suggested a music-hall artist.

Mansfield seated himself at the table—their places had been laid many feet apart—and tried manfully to eat the food prepared for him. She, sitting at the head of the table, behind a barricade of jugs and plated ware, talked on incessantly. It required some effort on his side to follow what she said. The human interest was wholly lacking until, at the close of the meal, she blundered upon something which gave him the clue to his disillusionment.

"Mrs. Huntley?" he said. "I seem to remember that name. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh, no," she answered plaintively, "a mere acquaintance. I don't get on with women, as you may remember."

"I remember," he said; "but I supposed you would outgrow that little prejudice."

"Women are so jealous and spiteful to their own sex," she replied, with an air of profundity.

He remembered that she had expressed the same generality in the very same words at the age of twenty. Then he had thought her especially astute. He perceived now that her judgment was narrow and false, and it dawned upon him that Coralie's mind had aged as little as her body.

"You have not changed at all," he said wistfully as he looked at the foolish, girlish face above the barricade of jugs.

"I'm so glad you think so!" she said, and a slight blush confirmed her pleasure. "But perhaps you only say it as a compliment, Herbert?" she added softly.

"No," said Mansfield; "it is the literal truth."

Half-an-hour later he caught a train to Southampton. Coralie never fully understood why he returned to South America.



VILLANELLE

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

TELL me, do you love me, dear?
Tell me with your eyes of blue—
Speak the word I love to hear.

This the word that gives me cheer—
Heart to dare and strength to do—
Tell me, do you love me, dear?

Make the storm-clouds disappear,
Give the sky a purple hue,
Speak the word I love to hear.

Eyes whose glance is wondrous clear,
Lips that whisper, tell me true—
Tell me, do you love me, dear?

Love me, Love, when I am near—
When I am far distant, too,
Speak the word I love to hear.

Sweetheart mine, dispel my fear,
Grant the boon for which I sue.
Tell me, do you love me, dear?
Speak the word I love to hear!

A HOME PROVIDED

By Louise Hardenbergh Adams



"**I** JEST can't think what's a-keepin' Pa, an' he's been gone most o' three hours," Mrs. Creed muttered as she walked to the door. "If he'd tol' me what's took him to town," she sighed, "I wouldn't be so flustered, but now I feel it in my bones somethin's brewin'. Pa, he's acted so sort o' troubled like since that man was here the other day, an'—oh land, smell my snaps!" she exclaimed, hurrying into the kitchen.

A few moments later her husband found her lamenting over a pan of spoiled cakes. "I'm glad I weren't set to watch 'em," he chuckled. "Thar', now, Ma, don't you turn snappy!"

"Now, Sam-u-el!" she began; then, after a sharp glance at his white face, hastily exclaimed: "Mercy to me! what ails you, Pa? Be you sick? Laws! you're white es a sheet! Jest sit right down an' I'll make you a cup o' tea."

"It'll take more'n tea to help me," sighed the old man as he dropped wearily into the rocking-chair near the window. "I'm kinder tuckered out an',"—he hesitated, with a piteous look at his wife,—"**an'**, Ma, I'm 'bliged to tell ye," he groaned dismally, "but that ol' s'curity paper's turned up, an' es I can't stave her off, we've got to leave the farm nex' week."

Mrs. Creed gazed at him in bewilderment. "I'll not go!" she cried; "I'm not goin' one step!" Then something in her husband's face filled her heart with dire misgivings. "You're all beat out, Pa," she said tenderly; "don't you worry, fur they tried that 'fore, an' we've stayed years."

The old man's toil-twisted hand shook as he brushed the white hair back from his thin, wistful face. "I don't rightly know how 'tis, but we've got to go an' leave the house es it stan's—everythin' es it stan's," he repeated, with a glance of piteous appeal at his wife.

She dropped the canister she had just taken from the closet and ground the scattered tea-leaves under her feet. "Samuel Creed!" she exclaimed in excitement, "who's been a-tellin' you such an awful lie?"

"Now, Ma, don't ye take it so hard. I went to see Lawyer Scott, an' he says we'll hev' to go this time, fur there ain't no way to help it but money, an' we ain't got that; but the worst o' it is, we'll be 'bliged to leave all o' our stuff."

"You don't mean our beds an' cheers, an' all my quilts, an' them things that I had from Ma?" Mrs. Creed's face showed her resentment and unbelief.

"Yes, Ma, we'll hev' to leave 'em all," Mr. Creed said helplessly. "I'm——"

"I'll do no such a thing!" she interrupted defiantly. "I never went s'curity fur no one, least o' all your brother. My things is mine! I've wove an' quilted; I've slaved an' pieced! My chiny was grandma's, an' Ma give me the big clock, an'——"

"I telled 'em so, Ma," Mr. Creed groaned feebly, sinking back in his chair, "I telled 'em, but the law——"

Mrs. Creed looked about with a masterful air. "Law!" she cried curtly, "man's law! you stick to the law, Pa, an' I'll look out fur the things an' keep 'em, fur they're mine. There, Pa," she added gently, "you're so dreadful nervous an' need your cup o' tea. Gracious to me! what a waste!" she cried, gazing at the scattered tea-leaves.

"They're turned out, es we'll soon be," Mr. Creed laughed bitterly. "Ma, I've an idea," he said as he turned eagerly to her. "Mr. Scott was a-tellin' me that in the city there's homes fur ol' folks, an'——"

"Sam-u-el Creed, did that man tell you—right to your face—to go to the poorhouse?"

"Gee-whiz, Ma, he never dast do that!" Mr. Creed exclaimed. "'Tain't that I mean, but will-left places fur folks like us to live in. Some o' 'em are fine. Ain't ye heard tell o' 'em, Ma?"

Mrs. Creed straightened herself with dignity. "Yes, I've heard o' 'em," she said reluctantly, "but I misdoubt 'em, Pa; 'sides, they're fur ol' folks, an' I—well, I was only a young gal when we was married, an' you was an' ol' bach an' the——"

"Everyone knows that, Ma," the old man interrupted testily, "but now, es I was a-tellin' ye, I've an idee, an' seein' ye're so young I'm bound to look a'ter ye——"

"Hum-m!" laughed Mrs. Creed.

"That's so," he went on; "an' I've figured out how we kin put a few things in the wagon, an' then start whilst it's dark, so's not to be seen, an' we'll drive to the city, huntin' fur one o' 'em places."

"Like a tin peddler an' his wife I knowed when I was a gal; she'd sit in the wagon an' knit whilst he chased 'bout sellin'. She tol' me 'twas a good trade to marry in, but, lands alive!" Mrs. Creed said sharply, "I never did think I'd come to that!"

"Now, Ma, don't be rash, fur I've heard tell o' fine folks ridin' 'bout fur a change," Mr. Creed's voice droned wearily, "an' since I got up from that pesky grippin' spell I've kinder had a real restless feelin'."

His wife's face changed in a flash. "Here, Pa, drink this," she

said soothingly, handing him a cup of tea, "an' don't you worry a mite. You keep quiet an' I'll see to every thin'. Jest drink your tea an' drop on the lounge fur a bit o' a nap."

The moment sleep claimed her husband Mrs. Creed threw her apron over her head and hurriedly left the house. She walked rapidly down the lane, then crossed the fields to a huge new barn that stood alone and looked like a charitable institution.

On the low doorstep at one end of the barn a gaunt, pleasant-faced man was enjoying the beauty of the evening, with a spicing of tobacco. He rose awkwardly at Mrs. Creed's approach. "What's up, Aunt Sary?" he questioned. "Jest walk in," he added as he pushed open the door back of him.

Mrs. Creed shook her head. "No, I can't go in, Jim, fur I must run back soon. Jim, I'm that worried—I'm 'bout finished," she said desperately, "fur that ol' s'curity paper's turned up. Pa's been actin' queer lately, an' he jest telled me it's took everythin'—the house an' farm, the critters, an' even our beds—jest every blessed thing. Now, they ken caterwaumpur till jedgment-day, but I'll not give up one o' mine—not a rag or a stick," she added with angry decision.

"Where did Uncle Samuel pick up all o' that news?" Jim questioned wonderingly.

"Lawyer Scott, he telled him, an' I s'pose it's law truth, but right an' law's two things when they ken take my dishes an' all I've left o' my outfittin'."

"Aunt Sary," Jim began earnestly, "I ain't got much, fur I put all o' the money Pa left in this barn, an' then hadn't a rap fur stock to fill it, but now I've saved up a little, an' if it'll help you one mite, you're more than welcome to it."

Mrs. Creed laid her hand on his shoulder with affectionate tenderness. Her honest, motherly face beamed with thankfulness. "Jim, you're that good I'll never forget it," she cried, "but we ken never take your money, no way!"

Jim, while he looked disappointed, knew her too well to attempt to change her decision. He gazed at her wofully for a moment, then suddenly exclaimed: "I've got it! I tell you, Aunt Sary, if you've got to leave the farm, you jest come an' live with me in this barn. It's so roomy an' homey, an' I ken fix up some o' the box-stalls fur you nice es——"

"That's jest like you, Jim Updike," Mrs. Creed interrupted, "you're so meltin' softhearted. I'm 'bliged es ken be—but can't feel willin' to live in a box-stall. Then Pa! he's so poorly, I'm feared his interlects might go weak if he'd sit all day a-peekin' out o' a hoss winder at other folks a-workin' his land."

"Now if my farm-house warn't rented," Jim began.

"That's bad es a box-stall fur Pa!" Mrs. Creed cried; "an', Jim, he's sot on drivin' 'bout huntin' fur some sort o' a home fur ol' folks, but land alive! he'll never find one 'less 'tis the poorhouse. Now, I've a little butter money saved, an' mebbe—well, enyway, I'll go with him, but they'll never git my things, fur I want you to help me hide 'em."

Jim shot her a quick, comprehending glance. "That's easy done," he laughed, "fur we'll jest put 'em in the box-stalls. You know I've a fine plan o' locks so's no horse could ever git stolen, an' I ken lock your traps safe es a bank an' keep 'em forever."

"I'll not tax you that long," Mrs. Creed laughed, with a little break in her voice as she thought of all that it meant to leave her home. "Then, Jim, es soon's dark comes we ken begin to move," she went on, "an' I'll put little things in the wagon an' have a load ready. Pa, he needn't know, an' I mistrust he'd rather not."

"All right, Aunt Sary!" Jim cried heartily, glad to find a way of helping her, "an', es you say, it's jest es well to let Uncle Samuel wool-pull his own eyes."

Mrs. Creed hurried home and began her packing in the garret. She pulled an old hair-covered trunk out of a dim corner and hesitated an instant before she opened it; then gazed sadly at its contents, a pile of neatly folded garments under an old blue cap. The twilight deepened. The garret seemed filled with dark shadows, while the shadow of her life's grief covered Mrs. Creed as she knelt by the old, worn garments of her dead soldier boy.

"Oh Lord, if Will had lived he'd helped us now," she prayed; "an' now will you help Pa an' me? An' will you look out fur Pa an' give us our daily bread?"

"Ma! Ma! where be ye, Ma?" Mr. Creed called at the foot of the stairs. "Jim's brought some blackberries, an' we ain't hed a pie o' them this summer."

"I'll make you one now," she responded, hastening down to the kitchen.

After supper Mr. Creed glanced quizzically at his wife, then, with a muttered word about the few nights left him to sleep under the old roof, he disappeared.

Mrs. Creed and Jim made the most of their opportunity, and worked busily until nearly daylight; by that time the most of Mrs. Creed's treasures were safely locked up in Jim's box-stalls.

"This place seems mighty lonesome, Ma," the old man fretted the next day as he wandered aimlessly into the kitchen. "Seems to me it's sort o' blight-bitten."

"It's the chickens, Pa," she responded. "I'm cookin' a few fur a bite by the way, an' the rest's all run off in the woods." She failed to add, with Jim's help.

That night they finished the moving. Mr. Creed's pretence of astonishment over the dismantled condition of his home held a touch of genuine dismay as he gazed about in the morning.

"Ma, this house looks's if we'd bin robbed!" he cried testily when he found her making coffee over the hearth fire, "an' I'm awful 'feared the sheriff'll git a'ter us."

"What fur, I'd like to know?" she asked indignantly. "Own things are ourn—an' I never in my life was a stealer!"

"I never sayed you was, Ma, so don't be so rash," Mr. Creed said impatiently. "Now, Ma, since you're capt'in, when be we a-goin'?"

"I kalkerlate to rest some to-day, then when night falls mebbe we'd better start," Mrs. Creed answered. "We ken easy reach Ring's Mill 'fore it's very late, an' stay a spell there with Jim's sister 'fore we go on."

The old man laughed heartily. "That's fine, Ma," he whispered after a hasty glance about him. "We jest won't stay to be chased out like rats; we'll lock up an' take the key—an' queer now, ain't it? but I'll be dummed if they'll git much a'ter they git in."

"I'll put the ol' rocker in the wagon fur you to rest in when you git beat out," Mrs. Creed said reflectively. "Now there ain't much to look after, fur the cows strayed off last night, so don't you meander 'bout an' git to feelin' bad," she added brightly, her fears in regards to the future lessened by the comforting possession of the money that Jim brought her from the sale of her cows.

The day dragged slowly, and they were both glad when Jim came to tell them everything was in readiness for their start.

Mr. Creed became greatly excited as he realized that he was leaving the only home he had ever known. "Ma! Ma! I want ye to promise right now, sure an' sartin, fur I won't go less ye do promise, to bring me back home if I die, so's I ken lay with the rest o' my folks over yander," he groaned, pointing to the little group of willow-trees, like blurred, gray shadows, in the distance.

Mrs. Creed's answer came slowly out of the depths of the sunbonnet that she wore enveloped in an old shawl. "I'll promise enythin' to git started, Pa, but you're dreadful nervous, an' that's why you feel that way; or mebbe it's your clothes, fur, hu-e! I'm jest in a smother."

At her suggestion they had arrayed themselves in all of their best garments, and Mr. Creed carried numerous shirts—white, calico, and flannel—under two suits of clothes and an overcoat, so naturally his thoughts turned to a release from the wear of life.

Mrs. Creed, oppressed by the burden of her layers of dresses, aprons, and shawls, failed at first to fully sympathize with her husband, but, troubled at last by his feeble voice and bitter regrets, she made him as comfortable as possible in the rocking-chair in the back of the wagon;

then, assisted by Jim, made a tent of a "risin'-sun" quilt over him as a protection from the night air.

Realizing the necessity of a speedy departure, Mrs. Creed climbed hurriedly to her seat and, after a word of farewell from Jim, started the team and rattled down the road, pursued by a vague, uneasy fear of the sheriff and all of his deputies.

Before midnight they found safety with Jim's sister, and forgot their troubles, for a time, in the enjoyment of her feather beds.

Their next start was made under more favorable conditions, and Mr. Creed found his lighter garments more conducive to cheerfulness. He appreciated the beauty of the afternoon, and seasoned it with doughnuts and fried chicken.

That night they spent with an aunt of Mr. Creed's, whose hospitality, to his great satisfaction, found vent in pies of many kinds; and while she bewailed the lack of "pie-timber," the old man did full justice to her supply, and the effect was apparent in his restless night.

Showers detained them the next day, and their slow progress carried them but little beyond the radius of their knowledge and friends. They spent the night among strangers, who kindly insisted upon their remaining, to Mr. Creed's great vexation.

"We'd better be a-goin', Ma," he protested in a loud whisper; "I never took no stock in butter-mouthed folks."

With a full understanding of his idiosyncrasy, his wife hastened their departure, Mr. Creed voluntarily accepting the chair and "risin'-sun" quilt.

They jogged along without mishap until a young farmer pointed to the gay quilt with a loud laugh. "I'll be jiggered if I didn't think you'd a brindle cow in your wagon!" he cried as he passed them.

Mr. Creed indignantly ordered a speedy removal of the quilt; but the man's amusement roused his temper and kept his wife busy in her attempts to pacify him.

Once during the afternoon they stopped by a little brook to give the horses a drink. Then as a diversion Mrs. Creed built a fire and made a cup of tea, which refreshed them greatly. After they started again Mr. Creed's naps were so constantly broken by the lurching of his chair he became decidedly cross.

"I tell ye, Ma, I jest ain't goin' to clipper up an' down in this blamed ol' race-hoss cheer eny longer," he insisted; then, pointing to the beautiful homes on every side, he cried desperately, "I tell ye, we're passin' that place! we're jest a-passin' right furnerst it now!"

Mrs. Creed's tender, protective love for her old husband had taught her many ways of soothing him; but everything failed her now in the face of his imperious demand: "Ma, you jest stop at the nex' place! Stop! I say, or I'll git out an' hunt fur it on foot."

She drove on quicker, her face white with anxiety. "Keep calm, Pa," she persuaded, "keep calm, an' we'll soon git there."

Presently they came in sight of a fine house, standing some distance back from the road, in the midst of beautiful grounds. Mr. Creed leaned over the seat and took the lines out of his wife's hands with a jerk. Then as he turned to drive through the gate he brought the team to a stand with a sharp "Whoa! Ma, do ye see? what did I tell ye?" he shouted in excitement, pointing to the name, "Creedmere," above the gate. "Ma, my! but ye're aggravatin' slow," he chuckled, "an' it's good I'm 'long to see a'ter things." He started the team and, standing up back of the seat, drove up to the front of the house.

Mrs. Creed, forced to accept the situation, settled with rapidity upon a course of action. She climbed wearily out of the lumbering old wagon, and stepping to the front door rang the bell. "I want to see the lady that lives here," she said calmly to the maid who answered its call.

"What name?" the girl asked disdainfully. "What's ye'r name?"

Mrs. Creed half-defiantly answered, "Tell her Mrs. Creed's wantin' to see her."

The maid shut the door carefully, and Mrs. Creed was in act of ringing the bell again when the door opened and a very pleasant-looking woman stepped out. "Are you Mrs. Creed?" she asked.

Upon Mrs. Creed's emphatic assent she became exceedingly cordial. "We're expecting you, Madam," she said, "and I was told to make you feel at home."

Mrs. Creed's face showed her utter amazement. "It's a sort o' a boardin'-house," she thought, "an' I'll have to pay steep fur stayin'."

"Mr. Creed's out in the wagon," she said quietly; "an' where ken he put the team?"

"I'll send the coachman," answered the woman.

"Pa, she'll send the hired man to put up the team," Mrs. Creed called, "but we want some o' our things," she added, hastening to the wagon and unloading a medley which roused the amazement and amusement of the help, who gathered about them.

"I'll take your horses," said one of the men, "an' your things will all be safe in the wagon."

Mrs. Creed picked up a smoky kettle and handed it to him, greatly to his disgust. "You ken put that back," she said composedly, "but the rest we might need."

Every attention was shown them, and accepted by Mr. Creed as part of the life in such places. His wife's misgivings were soon forgotten in her anxiety about his condition, his feebleness giving her little time to think of her surroundings, and obliging her to accept the housekeeper's assurance that they were expected, and were to feel perfectly at home.

At last Mrs. Creed was beginning to feel uneasy, and anxiously wondered how long her money would cover their expenses, when one day she was surprised by a visitor, a bright, alert young lady.

"I'm Mrs. William Creed," she explained, "and I've come to apologize for being away when you came. I hope everything has been done to make you comfortable." Then, after a smiling look at the elder Mrs. Creed's puzzled face, she reached up and kissed her impulsively. "There, aunt," she cried, "you look so good I really couldn't help it!"

She turned to Mr. Creed with a bright smile. "Uncle, I'm so sorry you've been sick," she said regretfully, "but you must hurry and get well, for Will will soon come home and I know he'll want your opinion about lots of things."

When she left the room the elder Mrs. Creed followed her. "I'm sure there's some mistake," she whispered hurriedly as soon as the door closed behind them, "an' it's all wrong someway, an' we're in the wrong place, an'——"

"Now, aunt, I know it is all right, for Will told me all about your coming," Mrs. Creed interrupted. "You see," she laughed, a bewitching touch of color glowing in her cheeks, "I haven't been Will's wife long enough to know his family; why, I didn't even know your names!"

When Mr. Creed, the younger, reached home his wife had much to tell him of her liking and respect for his relations. "They are darlings!" she cried, "as quaint and dear as people in a story."

He listened in growing astonishment. "Irene!" he exclaimed, "I never thought aunt was even passably nice, and that's the reason I dreaded her visit; and you must acknowledge she's horrid to uncle."

"She's lovely to uncle, just every way, and he's the funniest, dearest old man. Will, you don't know them!"

"Evidently not," Mr. Creed answered, "but I thought that I knew Aunt Ann Dartmore."

"You may, Will, but you don't know Aunt Sarah Creed, and I'm——"

"Irene! whom have you here?" Mr. Creed cried.

"Why, you know—Aunt Sarah and Uncle Samuel Creed! your own folks, Will."

"Great guns, Irene, you've taken in impostors or thieves!" he cried, with a hasty step towards the door. "I'll soon send them packing."

Mrs. Creed stopped him. "You'll not send those poor old folks away now!" she said defiantly, her bright eyes full of tears. "Thieves! why, they're such good souls—I would just as soon dream of suspecting a baby."

"Now, Irene, don't you see——"

"No!" she interrupted quickly, "I don't see—and I won't see—until you see my dear Aunt Sarah! There, Will!"

"Then, Irene, Aunt Sarah had better be sent for," he laughed, "and we'll hear her explanation of this mystery."

When Mrs. Sarah Creed entered the room a few moments later he was impressed by her dignified bearing. "Irene is right," he thought, "she has a fine, honest face."

"Mr. Creed, I'm sure there's some mistake," she began at once, "an' we can't be the folks you're lookin' fur, I knowed it all o' the time, but with Samuel so weak, sort o' like a child, I jest had to follow the first leadin'. Now, I ken pay fur our keep, but never fur all o' your wife's goodness in——"

"Never mind about that," hurriedly interrupted Mr. Creed, "just tell us how you happened to come here?—I mean, what brought you?"

Mrs. Creed was watching him in an eager, puzzled way. She turned to him with a faint sigh. "Do you want to hear why we seem like sich wanderin' ol' fools?" she asked.

"We may find a way of helping you if you tell us all your story," he answered, with a touch of pity.

"Well, it goes back to 'fore I was married," Mrs. Creed began, "an' starts when Pa went s'curity fur his brother Elijah."

"Did you say Elijah?" questioned Mr. Creed, with a strange look of astonishment.

"Yes," she answered, "an' that paper Samuel signed fur him was jest possessed, fur every time we was in trouble Pa had to raise money to settle it. When our son died—he'd been nigh your age, an' you favor him wonderful—well, then we had that ol' s'curity paper; then we had it when Pa had fever, an' the bad year on the farm. Now it's took the ol' place, an' I'm awful 'feared Pa'll die o' pining fur it, he's that homesick."

"Couldn't you do anything about saving your home?" asked Mr. Creed.

"There warn't enythin' to do it with," she answered sadly, "an', sakes alive! 'twas jest like a clap o' thunder when Pa said we must go. I ain't sayin' I was law right, but when I found they could take my fixin's I hid 'em," she laughed. "Then I let Pa think I was willin' to go with him in one o' 'em homes fur ol' folks, jest to humor him, but I meant all o' the time to find a little house an' do sewin'. But when we gits here Pa was jest done out, an' then the name on your gate 'ticed him in with its home-like sound. The hired folks was all kind, an' as I knowed I couldn't drag Pa 'way I stayed. Now I ken git him started soon, but I want to pay fur our keep an——"

"There! there! Aunt Sarah," Mr. Creed cried, "don't trouble

about that. Do you know anything more about that security paper?" he asked eagerly. "And where is your farm?"

"The ol' Creed place!" Mrs. Creed exclaimed. "Why, that's jest five miles from Allspice. Samuel's father owned a big farm there an' give it to his sons—Elijah an' Samuel. Elijah took the up end an' sold it. He was always foolin' 'bout mills, an' got Samuel to go his s'curity so's he could buy some new-fangled thing fur his mill. He was sort o' easy-goin', fur he never paid that money or fixed the paper. I've blamed him a heap, fur it's worked an awful hardship on Pa."

Mr. Creed looked at her thoughtfully. "Did you know Mr. Creed's father?" he asked.

"Why, yes," she answered in surprise, "everyone knew ol' Uncle William Creed an' his father, Elijah—Pap Elijah they called him, fur he lived to be awful ol' an' drove 'bout visitin' when I was a small gal. When I seed him a-comin' I'd run an' tell Ma, so's she'd make pies fur dinner. He was that fond o' pie he couldn't eat less he had it. Fur the land's sake! I ken see him now a-pourin' merlasses all over his piece," she laughed. "Now I must go back to Samuel, an' soon's I ken git him started we'll go."

"Don't worry about that," Mr. Creed said earnestly, "wait until Uncle Samuel feels stronger, for there's plenty of time."

As Aunt Sarah left the room Mrs. Creed turned to her husband, her sweet face glowing with amusement. "Oh Will! I knew how it would be when you saw her," she laughed, "and, Will, isn't she a dear?"

"Oh, yes; but what am I?" he half groaned. "That devilish paper was signed for my father. I am confident that he tried to tell me about it just before he died, for he called me and muttered something about making it right with Sam, but I never had a clue to what he meant before. He was such a wanderer, he never realized how his neglect affected them."

"Oh, how strange!" Mrs. Creed exclaimed. "Will, are you sure it's true?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "for father often spoke of that farm and his boyhood there. Now I can't rest until I set the thing straight, so I'll go this very day and arrange to buy all the old farm for them, then——"

"Oh, we won't tell them!" Irene laughingly interrupted. "Will, how beautiful it will be! I'll find out where Aunt Sarah hid her things, and we'll fix their home before we take them back; and, oh, they will be so happy!"

"Yes, and there'll be security in it for them after this, poor old souls. There, Irene, no wonder I like pie," he laughed, "when my old grandsire was one of its devotees."

Later, when Mrs. William Creed visited Jim, she won his heart and

help, and they soon had the old farm-house in order, with all of Aunt Sarah's quaint furnishings in their places.

Uncle Samuel imagined at first that they were taking him home to die, and groaned with dreadful regularity; but the instant he realized he was in the old home to stay, he recovered marvellously. His face beamed with joy, and every hour added to his strength.

Aunt Sarah, alternating between tears and laughter, devoted herself to the preparation of a wonderful dinner. "It's passin' strange how we was led by unbeknownst ways an' found you," she laughed, insisting upon her guests taking more of her justly celebrated pie. "An' then to think we're home safe, an' 'scaped both Jim's box-stalls an' the poor-house."

"Gee whiz, Ma!" the old man cried impatiently, "I sensed you misdoubted, but I sayed all o' the time—an' I knowed—that thar'd be a home purvided."



THE CLOAK OF DREAMS

BY ELIZABETH R. FINLEY

SHE wove a wondrous tissue at her loom
Enriched with golden threads and jewels rare;
All that her soul held that was good and fair
Thereon did burgeon forth in silken bloom—
The mazy warp and woof of maiden dreams!

Like sweetest music did the tints accord.
She spread the shining fabric in the sun:
"Behold, at last, my loving work is done,
The mantle for mine unknown future lord—
And all too mean for him, my cloak of dreams!"

Then lo! a pauper knocked upon her gate,
Sin-worn and weary and in poorest guise.
A holy light shone from her gentle eyes
Upon the tattered wanderer's low estate,
While her white hand reached for the cloak of dreams,

And on his shoulders flung it, fold on fold,
Till he stood there, transfigured, glorified,
A lord most worthy of a maiden's pride
In all the splendor of her cloth of gold—
Forever knighted by her cloak of dreams.

WHERE FAMOUS ACTORS LEARNED THEIR ART

By A. Frank Stull

IT was while the Arch-Street playhouse in Philadelphia was the most brilliant light in the theatrical firmament that I became connected with the organization. The stage manager was William S. Fredericks, who had a reputation for crabbedness that struck terror to the hearts of the entire profession. Irish by birth, he spoke English as pure as any that ever flowed from the tongue of Dickey Vaux, whom Philadelphians revered because he had once danced with Queen Victoria. But somewhere in the depths of his larynx he had a brogue on which he was wont to call when the ill-humor of his spirit made him feel the need of someone on whom to whet his wit.

I was twenty-four, and I was leading man at the Race-Street Theatre, as good a house as any in the country; but it was not the Arch—not the theatre of Mrs. John Drew. I was playing Gennaro, supporting Charlotte Crampton in "Lucrezia Borgia," when a member of the company one day nonchalantly remarked:

"I say, Stull, why don't you go to see Fredericks down at the Arch? You might get a job there."

An intimation such as this was a hint of royal will and pleasure which no actor could afford to neglect. The next day I sallied forth in quest of Fredericks and an engagement at the Arch. My heart thumped hard when I came upon the grouchy manager before his desk at the side of the stage. I found him in his worst humor and with his broadest brogue in his mouth, ready for greeting.

"Mr. Fredericks," said I, summoning an air of cheery confidence that sounded better than I felt, "I am Mr. Stull, of the Race-Street Theatre. I am leading man there. They tell me that you may have room for me, so I have come to see you."

He slowly looked me up, and as slowly looked me down, until the contempt in his eyes made me long to put my fist between them. Then he spoke.

"Ah, sonny, ye may not be wor-r-th a damn."

He reviewed me again, and resumed:

"Ye don't luk wor-r-th a damn." He paused and added, "How much do ye want?"

"Twelve dollars," said I.

"If ye'll take nine, come here to-morrow."

I took it, but I didn't thank him. I knew that he had given me ill-temper in order to give me low wages. But the opening was my chance for advancement; with my eyes on the distinction ahead I gulped down my pride.

Thus, from leading man at the Race-Street Theatre, I was promoted to the position of general utility man at the Arch.

A few days later we were called for rehearsal in "The Pirates of the Pyrenees." The stage setting was properly rugged and mountainous. Well down towards the front yawned a chasm that the stage carpenter knew was only five feet wide. It looked ten to the man who was asked to jump it. He happened to be John Worth, a super in the company.

"That'll be your trick," ordered Fredericks.

"What, on six dollars a week?" queried Worth.

"Isn't there anny man in th' company with ner-r-ve enough to hop a hole in the scener-r-y?" disdainfully bawled the stage manager.

"I'll do it every day in the week," I answered.

That made me of some account in Fredericks's estimation. Even a leading man had to be versatile in those days and ready for any little turn, from a somersault to heroics.

Three days later Fredericks summoned me to his office, and looked me over with an eye whose baleful gaze was mitigated by half a twinkle.

"Child," said he, "ye've fascinated th' Doochess. Oi'm to raise yer salary to twelve dollars per week."

The Duchess was the familiar sobriquet by which the members of the company permitted themselves to refer to Mrs. Drew—when she was not present. But they all sincerely liked her. Her manner was a blending of the kindness of Marie Antoinette with the imperiousness of Queen Elizabeth, and she was one of the best-hearted women in the business. As a manager she was absolutely just, and it was because she was so strict that she was able to maintain the discipline for which she was famous, and that too at a time when the supply of actors was far short of the demand.

Nearly every member of the company was constantly in apprehension of the Duchess. She used to sit in a box and watch the performance with a hawk's eye that nothing escaped. The only one whom the ordeal failed to inspire with dread was Walter Donaldson. He had a temperament as cold and rigid as ice, and a spirit with the firmness of a cavalry sword. With the Duchess sitting in the box before him, her dark eyes aglitter in chill and impartial criticism, Donaldson deliberately neglected his audience and acted straight at her. He did it as much in a spirit of conscious ability as in a recurring mood of cool effrontery, and the Duchess, I believe, liked him for it.

Mrs. Drew had a way of putting up for a long time with things that she felt should be remedied; but, little by little, as her patience ebbed,

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her silence would become more pronounced, like the lull before the storm; then, some day, upon arriving at the theatre, she would walk into the box office and don a certain red Paisley shawl which she kept in reserve as one of the most impressive pieces of stage property in the house. It fittingly reflected her mood. So long as that shawl was in evidence, all the people of the Arch, from stage carpenter to leading man, realized that perfection in the performance of duty was the smallest return they could give for their salaries.

I think I have conveyed the impression that Mrs. Drew was a woman with whom no one ever ventured on a familiarity that was undue. But Matt Snyder was a cheerful, jubilant exception to the rest of the company. Snyder was a clever actor, with one of the shrewdest and aptest wits possessed by any comedian of his day. He had too the habit of tardiness to a pronounced degree. If there was a virtue on which Mrs. Drew particularly insisted, it was punctuality. Her rule of promptness, the company knew, was to be as rigidly kept as the early Puritans kept the Blue Laws. We had been called for rehearsal one Sunday morning and we waited a half hour before Snyder came in, brisk and smiling.

His only warning of the tempest that was brewing was the fitful flare from Mrs. Drew's shawl as she paced back and forth among the shadows. She let him reach the centre of the group. Drawing her form up to its full height, she observed, in her most majestic tones,—

“I am very sorry, Mr. Snyder, that we must part.”

With all the anguish of the separation depicted on his face, Snyder leaned forward and, with sobs in his voice, exclaimed,—

“Why, Louise, you're not going to leave us?”

For the space of a second nobody breathed. We instinctively looked at the Duchess. Just for an instant her scintillating eyes looked back into his, that seemed almost tearful in their solicitude. The corners of her mouth twitched. Then, drawing the red shawl closely about her shoulders, she gave the order to proceed with the rehearsal.

The season at the Arch lasted from the first Saturday in September until the Fourth of July. For the first thirteen nights Mrs. Drew appeared in some rôle for which she was famous. She never failed to open with the “School for Scandal” because it had so many good parts. She had an erudite trick of hunting up old comedies and dramas that made new members of the company memory-sore and heartsick.

Among the plays that she took up were “She Stoops to Conquer,” “She Would and She Would Not,” “Wives as They Were and Husbands as They Are,” “The Rivals,” and the “Marble Heart.” An actor who did not happen to know them had to learn and be able to reel off his part perfectly, with a change for every night.

After the thirteen introductory performances a star usually de-

scended from somewhere out of nowhere, about every two weeks, and we were expected to support him. It was quite customary to put on three and four pieces a night. But there was one blessing accorded by an accommodating Providence. Every star had a piece with which he regularly opened. Thus, Barney Williams always began his engagement with "The Fairy Circle" and "The Customs of the Country." I expected, usually, to break the back of a new part in an afternoon, and it was a giant of a rôle that the average actor of the old stock company could not conquer within forty-eight hours.

During the season John Sleeper Clarke, who from a member of the company had become first its manager and, later, a famous star, used to appear and play an engagement of four weeks. In those days Clarke was as glad as any other good actor to display his abilities at the Arch. The old theatre helped to develop within him potentialities that might have lain dormant had they not come within the radius of its inspiring influence. With the applause of Arch Street ringing in his ears, there came a day when John Sleeper Clarke outgrew his achievements of even that period and went on to greater things. Thus, from the Arch-Street Theatre itself emanated the force that was destined finally to eclipse it. It was a part of the irony of fate that Clarke should become the leader in the theatrical revolution at Philadelphia that marked the decline of the greatest playhouse of generations and the rise of a new amusement centre, at the Walnut-Street Theatre.

Until the crisis came the Arch went on the even tenor of its way in unchallenged supremacy. I joined the stock company in the season of '63-'64. I remember well every actor among them. Since then we have all of us passed through the crucible of the years. Barton Hill was leading man on the crest of the wave of popularity. He could laugh with the very joy of living, and his audiences laughed with him. But who can hold the centre of the stage forever? Barton Hill played old man parts long afterwards, with only the memory of earlier triumphs to kindle his waning fires.

Stuart Robson was our low comedy—genial Stuart Robson, whose hearty "How d'ye do, neighbor?" in salutation was a byword long after he left us. Owen Marlowe was doing light comedy and his wife was walking lady. Robert Craig was walking gentleman, and George Griffiths and William H. Wallis were first and second old man. Frank Gossan was heavy man; Thomas E. Green, Charles Hilliard, and I were general utility men. Lizzie Price was leading lady. Connie Jefferson, Joe Jefferson's sister, was one of the soubrettes. Mrs. J. P. Brelsford, who had been leading lady at the Arch under William E. Burton's management, through the shifting of the scenes that make the drama of the actor's own life was now relegated to the position of soubrette and general utility woman. Mary Carr was first old woman, and Louisa Morse was second old woman.

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The bond that makes actor folk akin, I think, was particularly strong at the Arch. We were one big family who shared our joys and sorrows in common. It was on Christmas Day of 1865 that the mother of John Worth, my super friend, was to be buried. We started the usual subscription, and it fell to my lot to present the paper to Barney Williams, who was the visiting star.

"You're going to bury her on Christmas, eh?" said Williams. "Well, my boy, don't take that list any further in the company. Get the undertaker's bill and bring it to me. I want to pay it all; I've a mother of my own."

Some of the finest friendships are found among the people of the stage. Jefferson and Billy Florence lived in the closest sympathy until death divided them, a decade and more ago. The fire of their genius had been fed with common fuel. They had toiled and triumphed together, until each man's soul vibrated in sensitive accord with the other. The Jefferson-Florence Company was at the Arch. For the first of the week Florence had the rôle of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the "Rivals," and later they were playing "The Heir at Law," with Jefferson for Dr. Pangloss and Viola Allen as leading lady, while Florence was 'Zekiel Homespun. Billy had been ailing for several days, and Jefferson's love for his friend afforded a telepathic medium through which flashed a vague note of alarm.

"You're looking bad, old man. Better give up for a night," he warned.

Not even Billy's protest, "Pshaw, it is only a cold; I'll come around all right," allayed the fear that something was going to happen. Young Jefferson, who was stage manager, was bidden to send the order among all the stage hands, "Watch Mr. Florence!" That was Wednesday. His buoyant spirit no longer sparkled with its usual lustre. He had complained a little of the pain that was creeping through his body. On Saturday he admitted that he was sick, but he stuck to his part. The fever flush blended with the glory of the last triumph that throbbed through his veins, but the audience in front knew only that an old-time favorite was entertaining them in his happy, old-time way. They gave of their approval in unstinted measure. And to Florence, battling bravely with disease, the exhilarating intoxication of applause became the stimulant that braced him to the end. The last words of his part were his valedictory to the footlights. The great, glittering playhouse swam before his eyes. He staggered into the wings, and everybody keeping the pitiful vigil, "Watch, Florence," saw him fall into the waiting arms of John Christie, the boss carpenter. Tom Jefferson went with the carriage that took him to the Continental Hotel. Pneumonia did its work quickly, and, four days later, Death dropped the curtain on Billy Florence's sufferings.

The first of January each year was a crucial period for all in the stock company. It was an annual formality to ask everyone at that time whether he intended remaining through the season. If a man had aught to say for a raise in salary, this was the moment for him to speak. In December of '64 we had decided on a petition which was circulated among the company. Its most vital paragraph read:

"When we signed our contracts for the season's engagement gold was at par, but in the months that have elapsed the prices of the necessities of life have attained such an altitude that we earnestly believe there should be some increase in our salaries. And to your better judgment, Mrs. Drew, we appeal for a decision as to whether you cannot pay us an additional sixty per cent."

We hitched our wagon to a star, and allowed for her discount.

My usual luck prevailed; it was I who had to present the paper. The Duchess, on occasions like this, loomed up more like a dragon than a kindly Minerva. I went around to see her in the box office. She did not say, Yes; she did not say, No. She merely looked my quaking form over with the calm dignity of a reigning monarch, and she observed—there was a touch of haughty grandeur in her tone,—

"Sir, I will take it into consideration."

Two days later a notice was posted in the green-room:

"SALARIES WILL BE INCREASED IN SUCH PROPORTION AS IN THE OPINION OF MRS. DREW WILL BE DEEMED BEST."

At the end of the week the fifty dollars that Carden as leading man drew was increased by five dollars; Walter Donaldson, who was a prince of the blood at forty dollars, became plethoric with riches at forty-three dollars; and I, the humble spokesman, could rejoice thereafter on fourteen dollars instead of my former twelve dollars.

The season of '66-'67 marked the opening, under a new management, of the Walnut-Street Theatre. The Arch, for the first time, had a rival in the field.

John Sleeper Clarke and his brother-in-law, Edwin Booth, had bought the Walnut. Clarke knew how a playhouse should be managed. He had learned it from hard experience as well as from observing the woman who had done it better than any man in the country. Both owners, interested in the new undertaking, were prepared to spend any amount of money to place their theatre in the lead and assure their triumph. Their first move was a shrewd one. Clarke made a special arrangement with all of the hotels in Philadelphia whereby they agreed to send their guests to the Walnut, recommending it as the best theatre in the city. It was a clever advertising stroke on which not even the twentieth century could have improved. If the Walnut were not

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already the best theatre, that one advantage gave it the opportunity to become so.

Clarke engaged Fredericks for stage manager, offering him more money than the Arch could pay, and I went with him as assistant stage manager.

It was in June, 1866, that the news reached Mrs. Drew that Fredericks was going to leave. She summoned him to the office, and without preliminary parley proceeded with what she had to say. It was direct and to the point, and she looked him squarely in the face as she remarked,—

"Mr. Fredericks, I do not think it is good business policy for me to retain longer as my stage manager the man who is to be the stage manager for a rival theatre."

"You know I have a contract," Fredericks replied.

She never flinched, or showed any sign of dismay:

"Make up your accounts next week, sir. Your entire salary will be paid you."

Fredericks remained as a stage manager at the Walnut-Street Theatre only three months, when he was succeeded by the profound scholar and great elocutionist, Professor J. B. Roberts.

At the time Edwin Forrest, before whose achievements the entire country bowed, was occupying his splendid residence at the southwest corner of Broad and Master Streets in Philadelphia. Clarke and Booth decided that Forrest was the most brilliant appendage the Walnut-Street Theatre could have to contribute to its rising fame and make its position secure. An engagement by Forrest would mean the instant relegation of the Arch to second place. It must be done. So Clarke one morning said to his stage manager,—

"Roberts, I want you to go up to Broad and Master Streets and engage Forrest for us."

Roberts gasped in astonishment. He knew, quite as well as did Clarke, how unapproachable Forrest was; and he knew also that he could be overpersuaded only by such a sum as would seem to the ordinary actor the wealth of Croesus.

"But if he asks too much?" said Roberts after he had caught his breath.

"He can't ask too much," Clarke replied. "Pay him."

Roberts went forth to Broad Street with carte blanche in his memory and with all the graces of an Ambassador Plenipotentiary in his manner.

The great man received him kindly and made easy his first words,—

"Mr. Forrest, I called this morning to ascertain whether you had any objection to playing at the Walnut-Street Theatre."

Mr. Forrest smiled indulgently and answered:

"I don't know that I have. Yours is a good company. But one thing do not forget, I play only five nights and at a fixed price."

"Well, Mr. Forrest," said Clarke's representative, "I am commissioned to engage you. Name your price."

"It will be six hundred dollars per night."

The figure was staggering. But in the mind's eye of the ambassador was a fixed recollection of Clarke's proud bearing, and in his ears still rang the Napoleonic words, "Pay him."

Roberts was a good actor. The expression of his smiling face never changed as he answered,—

"We will pay it with pleasure."

When he hurried back to report his success to Clarke the venture-some manager gave no sign of apprehension other than a long-drawn breath. He lost not an hour in the exploitation of his prize. The whole city was placarded the next day, and by every art known to the press agent popular interest was worked up to popular excitement. People thronged to the house in advance of the engagement. I myself saw women buy seats for the entire two weeks.

As for Forrest, he never came to the rehearsals. It was I who rehearsed his parts for him. He played for ten nights with Barton Hill, the Arch-Street Theatre's former leading man, for his main support—played his entire repertoire, "Richelieu," "Richard III.," "Othello," "Metamora," "Jack Cade," "The Gladiators," "Virginus," "Damon and Pythias," and "King Lear." He drew tremendous houses that fairly went mad over his performances.

But while pit and galleries were tearing gloves to threads and bruising palms in unwearying applause, the man who inspired it all stood in the wings with his hand drawn up in the agonies of rheumatic gout. I saw him, time and again, when in response to every salvo of applause he groaned in anguish: "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The instant his cue came, the hand that seemed as if it could bear the pain no longer dropped to its place, the whole huge figure of the man straightened to his imposing height, and he swept on to the stage to play his part as if he were in perfect health.

After Forrest, the Walnut-Street Theatre had Booth and Joe Jefferson and John Brougham. They were a succession of attractions whose prestige no stock company, however perfect, could hope to rival.

Soon the fashionable throng of the city was going the way of Walnut Street. And the Arch-Street Theatre, at whose shrine they so long had worshipped, became a memory forgotten south of Market Street. So ready always is the world to cry: "The Queen is dead! Long live the King!"

STAG-HOUND BILL

By Caroline Lockhart



IT was not surprising that the schoolmarm from Cut Bank shortly owned Stag-Hound Bill, body and soul, since Stag-Hound's heart was like a dead-ripe peach hanging over a wall on a public road.

The schoolmarm had come a-visiting the squaw-man's family on the Clearwater, where Stag-Hound was haying that he might make a stake and get back to his prospecting in the mountains. The schoolmarm smiled upon him, and the pounding of his heart in his breast almost choked him. She walked to meet him as he came from the hay-field, and he glowed with happiness; no other woman had ever walked to meet him in all his lonely life. The looks she gave him at the table over the top of her "tumbler" fairly strangled him; he dared not glance at her while swallowing. The delicate flattery of being singled out to ogle intoxicated him. Bill Sitz said bitterly that it was a wonder Stag-Hound did not strain himself, he jumped so quick when the schoolmarm asked him to "pass up her plate." Bill Sitz's palpable envy sent a thrill over him; Stag-Hound never had been envied.

At the trout-hole under the willows Stag-Hound told her he loved her; and the schoolmarm, sitting on the bank beside him, looked curiously at his glorified face.

"I haven't anything to offer you," he said simply, "because I have never thought of this—for myself. Hunting, trapping, and prospecting suited me, and I have lived the life I like best. I have never tried to make money, but if you l-like me enough, I will work; I will take care of you; you need not be afraid. You wouldn't be afraid to trust me?" He looked down upon her with the whole of his soul in his eyes.

The schoolmarm glanced at his broad shoulders, the hairy hands which told of his bear-like strength, and dropped her ash-blond lashes coyly. Stag-Hound interpreted her glance and silence as shy assent; he threw his arms about her and kissed her in a delirium of joy. Already he felt a sense of possession. She was his!—this woman, this remote, elegant woman,—his to work for, to worship, to have always! In her pink chambrey shirt-waist, her sailor hat, and tan boots of substantial size, she was a Venus in Fashion's garb to Stag-Hound.

When Stag-Hound let her breathe again she said, pouting, "I wouldn't get married until I could have as good a house as the storekeeper's over to the Agency."

"Wouldn't you?" Stag-Hound's face grew troubled. "It would cost a thousand dollars to build a house like that."

"I don't care, nothin's too good for me."

"You're right! Sure, you're right!" replied Stag-Hound in a wave of pride and tenderness. "Nothin's too good for you! I'll get you a house like that; I don't know just how, but somehow."

"It's no use talking 'marry' until you do," she said bluntly.

"I'll get it," Stag-Hound reiterated after a moment's hurt silence. "Just wait for me a little, that's all I ask." He squared his jaw doggedly.

The Agency was mystified when Stag-Hound invested the proceeds of his work in ribbons, beads, brass watch-chains, and stick candy.

"Goin' peddlin'?" inquired the grinning Agency.

"Goin' to sell neck-ties to the mountain goats," replied Stag-Hound curtly, and puzzled the Agency still further by turning his horses' heads to the north at a time of the year when the sparse population of the country was moving into the settlements for safety and society. Just before the first snow came, Stag-Hound, his saddle-bags bulging with "grub," his belt heavy with cartridges, rode, a solitary figure, along the trail which wound among the foot-hills of the Rockies. He smiled as he turned in his saddle and looked his last on civilization; the schoolmarm from Cut Bank had said she would wait.

The first snow came, fluttering down like bits of fleece. Then a blizzard came, hurling sheets of ice. A bitter cold followed. In the mountains, wild animals froze and dropped stiff from the trees; goats and mountain sheep came almost to civilization for food. The cattle huddling in the coulees bellowed with hunger. Range-horses pawed the snow in vain. The oldest Indian on the Reservation never had known such a winter. It seemed to the half-frightened people that when the chinook blew again there would be no living thing left in the mountains or on the plains. Hovering close to the stove, the inhabitants spoke sometimes of Stag-Hound.

"Reckon old Stag-Hound have sure cashed in," someone would remark when the wind howled fiercest.

"He air froze up stiff as a snake by now." And a moment's silence was the tribute paid to Stag-Hound's memory.

At nightfall, towards the end of a bitter day, Stag-Hound sat before the fireplace in a deserted cabin half way up Chief Mountain. The heat of the blaze set his damp clothes steaming, and he smiled contentedly as his body felt the warmth of it. The horses stood in one end of the cabin, their legs cut by the crust of snow through which they had travelled. They were weak and half starved; Stag-Hound had not the heart to turn them into the numbing cold. Besides, they were something alive, and fifty miles of drifts separated him from any human being.

The wind slatted a branch against the side of the cabin and an icy

blast blew in the door. Stag-Hound left the fire and propped the door up again with a log. He stopped to rub a mare's side, murmuring an inarticulate word of endearment. The mare turned her head at the sound of his voice and her eyes grew soft—they always did grow soft when Stag-Hound spoke. Stag-Hound would have wagered his life that she understood.

"We've had a pull of it, Lady, you and me and Molly, there; but it's almost over, old girl, it's almost over. It's goin' to chinook pretty soon. Maybe to-morrow, maybe the next day, soon, anyway—mighty soon. When it does!—When it does!—Lady, Molly, old girls!—we are goin' home! We are goin' home to Her!"

He went back to the fire and drew his saddle-bags towards him. There was coffee,—just a handful, but enough to last a day or so,—a tiny slab of bacon, a pint of flour, and a bit of jerked deer-meat. Grub was getting down to bedrock, but Stag-Hound had been in worse straits; that so little food lay between him and hunger did not disturb him. His face was radiant as he took a canvas sack from the saddle-bags and thrust his hand inside.

There they were!—a hundred elk teeth!—a thousand dollars!—a house like the storekeeper's!—and the woman he loved!

There long had been a story afloat on the Reservation and its borders that an Eastern branch of the Society of Elks would give a thousand dollars for a hundred elk teeth. The story passed from mouth to mouth and was believed, but no one made an effort to earn the money. An elk has but two such tusks, and elk are scarce; besides, the Indians bought eagerly any tusks which were for sale to ornament themselves at the yearly dance.

When the schoolmarm made her demand this story came to Stag-Hound's mind. It seemed the quickest way to earn a thousand dollars of which he knew, and he determined to make the attempt. He went into the North and traded his trinkets with the Canadian Indians for all the prized trophies with which they would part, and when they would sell no more he went into the mountains and hunted. The tusks he got there represented hardships which would have killed most men; but the hardships were past; Stag-Hound thought smilingly of the future. He counted the teeth again and his eyes shone.

He stared into the fire, seeing pictures which men have ever seen there. He stared till the logs burned in the middle and dropped. When the glow of the coals became gray, Stag-Hound shivered. It was time to go to bed. He swept away the snow which had dropped through the roof upon his bunk and spread out his blankets. He laid his rifle next the wall and crept in beside it. The horses stamped restlessly upon the dirt floor, the wind howled through the cracks, a gaunt "bob"-cat screamed in a neighboring gulch.

Sleep would not come to Stag-Hound's eyes, and he wondered at his wakefulness. He was not hungry, he was not cold, and what besides could keep a man awake? The wind brought a cry, and he sat up, alert. It was only the plaintive whine of the cat in the canyon, and he laid down impatiently.

An hour passed, and still he had not closed his eyes. Suddenly the horses lifted their heads and snorted. He heard the floundering of some animal upon the frozen crust—perhaps a hungry mountain lion coming to investigate.

Stag-Hound's hand slipped to his rifle, and he waited for the sniffing of the brute at the door.

"My Gar! Oh my Gar!" It was a human voice gasping in agony. Stag-Hound sprang from his bunk and hurled aside the log which propped the door. A man fumbling at the side of the cabin gave a thick, inarticulate cry and dropped unconscious.

Stag-Hound carried him to his bunk and covered him with blankets. To rekindle the fire was a moment's work. When the dried brush lighted the cabin he went to look at the man in the bunk.

"Percy Dubois, the horse-thief!" An expression of dislike followed Stag-Hound's exclamation of amazement. Percy Dubois, the French-and-Indian "breed," who stole men's wives with his suave tongue and handsome eyes, and sold their horses "across the line." Percy Dubois had robbed his cache upon a time. But Stag-Hound cut the boots from Dubois's feet and rubbed the marble-like face with snow till he opened his eyes and screamed with the pain of returning circulation. Percy Dubois would rustle no more horses; his feet and hands were dead.

"I go for hunt mountain sheep," he said. "I get off trail on ze Pass. Pack-horse, saddle-horse, slip off ze mountain and slip to pieces on ze rock t'ree, four hundred feet down, by Gar! No grub, no blanket, I walk, walk and freeze!" In his pain the half-breed wept at the recollection of his sufferings.

"Never mind, pard," said Stag-Hound gently. "To-morrow I'll fix you up comfortable here and strike out to the Agency for help. We'll fetch you out easy. Just keep a stiff upper lip."

With the first faint light of morning Stag-Hound rode from the cabin. There was one blanket tied behind his saddle and a bit of jerked meat in his pocket. He forced his horse down the dangerous mountain trail and out upon the trackless prairie. That night he shivered beneath a clump of willows in a coulée which already sheltered two or three half-starved cattle.

On the third day the sun was down when Stag-Hound's exhausted horse staggered over the slushy road which led into the Agency. The chinook had come at last.

There were lights and laughter in Sharpe's, the Indian trader's,

store, which, in the absence of saloons, was the general gathering place for the Indians, breeds, and whites of the Reservation. When Stag-Hound threw the reins over his horse's head, he could have cried at hearing the voices of his kind again. He opened the door and stood before them, gaunt, haggard, his clothes in rags.

There was a moment's silence, then a great shout went up. They dragged him forward and crowded about him. Even the faces of the Indians about the stove wore looks of friendliness. Ah, it was good to be home again! The welcome, the warmth, the companionship made the blood run fast in his veins. It was good, all good; but he trembled in his eagerness to hear of Her. He was vaguely surprised that her name was not on every tongue, as it was ever in his heart.

They told him the news eagerly: of Dad Symonds, who froze on the Kootnai Pass; of "Hen" Barnes, sent over the road again for rustling; of the "parties" from St. Paul, who had bonded the Bridal Chamber Mine; of Pete McDevitt, who married the squaw and came to the Agency each Thursday with her "grub" ticket; and the schoolmarm from Cut Bank——

Stag-Hound could not breathe; his very heart stood still—"She married Percy Dubois, the ——, and they live in the shack on the Greasewood Flats."

The blood left Stag-Hound's face and the world went round. He gripped the counter hard to steady himself. He drew in a sobbing breath that hurt him, then the blood came back in a crimson flood.

"Where have you been?" asked Sharpe, the trader, first to break the surprised silence.

"Been?" cried Stag-Hound hoarsely. "I've been makin' a fool of myself!"

He took the canvas sack from his pocket and threw a handful of elk-tusks into the air.

"Don't, man!" Sharpe, the trader, laid a hand upon his arm. "You're throwin' away money!"

"Money!" shouted Stag-Hound. "What do I want with money?" And when he hurled the elk-teeth, sack and all, among the Indians, Stag-Hound Bill threw with them the best that was in him.



LAND'S END

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

I HAD not thought the world could be so fair
Until I gazed at the horizon, where
The Arch of Heaven meets the Round of Sea,
And forms the Circle of Eternity.

WALNUTS and WINE

MACSKIMMING, THE THESPIAN

By Thomas Wood Stevens

He was a person from whom youth had flown, but who had not noticed its flight; he still held up his head with an air of worlds-to-conquer, but a certain stringiness of the neck seemed to indicate that they were not for him. He was pallid, clean-shaven, and haughty, bridding at a jest as if his dignity were trod upon. His manner of speech was that of a continued peroration.

As for his story, we did not notice its beginning; he talked, and the talk flowed into the tale. At the point where we first discerned the opening of the coil he was saying:

"'Hold on,' I said to Maymie, 'don't you believe I can act?'

"'Mebbe you learned to handle hash on the stage,' which wounds me. 'Anyhow,' she goes on, 'you're a waiter now, ain't you?'

"'Maymie,' I groans, 'you fill my heart with desolation for the future of the fair sect, which is growing more cruel and obdurate for every summer that wings its fragrant flight over their heads.'

"But in spite of Maymie's nonsense, which was mainly on account of her fiery female jealousy, I went that morning and interviewed Mademoiselle Aileen Doucelle about my engagement with her company. I knocked on the door—slow, three times, just to let her know I was an actor; she said, 'Come in,' very sweetly as I took it, recognizing what I must be by the knock. I opened the door and came in, bowing low. She threw her cigarette into the wash-bowl and said, 'Oh, it's the waiter. What do you want?' Rather coquettish, I thought.

"'First, I'm here to calm your apprehension as to me being a waiter. It is true that I am, temporarily, in that menial caparison, but by blood and birth I am a follower of Thespis, like yourself, Mademoiselle,' and I bows again.

"'Oh, you are?' says she, and she goes and fishes out the cigarette again. I took that as a friendly act, for it showed that she recognized the bond of equality between us.

"'I am,' says I, very courteous, though not without a touch of pride, 'and it is now my humble and devoted duty to lay my talents at your feet. I have seen your Juliet, and I, which was for some years on the metropolitan boards with Salvini, the Elder, would consider it an honor to play Romeo with your company—or such parts in other plays as your stage manager may see fit to cast me into.'

"'We have a leading man already, you know,' she purred.

"'I know it. He gave me this, to breakfast this morning,' and I tossed a nickel into the wash-bowl. 'A nickel,' I says with blithering scorn. 'That's the sort of leading man you've got, Mademoiselle.'

" 'My good man,' says she, and I saw I had made a fo-pah, as the French have it, in calling her attention to my state of occupation. So I began again:

" 'Ah, Mademoiselle,' I cried, 'won't you try me?' I went down on one knee before her. 'I only long to spread my gossamer wings in the summer sun of opportunity, in the moonlight of your presence, in the starlight of your smile.'

" She fanned herself with a newspaper, and I knew she was about to grant me my desire. Then, of a sudden, a shadow came across her snow-drift brow, and she said, as if she were afraid of waking up somebody, 'If you want a job with the company, you'll have to see the manager. He's Mr. Josslyn, that plays Friar Laurence.' She sighed very sorrowful, as if she were under the heel of the manager's iron oppression, which most likely she was. After a minute she went on, her voice getting harder as she thought of her own powerlessness: 'It's no use for you to fool around here. There's too many guys as want to do Romeo, and not enough for the supe—extra gentlemen. Your game is too old. I'm on. It won't go.'

" 'Lady, I humbly take my leave. Adieu—adieu,' I says emotionally.

" At supper I lay low and watched for Mr. Adelbert Jenks, who, though he was leading man in Mademoiselle Doucelle's company, was never heard of before or since, and rightly so.

" I brought his order, and when he was all through, which took him some time, though he was very active, he asked for the wine list, and ordered a California claret. I slipped a powder (whose efficacy was well known to me) into the glass, poured the wine in, and he drank it, wanted more, gave me a nickel, and went out.

" I hastened with feet of light up the back way to the top floor where was Adelbert's room.

" Presently he stumbled off the elevator and staggered down the hall with his eyes shut, muttering. I steered him into room 434, which was empty, laid him gently on the bed to enjoy a dreamless slumber, and locked the door with Maymie's pass-key. Then I turns and faces Maymie, the gleam of a high resolve lambent in my eyes. She recognizes this gleam, and bows low in spirit before it; I raises her,—in spirit,—leads her to Adelbert's room, and gives her a note to put on his dresser.

" I went to my room, fourth floor, rear annex, turned to my library and took therefrom my well-thumbed volume of him which it is the hope of all the throng of Thespis to interpretate.

" There, beneath that humble roof, I rehearsed the words that all the pits and galleries have rocked to hear, and I found my frenzy no whit abated. Presently Maymie knocked.

" 'Oh,' says she, 'they've started for the theayter a'ready!'

" 'By my troth, is the day so old?'

" 'Old as you are, and getting older every red minute,' said Maymie rudely.

" 'Peace, maiden,' I said abstractedly. 'Peace. I must consider. I must be alive. Maymie,' I carols, 'Opportunity beckons at last. Fie on the man who drinks not when she lights the fire!'

" 'Stuff!' says Maymie. 'It's near eight o'clock.'



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"I descended the stairs with stately tread. I entered the lobby.

"Riot. Confusion. Uproar. Howls, and the rustle of feminine skirts from the side stairs, where the chambermaids had gathered to the tocsin of impending war. Bell-hops rushed to and fro. 'To the devil with you!' hollers the night-clerk, at last making himself heard, 'break down the door if you can't find the key. Climb over the transom. Curse that chambermaid!' Which last he continued to do, as I will not further specify.

"'Four!' cried three bell-hops, all holding onto the axe, and all jumping at once into the elevator. Followed a silence, ruffled only by the continual mutterings of the night-clerk and the swishing of tongues on the side-stair. Then came a bell-boy, three steps at a time.

"'A note!' he gasped.

"'Gimme it,' says the clerk, and he reads it, for all it was addressed to Mademoiselle Aileen Doucelle in a firm, round, manly script. Then he turns to the telephone; the lobby hangs speechless on his words.

"'Hello!' he hurls at the instrument. 'Hello! gimme the Royal Grand Opera-House.' A drummer, coughing, was hushed into silence. 'Hello! gimme Miss Doucelle. Hello! this Miss Doucelle? I have a note from Mr. Adelbert Jenks—yes—yes, just a moment—I'll read it:

"' "*Mademoiselle Aileen Doucelle* (well—I know I said that before—but—well): *Have been called to Keokuk. Life and death. Back to-morrow.*

"' "*ADELBERT JENKS.*" "

"I turned and hastened from the hall.

"'Admit me,' I said sternly to the man at the door. 'I come to play Romeo in place of Mr. Jenks.' He led me forthwith into the tumultuous presence of Mademoiselle and Friar Laurence, which was Josslyn the manager. The atmosphere was electric.

"'That cur!' said the Friar in most unsacerdotal tones. 'He's played us this trick once too often. Just one too many——'

"'John,' said Mademoiselle domestically, 'don't be so——'

"'His distinguished understudy don't know a line—not a line. Now who's to do Romeo I don't know——'

"'Unless,' says I, sternly still, 'unless you come to me.'

"'Who in the name of——'

"'Why, it's the——' begins Mademoiselle, but I foresees what her incardinated lips were trembling to utter, and I forestalls her.

"'I am David MacSkimming, the actor, late of the company of Tomaso Salvini, the Elder, and letter perfect in the lines of Romeo,' I says, and waits.

"Friar Laurence looked long. Inwardly I trembled, but outwardly my mien was calm and high. 'Friend o' yours?' he asked of Juliet at last.

"'Well,' she says, 'he claims to be able to play Romeo. I guess there ain't no other Romeos in this town—as I've seen.'

"There was a moment of silence. Then we heard a scraping of chairs in front of the curtain, and a clear, sharp cat-call from the gallery.

"'I guess that settles it,' says the Friar.

"And so they took me. I got my costume, went upstairs rear left to my dressing-room, donned the bravery of my estate, and stood again in the splendors

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of Verona. Pacing thus, though the place was too small to do justice to my stride, I harked back in memory to the rapture of my last appearance in the rôle—at Higginsville, Indiana; how long ago I dared not reckon. I took my station in the wings. The street scene began. I shivered a joyous tremolo—the play was on. I turned not a thought to the poor drugged churl asleep in room 434.

"Whether well or ill went the drama I know not. I saw nothing, heard nothing, save the tragical business of the time. My ears caught the fatal words:

"See, where he comes! So please you, step aside.
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied."

"I loosened my sword; in front there was a murmur, followed by a thunder of encomiums when the whole house knew that it was really Romeo which had arrived.

"So blows my wind of dreams. I wanders, and sees, and loves, and woos. And Juliet, she responds, and glows, and the flame is in our souls, the spotlight following me whenever Juliet was off. And parting's pang was right with us as I said, in a magnificent passion,—

"Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend!"

"Then from the wings it came—the Voice. Gruff and uncertain it must have been, but loud and temerarious it seemed to me. I forgot Juliet, and gazed at the door. There, clinging to the sill, bleary-eyed and dishevelled, shaken with the terror of the drug, stood the reeling form of Adelbert Jenks.

"He lurched heavily against a little stage-hand, who fought desperately, being so much outweighed, and called in a screechy whisper for Friar Laurence. My tongue was true to tradition in cleaving to the roof of my mouth. I stood, dumb, waiting. Luckily, Juliet had a speech some lines long, and she said it slow, with many gesturings.

"As the last word was out, the madman at the door broke loose; his head wobbled as he started to come on. I saw a long, gray arm reach out and take Adelbert by the collar, violently. I gathered courage enough to say 'Farewell' again. At which Juliet, seeing I had forgot the rest, let me down the rope ladder.

"The play swept on, till Juliet died upon my prostrate corse.

"There was a curtain-call as we lay there prone. And then the footlights went out—the dream was done. I disentangles Juliet's arms from mine and turns to face Adelbert Jenks, which I had drugged and wronged. The Friar again holds him by a pacifying grip around the throat; anyways, it was meant to be pacifying, but it seemed to enrage Adelbert more nor ever. Sparks flashes from his blood-shot lamps.

"Dog!" he howls, 'dog, you drugged me. I'll have your life!' And he comes for me with hands like twitching claws of some vultureous reptile. I hastily drew Romeo's sword and menaced him with it.

"Back, rash youth,' I clarions forth, 'one step farther and I spit you. Say your say in peace, but beware how you anger me.'

"Shut up, Jenks,' said the Friar hoarsely. 'Not a word, or I'll dock you twenty. As for you, young man, what you may have done I don't know, and I



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care a damn sight less; but I'll pay you four dollars for to-night's work, and—out you go. See?

"I gazes around me. On all sides curious faces. 'Sir,' I says, slow and solemn, 'I here and now make application for the position of leading man in this troupe, instead of that inconsequent, which,' I says, 'I won't name no further. You have seen me act. I here and now——'

"'Bosh,' he cuts in cruelly, 'take your four and get!'

"I looked about me again. Three men were holding Jenks. Taking my sword in both hands, I knelt and laid it at the feet of Juliet. 'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'I lay Romeo's sword and my talents at your feet—yours to command. If you bid me go, I go. But if—ah Mademoiselle— if my art has awakened the slightest answering spark——'

"'Tell your friend to cut it,' said the meddling Friar, 'I'm hungry.'

"'My friend,' said Aileen, 'I bid you farewell. Shall we ever meet again? I know not. Only, farewell.'

"Some time later I came out the stage door. A shadow lurked in the corner of the alley, the which, as I approached, resolved herself into Maymie. She touched me, very timid, on the arm.

"'What wouldst thou,' says I sadly, my heart still in Verona, 'what wouldst thou, girl?'

"'Dave,' says Maymie softly,—the word gave me a start; we were walking back to the hotel,—'you done noble,' says Maymie.

"I stopped and passed a hand over my brow to clear my brain. 'Little girl,' said I tenderly, being touched by her submission, 'I must go away from here. My art calls me. I must go.'

"She clung to me. 'Come on back to the hotel,' she pleaded. 'You'll have to come back to get your grip, anyhow.' A vision came before me—the vision of D. MacSkimming, waiter, calling at the Saint James for his grip and his pay—the filthy hire of Mammon. I tapped the breast of my coat; the precious book was there. I slipped my hand into my trousers pocket; it touched the earnings of the night.

"'It's no use, little girl,' said I. 'I am wedded to the Drama, and the Drama is a jealous mistress. I'm off for New York. Good-by, Maymie.'

"She sniffled a little, the sorrow of my departure etching its way into her soul. 'It's a long way to walk,' she said.

"'I am not without resources,' says I.

"'Dave.' There was a pause. Then, 'Oh, well,' says she, petulant, and tosses up her head. So I left her.

Thomas Wood Stevens.

TH' BESTEST TIME

By Grace G. Bostwick

I'LL tell you what's th' very best
Of all th' things I know;
It's when I get a drefful cold,
So ma says "You can't go

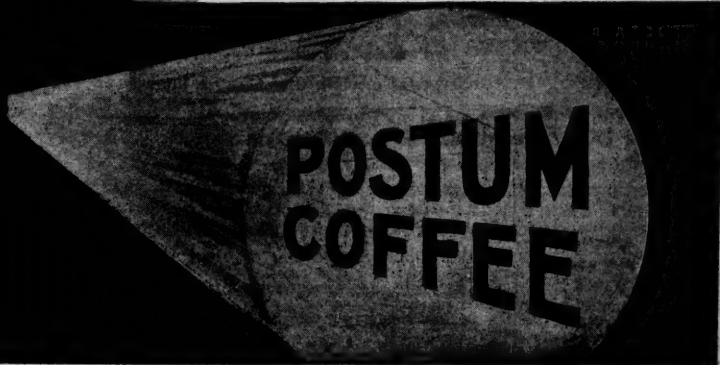

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Walnuts and Wine

Outdoors a-tall, ner off t' school,
 You stay 'ith me to-day."
 'Nen she looks aroun' an' says,
 "Less see, what shall we play?"

"Injuns," I yell, good an' loud,
 'Cause Injuns's mostest fun;
 "Dear, no," says ma, "if we play that,
 I won't get nothin' done."
 "I'll be a grea' big nefelant,
 An' you're jes' awful 'fraid."
 "All right," says ma, "you rant an' roar
 Till I get my cookies made."

I wait till she's a-lookin' in
 Th' oving, then I sneak
 An' swipe a couple cookies an'
 She dassen't even peek,
 'Cause she don't want t' get near me,—
 I'm a nefelant, you know,
 'At catches people 'ith his trunk,
 An' squeezes 'em up—so.

An' when she gets her work all done,
 An' we get tired of play,
 She pulls her chair up to th' fire,
 An' holds me, this-a-way.
 Most times she says 'at I'm too big,
 She won't hold me a-tall,
 But when I'm sick, she says 'at I'm
 Her baby after all.

'Nen she gives me hoarhoun' drops,
 M-m, hoarhoun's goodes' stuff!
 An' lemonade, all nice an' hot,
 Till I'm jes' full enuff.
 'Nen she lays me on th' lounge,
 An' tucks her shawl aroun',
 An' pats me till, firs' thing I know,
 I'm sleepin' jes's soun'.



A Philanthro-
 plist and a
 Beggar

MADAM—president of a philanthropic society—was walking briskly homeward along a broad thoroughfare. Her shoes were comfortable, her furs warm and cosey around her neck. She was planning busily in her head new methods by which the society could make the poor happy. The wretched dears, how she loved to help them!

W
 wide
 blue

W. L. DOUGLAS

UNION
MADE

\$3.50 SHOES

FOR
MEN

**You Don't
Need to Pay
High Prices
For Shoes
Any Longer.**



**W. L. Douglas makes and sells
more Men's \$3.50 shoes than
any other manufacturer in
the world.**

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can
prove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. The W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, holds its shape better, wears longer, and is of greater value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe is sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

"ENTIRELY SATISFIED."

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for ten years, having subjected them to a variety of service in all kinds of weather. Have purchased them in many cities, ordered them by telegraph and by mail, and I must say that up to the present moment I have not had the slightest cause for complaint or dissatisfaction. This is a constant source of surprise to my friends, who know the severe test that my business requires."

A. M. DYER, Cleveland, O.

W. L. Douglas \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoes for Boys are the same quality as Douglas \$3.50 shoes for men. Boys save \$1.00 on every pair over other makes.

W. L. DOUGLAS USES CORONA COLTSKIN IN HIS \$3.50 SHOES. CORONA COLT IS CONCEDED TO BE THE FINEST PATENT LEATHER PRODUCED.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; lace, button, congress, or blucher. 25c. extra prepay delivery. If you desire further information, write for *Illustrated Catalog of Spring Styles*.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 153 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

An old woman in a ragged shawl accosted her,—

"Say, would yer gimme five cents—I'm tired of walkin'?"

"Tired of walking?" (How could she be, thought Madam. Why, walking was one of the joys of life—and she wiggled her toes in her comfortable shoes.)

"Where do you live, Goody?"

"On C—— Street," replied the tired one.

"But C—— Street is at the extreme end of the city, my good woman, and you are walking in exactly the opposite direction."

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm going to church."

"Ah, going to church? What church do you belong to?"

"The Catholic church."

"Which Catholic church?"

"The one t'ree blocks up an' four acrosst."

"But why do you come so far to church?"

"Well—I uster live up this a-way onest."

"But are there no churches near where you now reside?"

"Ah, shure, but I likes this one."

"Are you married?"

"Widow, Ma'am."

"Any children?"

"Seven, Ma'am."

"Do they support you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Do you, or any of your family, drink? Why is it your children do not support you? If your children do not support you, who does? Do you live in a tenement or——"

Goody's ragged shawl began to twitch, and her chin went up in the air.

"I ax yer pardon, but I'd rather be walkin' than standin' here a-freezin' ter death while youse takes notes on me fambly histery. I thinks I've made a mistake. Excuse me for axing youse fer five cents! The Society News youse wants ter know is worth a dollar!"

And the tired one hustled off!

Frances Marion Grant.

FOR PATTY'S SAKE

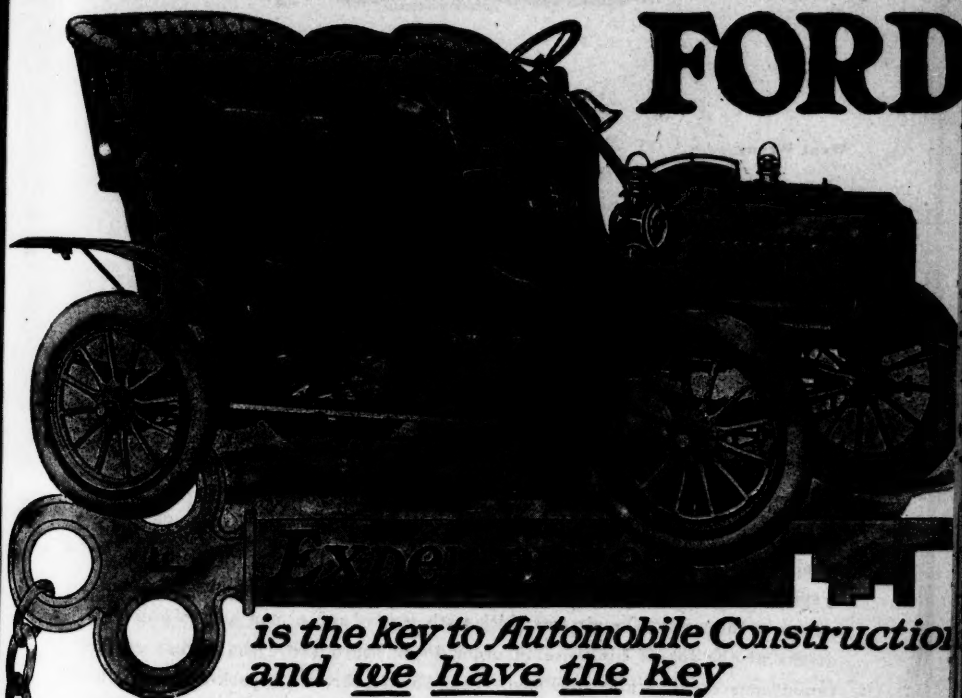
By W. H. Johnson

SINCE Patty's fingers mixed the cake
I'll eat it all, for her dear sake:
I know it's soggy through and through,
And smells a bit of soda too:
Doubtless to-night I'll lie awake
And nurse a torturing stomach-ache.

The crust, I'm sad to see, is black.
Dear Patty's just a trifle slack

Don't experiment-Just buy a

FORD



*is the key to Automobile Construction
and we have the Key*

Henry Ford has made a life work of the development of the Automobile and presented to the world a car so perfected that the success of the Ford Motor Co. is without a parallel in the Automobile Industry.

The fundamental features of the first Ford Car were light weight (resulting in economy of maintenance), ample power (not too much and not too little BUT ALWAYS POWER) and absolute simplicity, with the elimination of every unnecessary complication. These features still further developed are distinctive in Ford cars to-day. There have been no freaks, no failures, no experiments in Ford cars.

Send for detailed description of

Model "C" Tonneau Car, 1250 lbs., 2 cylinder opposed, price, **\$950.00.**

Model "F" Side Entrance Tonneau, weight 1400 lbs., 2 cylinder opposed,
price, **\$1200.00.**

Model "B" 4 cylinder, vertical, weight 1700 lbs., side entrance tonneau,
price, **\$2000.00.**

Delivery Car, weight 1850 lbs., 2 cylinder opposed, price **\$950.00.**

Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

CANADIAN TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT

Walnuts and Wine

In tending to her oven; still,
I'll waive all that and eat my fill;
Miss Patty's fingers mixed the cake,
So down it goes, for Patty's sake.

Went Wrong A PARTY of Americans touring in Montreal visited the Convent of Grey Nuns. They were conducted about the grounds and different departments and at length reached the insane ward. As they entered the main hall, in which a group of harmless invalids were seated, one of the party glanced up at a great clock on the wall and was surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"Why," she exclaimed, "is that clock right?"

"You may be sure it is *not* right," spoke up one of the patients, "or it would never have been put in here."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Where Had He Been? A "BREED" and a white man were engaged in what Old Man Donnelly called a "ranicaboo" when Stag-Hound Bill stepped into Sam Jeffrey's saloon one night. Sam Jeffrey's saloon enjoyed a monopoly near an Indian reservation. There was a faro game in full blast and a spirited poker game. Bacon-Rind Dick was drunk again and squeaking like a mouse in the wall. The air was thick with smoke, and a man had to order his drinks at the top of his voice in order to be heard above the uproar of the tumultuous cowboys and stockmen. Stag-Hound threw his pack-saddle in the corner and sat down.

"My gosh!" he said to his neighbor, a smile of contentment playing about the corners of his mouth, "but it seems good to be back in civilization again."

Caroline Lockhart.

A Plausible Theory THE Grand Canon of the Arizona is said by all who have stood upon its rim to be the grandest of all natural beauties. "No man can describe its mightiness to his fellow-being; the inadequacy of the attempt is ludicrous," wrote a famous author. But if it has ever been described graphically, it was by an old negro, the porter on a private car which arrived at the head of Bright Angel Trail last summer after a journey through the Cascade and Sierra Mountains in the North.

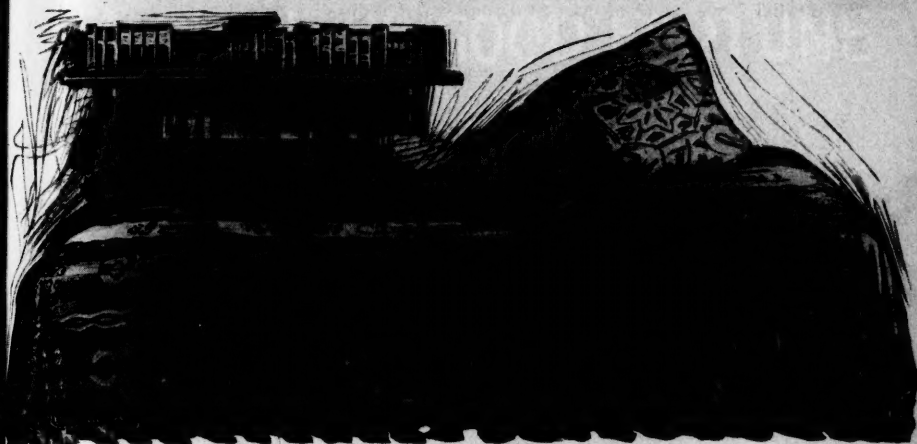
The darky had leaned over the fence that guards the precipice and gazed in silence across the thirteen miles of yawning space for more than an hour. He did not heed the remarks of other visitors, nor even the call to supper. Finally the owner of the private car walked up to him and said, "Sam, what do you think of it?"

The old negro shook his head. "Whew!" he said.

"Come! come!" said the other, "you must have some opinion about it."

"Well, sah, does you recollect de mount'ns—de Rockies—we travelled

Artloom Tapestries



BAGDAD COUCH COVER

The Couch Cover illustrated above is made in the five-

stripe Bagdad pattern, most popular of the Oriental designs. It is sixty inches wide, 3 yards long, heavily tasseled fringe. Comes in two combinations—Red and Blue, or Green and Red. The Eastern colorings are soft and pleasing, blend perfectly with their surroundings, and help to harmonize all the other furnishing of the room. **Price, \$3.00**

Ruskin says, "Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty." Artloom Tapestries lend the touches of beauty that make home a haven of rest. Charming and artistic effects in Couch Covers, Curtains, and Table Covers. They are made for restful corners, Library,

Den, or Sitting-Room. A book about them, free, with colored illustrations of Artloom ideas, beautiful Curtains for the Parlor; Hangings for Bay Windows, or Double Doors, rich in color, true in design, woven by the largest Tapestry Mills in America. Read coupon carefully.

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**It is on every genuine
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Write, giving the name of your dry goods dealer or department store, for Style Book "J" printed in colors, with Artloom suggestions for every room in the house. Mailed free on request. Or cut out this coupon, enclose with ten cents and your dealer's name and we will send you a plush velvet square, in red or green, that can be used for centre piece or mounted the pillow top. It would cost fifty cents in any store. They are made exclusively by us.

through fer days an' days, and does you recollect' how high dey was an' how big dey was an' how tremenjous dey was?"

"Yes, Sam."

"And does you recollect' how I axed you whar dey come from? Now I know whar dey come from! Dey was pulled outen dis yere hole!"

R. W. Child.

**Determined
to be the
First**

A MOTHER of three little boys who had gone to the country to spend the summer received the following postal from the eldest:

"DEAR MOTHER: I wanted to be the first to write to you, so wrote this before I left home, and will mail it when we reach Livingston. We are all well and sound.

"Excuse the writing, because you keep coming into the room. Your loving son,
"WILLIAM."

The mother had said she would send a dime to the one who wrote the first, and Master William determined to beat his brothers, so he literally "took time by the forelock."

Sallie Marshall Hardy.

**A Porch on
Wheels**

"FATHER, where's Jack?" asked a motherly woman anxiously of her husband on a street-car in St. Louis.

"He's out thar on the back porch, Mariah," answered the old man as he nodded towards the rear platform.

Henry C. Wood.

**Useless
Utilities**

WHEN York Harbor was less fashionable than it is now the summer frequenters put up with many primitive arrangements.

One summer a family of patrons who had formerly carried up their own ice-water and lamps were astonished to find the hotel fitted up with the modern conveniences of electric bells in all the bedrooms. But the proprietor had omitted one item of progress—hall-boys to answer the bells.

About a week later the bells all disappeared. When asked the reason the proprietor answered,—

"Why, folks kep' ringin' 'em all the time, so I just took 'em out."


Helen Sherman Griffith.

DERELICT

By S. Decatur Smith, Jr.

When ever you busted, foreign, broke as a broken stone,
Deep in the heart of Asia, homesick and all alone?
If you were, it is you I'd talk to, you who will understand
What it means when a fellow meets you, a friend from your native land,
Who can talk your native language in the dear old native way,
Who will holler,
"Gosh dern ye, Henery! What's punkins wuth to-day?"

"A PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE"



"You have just come into a piece of good fortune, Miss, and you will hereafter get more out of life. You will have better health, a fair soft skin, and will be welcome among the best people."

HAND SAPOLIO IS A PERFECT TOILET ARTICLE.
ITS USE IMPARTS AN AIR OF DAINTINESS AND GOOD BREEDING.
A TOILET NECESSITY. A BATH DELIGHT.

How's all the folks at Wayback? How's old Silas, at the cove?
 Do the fellers still drop in at night an' set around his stove,
 An' chaw terbacker constant, an' spit, an' speckilate
 About the country's future, very doubtful of its fate?
 Has Mame Rulon got married yet? How is them Parker twins?
 I ain't seen none of 'em for years"—
 Back where your life begins
 A voice like this will call you, and visions will arise
 Too sweet for smiles, too sad for tears, and there before you lies
 Youth, vanished youth, your hopes, your dreams, all that you might have been;
 Things it is now too late to do, triumphs too late to win—
 Stranded, a hopeless derelict, a lump within your throat
 Rises and chokes your utterance, and, to the kindly note
 Of friendship in your old friend's voice, of greeting and good-will,
 All you can stammer in reply is, "Hello, Bill!"

**Different
Sect**

THREE-year-old Albert was possessed of an unusually amiable disposition, so it was but natural that his mother should be greatly concerned when he awoke one morning in a cross and

irritable mood.

"I know you are bilious, Albert," she said, "or you would not be so cross."

"I's not bilious, no such thing!" retorted Albert in an indignant tone.

"You know very well, mamma, I's Mef'dist."

Katherine E. Megee.

**Has a
Stepmother**

A STRAPFING lad of twelve was registered in one of the public schools of Philadelphia. He readily gave the several facts called for, but he did not know whether his birthday fell on the tenth of November or of December.

The principal was surprised at this display of ignorance on the part of so old a child, and he asked how it came to pass that he hadn't learned the date of his birth. "I wasn't born," said the boy, "I had a stepmother."

J. H. Rohrbach.

LITTLE HARRY's affection for his old grandmother is all that the affection of a child should be for a grandparent. One morning when he was "snuggling" in her bed he put his plump little arms around her neck and said,—

"Gramma, I'll tell you a big sequit if you won't ever tell anybody in all the world."

Having bound herself to secrecy and even "crossed her heart," the old lady was made the recipient of the following confidence,—



MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM



Toilet Powder

Beautifies and preserves the complexion. A positive relief for chapped hands, chafing and all skin afflictions. Mennen's face on every box. Be sure that you get the original. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Something
New

Mennen's Violet Talcum

Something
Exquisite

"Well, gramma, some day I'm going to get married to—you can't guess who."

"No, I'm afraid I cannot."

"To—you, gramma!"

J. L. Harbour.

**Some Real
Children's
Sayings**

A GENTLEMAN found his two little sons digging a deep hole in the garden.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"To bury Mary in," was the reply. (Mary was a new nurse.)

"And what has Mary done?"

"She does not speak dood English."

"Indeed. What is the matter with her English?"

"She says no when she ought to say yes."

Mr. C. was telling his tiny nephew the story of George Washington and his hatchet. When the climax was reached and George said, "I cannot tell a lie," Ernest said wonderingly: "Couldn't he? What was the matter with him?"

The same little fellow often watched a neighbor go by who was an undertaker. Being of a friendly disposition, he would call out, "Good-morning, Mr. Brown," but his salutation seldom met with any response. One day, when Mr. Brown had gone by without noticing him, Ernest said to his mother, "He does not like live little boys, does he?"

Robbie wrote a composition on flowers in which he said: "There are three kind of flowers, wild, tame, and colly flowers" (cauliflowers).

He also asked his teacher if Greek and Latin were "talkative languages."

A kindergarten teacher was explaining to the little ones what wool was. "Feel my dress," she said. "It is made of wool. Many of our winter clothes are woollen."

A little later, to refresh his memory, she asked, "John, of what are your trousers made?"

"Of papa's old ones," shouted Johnny.


Lucy Lincoln Montgomery.

**Setting Him-
self Straight**

GEORGE WASHINGTON THOMAS, an able-bodied negro of Sleepy Hollow, appeared before Magistrate Nussbaum charged with stealing chickens. The negro was accompanied by his lawyer, Colonel Simmons, a rising young white attorney. The old Judge sauntered into the dingy court-room where he had reigned for more than twenty years, and after calling for order he looked around on the little company there assembled. Seeing George Washington Thomas, he pointed to him and said,—

"Be you the defendant in this case?"

Pabst Extract



You want health—life's greatest blessing.
You want strength—the power to do things.
You want beauty—health's perfect crown.

Pabst Extract

the "Best" Tonic, is nutritious and wholesome, soothing and strengthening—the first aid to health for both men and women. It is pure malt—the one perfect tonic.

At all druggists.

Mention this magazine and write for free booklet.

Pabst Extract Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

Walnuts and Wine

Quick as a flash George was on his feet, and, not understanding legal terms, he exclaimed politely,—

"No, sah; no, sah; I ain't de 'fen'ant: dar's de 'fen'ant ovah dar." And saying which, he pointed to his lawyer. There was a general laugh about the room, in which the queer old Judge joined heartily. The darky felt abashed. He was visibly embarrassed, and, thinking to correct the mistake, if mistake it were, he said again, pointing at his lawyer, "Yas, sah; he's de 'fen'ant," and, pointing to himself, he said, "I's de gent'man what stole de chickens."

Silas X. Floyd.

**A Lively
Animal**

He was a good-natured German and his face fairly beamed as he walked into a drug-store. The first thing that caught his attention was an electric fan buzzing busily on the soda counter. He looked at it with great interest and then turned to the clerk.

"Py golly!" he said smilingly, "dat's a tam'ed lifly squirrel vot you got in dare, ain't id?"

James H. Lambert, Jr.

ROUGH DRY

By Isabella Howe Fluke

THE oak-leaves are, like washing, hung
Beneath a winter sky;
Starched by the frost and pinned with twigs,
They rustle, stiff and high,
Till Spring, the pretty laundry-maid,
Shall take them in to dry.

Defined

Two little girls were playing with their dolls when one of them gave her doll a severe shake and said sharply,—

"Now, if you do not behave I will swat you, see if I don't!"

"What does 'swat' mean, Helen?" asked the other little girl.

"Why, don't you know that 'swat' is simply colored for spank?" was the reply.

H.

**He Did Not
Wait**

A CITY missionary who spends the greater part of his time in the slums of an Eastern city was one day calling at the tenement of a family the father of which was afflicted with fits. His affliction had troubled him only at night, but now he had begun to have them in the daytime. He was sitting by the fire when the missionary called, and in response to questions as to how they were getting along the man's wife said:

"Not so very good, sir. You see, he has fits in the daytime now as well as



At Meal Time—

To assist the gastric juices of the stomach in the necessary process of fermentation, which we call digestion—take a wine glass of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

Your physician will tell you, and you will find by test in your own case, that *malts with meals*, in moderate quantity, not only increase appetite, or the desire to eat, but will aid materially in the digestion and assimilation of the food eaten. Dyspeptics, invalids and convalescents especially are benefited.

Malt-Nutrine is a non-intoxicant; a scientific preparation of malt and hops that will give permanent benefit to both old and young.

Physicians and nurses endorse it.
Druggists and grocers sell it.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U.S.A.

in the night. You ain't never seen him have one, have you? No! Well, if you'll stay a little while like enough he'll have one. Could you have one now, Jim, so as he kin see just how bad they are?"

The missionary made haste to beg "Jim" not to have a fit for his benefit, and he left before poor Jim could respond to his wife's request.

M. W.

He.—"Which do you prefer, Sally, one ring or two?"

At the
Circus

She.—"Oh! this is so sudden, William, but I guess—guess one will do for the present."

Elliott H. McEldowney.

TEDDY'S SOLILOQUY

By Clara D. Gilbert

Grown folks are queer, it seems to me!

They almost make me vexed;

They think I ought to be one day

What I can't be the next.

One day my sister Kate and I

Went out-of-doors to play

Beside a little muddy pool—

She got right in my way.

I didn't think, but threw a stone

And spattered Kate's new frock;

She jumped, and home she crying went

To tell about the shock.

Then mother said, "Why, Teddy Jones!

A big, smart boy like you!"

And grandma said, "You've grown so big

I thought you better knew!"

My father said, "Boys will be boys,"

But Aunt May hushed him quick.

"Ted Jones," she said, "is much too big

To play that shabby trick!"

And Aunt Maud pitied "poor dear Kate;"

At me sharp looks she threw.

"You ought to act the man," she said,

"A boy as big as you!"

Next day I asked to do some things

That big folks well enjoy.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

1 QUART \$1.00

4 QUARTS \$3.20

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES IN EITHER CASE.

Most people have either seen our announcements in the leading publications or else heard of HAYNER WHISKEY in some other way. Just ask a friend WHO is it that sells "FOUR FULL QUARTS FOR \$3.20" and he will say "HAYNER." For years we have been telling you about the goodness of HAYNER WHISKEY, now we want you to TRY it. We are willing to lose money to get you to do so, for we know if you only try it, you will always buy it, just as our half a million satisfied customers are now doing.

HAYNER WHISKEY

TRIAL OFFER Send us \$1.00 and we will ship you in a plain sealed package, with no marks to even suggest contents, ONE FULL QUART of HAYNER SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE, and we will pay the express charges. When the whiskey reaches your home, try it, sample it thoroughly. Then, if you don't find it all right, perfectly satisfactory in every way and better than you ever had before or can buy from anybody else for even double the money, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$1.00 will be promptly refunded. Isn't that fair? We stand all the expense if you don't wish to keep the whiskey. YOU risk nothing. We ship one quart on your first or trial order only. All subsequent orders must be for at least 4 quarts at 80 cents a quart. The packing and express charges are almost as much on one quart as on four, and even at \$1.00 for one quart we lose money, but we want you to try it. We would prefer to have you order 4 quarts for \$3.20, for then we would make a little profit and you would also save 80 cents. But take your choice. \$1.00 for 1 quart or \$3.20 for 4 quarts, express prepaid. Your money back if you're not satisfied. Write our nearest office TO-DAY.

Trial orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be 1 Quart for \$1.25 by Express Prepaid. Subsequent orders on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid, or 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by Freight Prepaid.

ESTABLISHED
1868.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

DISTILLERY
TROY, OHIO.

DAYTON, OHIO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.,

ATLANTA, GA.,



Walnuts and Wine

"Oh! no," they said; "you're much too small—
You're just a little boy."

Of course, I know grown folks are right;
But truly I'm perplexed
At finding that I'm big one day
And very small the next.

Quid Pro Quo A SMALL girl at dinner sat patiently through the various courses she was not allowed to eat, because she had been promised dessert. The dessert turned out to be pie, which she was not allowed to have. A very small wedge of it was put upon her plate, however, to redeem the promise. She gazed at it a moment, sighed, and said mournfully,—

"All that for this!"

Helen Sherman Griffith.

A Give-Away ANNA is a little Scranton girl who goes to Sunday-school in a church where her father is a prominent member. The supreme mark of favor in her class is to be permitted to pass the collection plate. The tots look upon this distinction with admiring awe, and when it came Anna's turn the other Sunday she was puffed up with pride. Stepping to the platform with the spoils of the morning, she addressed the assemblage in perfectly audible tones with the interesting statement, "My papa has gone a-fishing to-day!"

H. C. P.

Vocal Talent I HAD been taking a horseback ride through the southern part of Missouri, and one night, finding myself in a very sparsely settled district, I was forced to continue in the saddle until midnight before I saw the dark shadows of a village at the end of the road. Just outside this village I came to a miserable little cottage where a light still burned in the window. I knocked on the door to inquire for a place to put up for the night.

"Is that you, Tad?" came a gruff voice from within.

"No," said I. "Open the door a minute, I want to ask you something."

The bolt was drawn, and a man attired in a cotton undershirt and overalls looked out sleepily into the darkness.

"I thought you was my boy, Tad," he explained, rubbing his eyes, "and, snip my ears! here he is now!"

A barefoot youth came panting out of the shadow with his arms full of shoes of various sizes and colors.

"Get any?" asked the man expectantly.

Bristol STEEL RODS



STEEL, not wood, is the modern material where strength and durability are required.

Steel Ships, Steel Buildings, Steel Cars, Steel Fishing Rods—"Bristol" Rods. Wooden rods were the best to be had in Izaak Walton's time—the Complete Angler of to-day uses a "Bristol" Steel Rod because it is stronger, more durable, more flexible, and will not warp or split.

"Bristol" Steel Rods are not expensive. In the long run they are cheaper than the cheapest wooden rod and better than the best.

Our handsome illustrated catalogue FREE. "A Lucky Strike," showing all "Bristol" Rods, will be sent on request.

THE HORTON MFG. CO., 75 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.

IMPROVED SERVICE TO PINEHURST, NORTH CAROLINA, VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

—The Southern Railway operates daily, except Sunday, through Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping-Cars between Washington, D. C., and Pinehurst, N. C.—the famous Winter Resort in the pine-clad hills and sandy region of North Carolina. Cars leave Washington, D. C., at 7.30 P.M. (connecting train leaves Philadelphia, Broad Street Station, at 3.20 P.M.) and arrives at Pinehurst, N. C., at 7.58 A.M. CHAS. L. HOPKINS, District Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, 828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will take pleasure in furnishing all information.

"Yassir," replied the boy in a filial tone,— "seven of 'em to-night and two of 'em is a pair."

"Good!" the man said, and then he turned to me with the manner of one who thinks an explanation would be polite. "You see, Tad can make a noise that sounds louder and has more worry to it and sounds more natural like a tom cat than any cat in this country can make. So he just goes into the village and yells under windows 'about this time in the fall. Then he picks up what is flung out."

"And you get shoes enough for winter," I finished.

"Stranger," said the man solemnly, "I can see you ain't a fool."

R. W. Child.

A BOSTON LULLABY

By Elsie Duncan Yale

OH, slumber, my infant, be docile and good,
You've amply partaken of sterilized food;
An untutored impulse to rock I restrain,
'Tis unhygienic and injures the brain.

Then rest, oh my babe, in postprandial sleep,
'Twould seem your intention was rather to weep;
I will not dissuade you, for, child, understand,
You strengthen your lungs thus, and make them expand.

Farewell, oh my child, to the club I must go,
I regret I've no time upon you to bestow,
But I trust that this strenuous outburst will cease,
And that soon you'll subside into somnolent peace.

**New Field for
Dictionaries**

MRS. ELLA MENTARY writes to a department store for a dictionary of convenient size and scope to be used in bed. Her husband has recently taken to the use of long words in his sleep talk.

J. H. Rohrbach.

**The Rule Was
Too Short** PAT was busily engaged laying bricks one day when the foreman came to him and said,—

"Pat, go back to the end of the building and measure the length of the foundation for me."

Pat vanished, and after a stay of some duration returned.

"Well, Pat," said the foreman, "did you measure it?"

"Oi did," answered Pat.



ALICE IN PETERSLAND

"Here is the prize," said Tweedledee
 "For which we fought our battle,
 "'Twas PETER'S Chocolate you see,
 "And not a foolish rattle."

*The Original
 Milk-Chocolate Is*

PETER'S

Dainty, smooth, and wholesome, it is a revelation to the Chocolate lover. Other brands are imitations.

*"Irresistibly
 Delicious"*

PETER'S

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," upon request

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McILHENNY'S
 THE ORIGINAL



*Tabasco
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The Perfect Seasoning for Soups, Salads, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Sauces, Roasts, Gravies, etc.

McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce gives that fine spicy, piquant flavor so dear to the epicure. It is purer and more healthful than dry pepper, leaving no lumps or sediment. It stimulates the stomach instead of irritating it, helping digestion instead of hindering it.

THE ORIGINAL McILHENNY'S TABASCO

Used in leading Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants half a century. AT ALL DEALERS

FREE—Write for "Tabasco Book" containing many new and unique recipes.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, New Iberia, La.

"How long was it?" was the question.

"Altogether," answered Pat, "'twas as long as me rule, me arm, an' two bricks."

E. F. Moberly.

It was Betty's first Sunday at church, and her promise to "be good and not talk out loud" had been so carefully observed that her worried mother felt almost able to give her attention to the service. Suddenly during the offertory the baby voice whispered,—

"Mamma, is the music a piano?"

"No, dear, an organ."

Instantly Betty was on her feet, her promise forgotten, her eyes sparkling with excitement, crying, "Oh mamma, mamma! where is the monkey?"

Mary C. Frankforter.

**Canine
Mathematics**

COUNTRY people, especially out Hoosier way, love their fun as well as their city neighbors, and find a humorous side to many a commonplace situation.

The Lardovers possessed a mongrel dog of uncertain age, which furnished a butt of ridicule for the rural jokesmiths. One day he was limping about, the result of an encounter with a lump of coal cast by a mischievous small boy.

"Oh pap," cried Lizetta, "look at Fritz a-cipherin'!"

"How's that?" queried "pap," emerging from the smoke-house.

"He's a-puttin' down his three and a-carryin' his one," was the apt reply.

Flavius Contra.

Angel's Food CLINTON was fondling a stray cat, unkempt and emaciated. Mr. James suggested that the animal needed food.

"I have fed it," Clinton replied gleefully.

"What?"

"Ice-cream."

Derfla Howes Collins.

**At the
Cemetery**

MRS. JONES was going to the cemetery to visit her mother's grave and had taken the five-year-old daughter of her most intimate friend with her. The child had always called her "aunty," and evidently wished to know the full particulars of the mother's death.

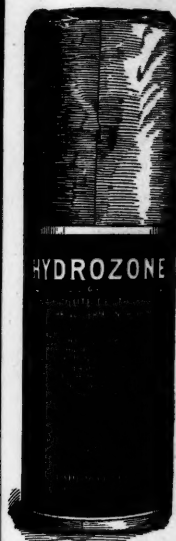
"Aunty, did your mother die lying down or sitting up?"

"Never mind, dear, I do not remember. Here we are, and I am going to plant some seeds, so you can play around if you like."

Mrs. Jones had planted the seeds and was gently raking the earth back

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Its action is immediate and beneficial.
No burning or cauterizing. No injurious effects possible.
Hydrozone is a standard remedy, indorsed and success-
fully used by leading physicians for the past fourteen years.
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COUPON

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10 Druggist

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HOUSEKEEPERS know the advantage of having always on hand a perfect cream for general household purposes. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream, and being preserved and sterilized keeps for an indefinite period. Use it for coffee, tea, cocoa, and all household purposes.

RECENT REVELATIONS as to the uses to which wood alcohol is put are astounding.

Within the last sixty days there have been seventy samples of witch hazel purchased from as many wholesale and retail drug stores in seven different cities, all of which have been carefully analyzed, with the result that fifty-two showed the presence of wood alcohol or formaldehyde, or both. In other words, fifty-two samples were shown to contain deadly poison, and only eighteen were free from poisonous ingredients.

Buyers of extracts, essences, toilet waters, etc., should purchase well-known brands that have a standard of quality.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

when she saw Elizabeth coming towards her with a most horrified expression upon her face.

"Oh, look out, aunty, you might rake your mother up!"

Marvin Wood.

Mixed Sexes "THERE is a friend of mine in Brooklyn," said a speaker at a recent convention of journalists, "who, when he gets excited, becomes exceedingly mixed in his speech. Not long ago he was called on his office telephone and informed that there was an addition in his family. Naturally, news of such importance made him quite excited. Hurriedly closing his desk, he took a cab and drove home as fast as possible. On entering the door, the first person to greet him was a nurse in uniform, who smilingly informed him that all was well. "B-b-b-but," said he, "please tell me, am I a father or a mother?"

John H. Sinberg.

The Centre of Things CHARLESTON (South Carolina) people, as a rule, think that Charleston is the only place and that it is the beginning and end of everything. This little girl's answer to the question, "Where is Charleston?" is characteristic of Charleston people.

"Charleston," she said, "is at the junction of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which together join and form the ocean."

Edward C. Breese.

Ad Sum! DURING the progress of the funeral-train bearing General Sherman's remains to St. Louis after his death many pathetic episodes occurred to show the love and reverence in which the great War Hero was held.

The most touching incident occurred in the night. At about three o'clock in the morning the train was rolling through the open country. As it passed a small, isolated farmhouse the door opened and an old man, dressed in full uniform and holding a rusty musket at "present arms," appeared in the doorway. Alone, miles from any neighbors and at a late hour of the night, he stood there, bareheaded, until the train had passed.

Thus an old soldier paid last tribute to his General.

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Early Finance *Small Boy* (seriously).—"Father, I have thought out a new scheme for making money!"

Fond Parent (interestedly).—"Really? What is it?"

Small Boy.—"Well, I will swallow a penny and send at once for the doctor, who'll come and make you cough up three dollars! See?"

Ethel Shackelford.